THE

NEW MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. VII

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LONDON

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN AND CO.

1823.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Suam quisque homo rem meminit. PLA

SIR,

THERE are many people who like to be taken unprepared pleasures, and who think with the poet, that

"Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.

Unquestionably a capital prize in the lottery, a good fat legacy from an unthought-of relation, or the discovery (Παρὰ δόξαν καὶ ἐλπίδα, like snow in the dog-days) of a valuable mine on some miserable half-dozen acres of barren land, are agreeable episodes in our transit through the long epic of the best of all possible worlds.

De gustibus, however, *non est disputandum*, and I humbly beseech the admirers of "an agreeable surprise," not to denounce me, either to the Society for the Suppression of Vice as a wicked, or to the Constitutional Society as a disloyal writer, if I profess myself, in opposition to their orthodoxy, an admirer of *recurrent pleasures*. Darwin and the modern physiologists have shown, that those vital movements which are associated in circles, and are renewed at regular intervals, are performed with the greatest facility and precision; and if any sceptic presume to doubt their authority (for, what indeed is the authority of a physical fact, when opposed to metaphysical theory?) I appeal to the Christmas pudding and minced-pie of the school-boy, and to the rent-day of the landlord, which defy the deepest calculator upon 'Change to prove that the dividends are, in the least, less acceptable for their half-yearly repetitions. Who is there that has not experienced the disagreeable effects which are felt through the whole constitution, when, the circle of recurring actions coming round, and the appetite being wound up by the arrival of the customary dinner-hour, some unlucky despiser of times and of seasons chooses to keep the whole party waiting, by his non-appearance? Now the sharpness of this disappointment is an indisputable measure of the intensity of the pleasure so delayed. But if you have still any hesitation in assigning the palm of superiority to the recurrent, over the occasional pleasures, ask the lawyers whether they do not derive an exquisite delight from the circle of terms and returns, and whether sessions and circuits are not sources of content, increasing in vivacity in proportion as their successive repetitions produce a greater certainty and force in the circulation of fees.

Agreeably to this principle we find, that the older we grow, the more tenaciously we hold by stated festivities, keeping birth-days and wedding-days with a more superstitious reverence, notwithstanding that each return brings us a move nearer to age, ugliness, and death, and therefore might be expected to excite far other feelings than those of merriment and rejoicing. It is scarcely necessary, in confirmation of my theory, to remark on the pleasures which are derived from the natural succession of the seasons, with all the delights of Michaelmas goose, house-lamb, pigeons, and 'sparagus, the July venison-feast, the oysters of St. James's-day, and the annual marrow-pudding of my

Lord Mayor's dinner. For my own part, I honestly confess myself alive to the just complaints and pathetic regrets of that unfortunate lady, who, when inhumanly called upon by Death at that season of the year when good living abounds (Death has no gallantry in his dealings with the ladies, as the old ballad shows,) exclaimed with horror and indignation "What, now! die now? when mackarel and green peas are just coming into the market.

By this time, I suppose, Mr. Editor, you are tempted to exclaim, "*Quorsum hæc tam putida?*" but do not be in a hurry, my answer is at hand, "*Ad te inquam*;" for I am now coming to my "*argumentum ad hominem.*" It is in literature, more especially, that I am attached to periodical pleasures, insomuch that I doubt whether my morning's tea and toast would digest without the "peptic persuader" of a newspaper: and I verily believe, that half the fascination of Sir W. Scott's novels is derived from their near approach to periodical appearances. The weekly literary journals have added essentially to my "stock of innocent amusement:" the reviews and magazines are as necessary to my being as my food; but THE Magazine, the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, is the *merum sal* which gives condiment to life, and preserves the stagnating pool of existence from duckweed and putrescence.

Indeed, indeed I do not flatter you, Mr. Editor, when I assert, that the neomenia of your journal is an important epoch in my family; and the moment when, the fire stirred, the red curtains drawn, the tea-urn smoking, and the Argand lamp gently raised—I put the paper-knife into the foldings of the first sheet of a new number, is a moment of breathless expectation and delight to every member of the fire-side.

Here, however, I must pause to censure a bad habit in which you indulge, of anticipating the amusement of the month, by a regular program (that is a nice new word I have just imported from France, to supply the hacknied common-place of a "bill of the play")—a regular program, I say, in the second page of your coloured cover. This would be the ruin of my peace of mind, did I not possess the requisite force of character to avert my eyes, and hurry on—*O noctes cœnæque deûm!*—to the monthly list of new publications. A plague of such foretastes of paradise, say I; let me begin at the beginning, and like the sailor, who, when seated in a conjuror's booth, was blown into a cabbage-garden by an unlucky explosion of gunpowder, exclaim, as I read on from article to article,—"What the devil will the fellow do next?"—For nothing annoys me half so much as being asked to consult the *livre des postes* of your "*modo Thebis modo ponit Athenis*" contributors.

Having thus ventured to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," by way of *aigre doux*, I must notice a point in which I hold your management highly praiseworthy. You do not *often* balk a growing interest by abruptly concluding with that reference "to the coming-on of time,"

"(To be continued in our next.)"

This practice I hold to be a most disingenuous mode of treating a "gentle reader." For if it be a merit to begin with the beginning in writing (as I have already said it is in reading), surely it is not less commendable to end with the end. It is a rule which stage-managers strongly impress upon manufacturers of tragedy and dovetailers of melodram, to "lay it on thick in the fourth act," that is, to work the plot to such a pitch of intricacy, that, at the falling of the curtain, the audience may curse the fiddlers, and sit upon thorns till the actors come on

again. So also it is a point of policy in the editor of a magazine, when he breaks up a long article, to choose that precise paragraph at which the reader will not reply to his *To be continued*—"Who cares?"—or "No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me," but shall be agonized with impatience for the rest, and call upon the gods to annihilate both time and space, and to drive the moon through her lunation, as if she was one of the Melton hunt, or a member of the four-in-hand.

These cases, however, are not by any means parallel; for what would an audience say, if, at the end of a fourth act, a gentleman, dressed in a full suit of black with a cocked hat under his arm, should step forward with a supplicating "Ladies and gentlemen," and dismiss the house with a reference for the rest of the play, like a justice's mittimus, to the end of "one calendar month?" Wits, you know, on the other hand, have short memories, and the preceding number of a magazine is not always within reach to refresh our recollections; so that "Continued from our last" is often little better than an invitation to skip the article. Therefore once more, Mr. Editor, I thank you, for myself and the public, for abstaining as much as possible from this provoking practice of your rival contemporaries.

There is something in the very essence of a Magazine peculiarly congenial to my disposition, which from the cradle was discursive and miscellaneous. I never could believe that the human mind was formed to be tied down for ever to one subject; nay, not even to be trusted with an entire pursuit, but to be confined like a pin-maker's journeyman either to heads or points;—I ever thought the

Æthereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem

was created to expatiate at large through the wide fields of nature and of science,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

and, in short, to embrace the "omne cognoscibile;" to which nothing is more conducive than the reading your Magazine. Magazines hold that just medium between occupation and amusement, study and dissipation, which redeems the labour of learning, and avoids the reproach of idleness; and really, Mr. Editor, I must say you have as agreeable a variety, and as charming a list of contributors, as a reader could wish. What a funny fellow is "Peter Pindarics!" How agreeable the "Campaigning Cornet!" "Lips and Kissing" set one's mouth watering. "Grimm's Ghost," like all his family, grim or ghost, is truly delectable. I say nothing of your own contributions, to save your modesty a blush; but Don Leucadio was delicious—though, between you and me, is he not a bit of a Radical, or a Carbonaro, or some such thing? His dislike of Inquisitions makes him suspected of being suspicious. I hope he is gone to Spain for more news of his interesting curate. I wish also your "Silent River" would murmur once more: he flows with so sweet and melancholy a movement, that all your readers must cry out "That strain again."

"Select Company" is a most choice article; the "Reflections on a Plum-pudding" are very relishing; the "Bachelor's Thermometer" was well graduated; the "Land of Promise," a land of performance; and your "One-handed Flute-player," quite an ambidexter. *Cætera quid referem!*—where all excel, it is useless to particularize; but there is one of your correspondents for whose signature I always look with

a singular earnestness—for I am never disappointed, when I find M. at the end of an article. I hope I am not alone in my partiality for that writer; for whether he favours us with verse or prose I am equally prepared to admire his wit, and to venerate the deep thought which that wit involves. With this lively interest in your Magazine and its "jolly crew,' you may naturally suppose I am all ears whenever the subject is started; and I heartily wish the space which I propose to occupy with the present article, would allow me to mention the half of what I have heard.

First, Sir, you are to know that the New Monthly Magazine is conducted with a vast deal of spirit, very lively and wittily written, but—as dull as an oyster; devilish clever, but—d—d stupid; full of variety, with—too much sameness; in most extensive circulation, but—does not sell. (G—d help Mr. Colburn, then. "*Thinks I to myself*," for he must soon be ruined.) Mr. Campbell's Lectures are the only things worth reading in the book; but what is Greek literature to us? There's nothing amusing but Grimm's Ghost, except Peter Pindarics and the Irish Bar. Doblado's Letters are highly interesting by the air of verity they possess, though—they are evidently fictitious, and not a word of them true. The great merit of the publication is, that it does not meddle with politics; but—it is too decidedly a Tory work, the editor is a reputed Whig, and half the contributors downright Radicals. The public rejoice that the editor is no saint, but they would like the publication much better if it were a shade more "*Serious*." One gentleman asks for a series of geological essays, one wishes for a paper on the millennium, and another would be delighted to know the meaning of the hieroglyphics on the tomb in the British Museum. There is "a constant reader" who thinks it does not "*look like a magazine*," for want of double columns; and two maiden ladies, with whom I sometimes drink tea, would think much better of the publication if it were stitched in a blue cover.

These, Sir, are some of the lights I have collected concerning your Magazine, and the manner in which it is conducted; and I doubt not that your good sense and discrimination will enable you to profit by the information I thus afford. I rely with confidence on your candour in appreciating the industry with which I have gleaned, and the simplicity with which I have communicated these fruits of my research. So with a parting "Floreat æternum" I take my leave, subscribing myself your admirer and friend, M.

SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL CAREER OF SIMON BOLIVAR,

President of the Republic of Colombia.

Simon Bolivar, commander-in-chief of the Independent forces of Venezuela, and president of the Colombian republic, is descended from a family of distinction at Caracas, where he was born about the year 1785. He was one of the few natives of the Spanish colonies who were formerly permitted to visit Europe. After finishing his studies at Madrid, he went to France, and, during his stay at Paris, rendered himself an acceptable guest in its social circles by the amenity of his manners and his other personal recommendations; in the midst, however, of all its distractions, his strong and ardent imagination anticipated the task which the future fortunes of his country might im-

pose upon him, and even in his twenty-third year, he contemplated the establishment of her independence. Whilst he was at Paris, Bolivar's favourite and principal occupation was the study of those branches of science which belong to the formation of a warrior and statesman; and he was anxious to form such connexions as might give a more perfect direction to his hopes and views. Humboldt and Bompland were his intimate friends, and accompanied him in his travels in France: nor did he think he had learned enough until he had traversed England, Italy, and a part of Germany. On his return to Madrid, he married the Marquis of Ulstariz's daughter; and shortly afterwards, went back to America, where he arrived at the very moment when his fellow-countrymen, who were wearied with the oppressions of the Spanish government, had determined to unfurl the standard of independence. The talents, rank, and acquirements of Bolivar pointed him out as the worthiest and best qualified among them to be placed at the helm; but he disapproved of the system adopted by the Congress of Venezuela, and refused to join Don Lopez Mendez in his mission to England, which was connected with the interests of the new government. Bolivar even declined any direct connexion with it, though he continued a stanch friend to his country's liberties.

In March 1812, an earthquake devastated the whole province, and among other places, destroyed the city of Caracas, together with its magazines and munitions of war. Fresh troubles followed this catastrophe, in which twenty thousand persons lost their lives; but its most disastrous result was, that it became a rallying point for the priesthood, and facilitated their endeavours to bring back a considerable portion of their superstitious flocks to the ancient order of things. In their hands, the earthquake became a token of the Divine wrath, and, indeed, it was so manifest a token, as they alleged, of the indignation of Heaven, that the anniversary of the insurrection was the chosen day of its occurrence. The credulous mind was disconcerted and overwhelmed by these insidious representations; dissension enfeebled the Independents; and a succession of disasters overtook them on the approach of the Spanish general, Monteverde, who lost no time in attacking them whilst labouring under these disadvantages. Bolivar hastened to join Miranda, who had fought in the ranks of the French revolutionists under Dumourier, and had already unsheathed his sword in the cause of freedom. But Miranda's efforts were unsuccessful, and he was obliged to retreat as far as Vittoria. Bolivar himself was unfortunate in his first attempts. He had obtained the governorship of Puerto Cabello, in conjunction with the rank of colonel; but was compelled to evacuate this place, in order to save it from the destruction which impended over it, in consequence of the revolt of his prisoners, who had made themselves masters of its citadel and well-supplied ramparts. The loss of so important a position was deeply felt by the Independent army, though it did not weaken Bolivar's ascendancy. The Congress of New Grenada gave him the command of a corps of six thousand men, which he led across the mountains of Tunza and Pamploua to the farthest extremity of New Grenada, on the banks of the Tachira. After putting some parties of Royalists to flight, he marched upon Ocana with the view of penetrating on that side into the Venezuelian territory. Rivas, his second in command, having reached him with reinforcements granted by the Con-

gress of New Grenada, he attacked his enemies at Cucuta, routed them, and despatched a detachment towards Guadalito under the orders of Don Nicholas Briceno, who levied more troops in that neighbourhood, and then proceeded to occupy the province of Barinas. Bolivar, in the mean while, met with fresh successes at Grita, and seized upon the department of Merida: whilst Briceno, being defeated by the Royalists, fell into their power with seven of his officers. This event afforded the Spaniards an opportunity of applying to their own colonies the same horrible system of warfare which they had practised in Europe, under the pretext that every means is allowable to repel aggression. Tilear, the governor of Barinas, ordered these prisoners to be shot, together with several other members of families of distinction, who were accused of holding correspondence with the Independents. Bolivar, who had hitherto conducted the war with great forbearance, was inflamed with indignation at these cruelties: he swore to avenge Briceno, his brother in arms, and declared that every Royalist who should fall into his hands should be consigned over to the vengeance of his soldiery. But this spirit of inexorable justice and retaliation ill-accorded with Bolivar's character: the menaces he held out were, we are assured, never realized but on one single occasion, and that, indeed, at a time when the safety of his followers appears absolutely to have required it. His army increasing daily, he divided it into two corps, one of which he committed to Rivas; while, placing himself at the head of the other, he advanced towards Caracas through the districts of Truxillo and Barinas. After several engagements, which terminated in their favour, the two commanders were assailed by the flower of Monteverde's troops at Gestaguanes; and the obstinate encounter which ensued was finally determined by the Spanish cavalry, who passed over to the side of the Independents, and thus gave them the victory. Monteverde then shut himself in Puerto Cabello with the remains of his army. On the other hand, Bolivar followed up his success, and invested Caracas, which capitulated by the counsels of a junta suddenly collected. The conditions which he exacted were by no means severe: he declared that no one should be molested on account of his political opinions; and that those who wished to withdraw were at liberty to remove themselves and all they possessed. Whilst Bolivar was entering the place, the governor made his escape, and embarked for La Guyra, leaving fifteen hundred Royalists at the conqueror's mercy.

Monteverde, spite of the humiliating situation in which he was placed, assumed a tone of arrogance which could not fail to hasten the entire defection of the colonies from the mother-country: he refused to ratify the treaty presented to him, and declared "that it was derogatory to the dignity of Spain to treat with these rebels." The disdain which the *rebel* general displayed was much more in character, for he confined himself to leaving the insult unnoticed. He was received with great enthusiasm at Caracas on the 4th of August, 1813.

Marino, another commander, was equally victorious in the eastern provinces; and the entire region of Venezuela, with the exception of Puerto Cabello, was rescued from the grasp of its oppressors.

Bolivar, desirous of turning his success to the account of humanity, proposed an exchange of prisoners with Monteverde; who, regardless

of the disparity of numbers, was unwilling to lower his pride to such a compromise: he preferred applying the reinforcements which had reached him to a fresh assault upon the Independents, at Agua-Caliente. This assault recoiled upon himself: the greater part of his force was destroyed; he was saved with difficulty from falling into the hands of his enemies, and was carried to Puerto Cabello, severely wounded. Bolivar had hoped that this victory would have drawn the calamities of war to a nearer close; he again sent a flag of truce to the Royalists, accompanied by Salvador Garcia, an individual whose virtuous character entitled him to the esteem of all parties. But Salomon, the new Royalist commander, proved himself to have inherited the impolitic principles and ferocious disposition of his predecessor: he ordered the venerable priest to be loaded with irons and cast into a dungeon. It appears as if the Spaniards had been anxious to exasperate men's minds, and aggravate the horrors of a warfare, the principal miseries of which were ultimately doomed to fall on their own heads. Puerto Cabello, being vigorously attacked both by sea and land, was speedily reduced; an event greatly hastened by D'Eluyar, a young soldier, to whom the Independent general had intrusted the operations of the siege. The citadel, however, refused to capitulate, though it was afflicted with disease, in want of provisions, and without the remotest hope of being relieved. In consequence of its obstinate resistance, Bolivar determined simply to invest it, and was deterred from attempting an assault, which must have proved murderous, and might have miscarried. During this siege, a battalion of the Independents was attacked by a party of Royalists, and behaved so ill that Bolivar thought it right to disarm it; but a short time afterwards the battalion, eager to regain its lost credit, armed itself with pikes, and rushing on the enemy, plundered them of their arms and accoutrements, and used them for its own equipment. This achievement signalized the combat of Araure. The whole of the campaign of this season was eminently conducive to the prosperity of the Independent cause.

The inhabitants of the province of Caracas, as is the case with all infant republics, were extremely jealous of the liberty which it had cost them so many sacrifices to acquire; their mistrust was roused by the continued dictatorship which was exercised by Bolivar, who delegated it to his inferiors, by whom it was abused to a degree which frequently redoubled their apprehensions; and, although he had never himself applied his power improperly, yet his refusal to resign it on the requisition of the Congress of New Grenada engendered a spirit of discontent which met him even in the midst of his own followers. He perceived that this was the proper moment for divesting himself of his authority. A general assembly of the principal civil and military officers was therefore convoked on the 2d January, 1814; and in its presence Bolivar was resolved upon renouncing his dictatorial powers; after rendering a scrupulous account of his operations, as well as of the plans he had deemed it necessary to adopt. His power was tottering; but this proceeding gave it new vigour. The leading persons of Venezuela,—men whose patriotism was above suspicion,—Don Carlos Hurlado de Mendoza, governor of Caracas; Don J. Ch. Rodriguez, president of the municipality; and the highly respected Don Alzura, sensible of the necessity which still existed for the tutelary superintendence of such a leader as Bolivar, were joined by their colleagues in

soliciting him to continue in the dictatorship, until the province of Venezuela should be united again with New Grenada.

The Royalist party were, by this time, aware of all the difficulties in which their struggle against the Independent provinces was involved; and hoping for new allies in the slaves which peopled them, they sent agents secretly among them to organize their irregular bands. Among these emissaries were Palomo, a negro, who was a notorious thief and murderer, and a man of the name of Puy, who was abhorred in every quarter; in short, the persons pitched upon for the purpose were every way worthy of their mission and the object it proposed. The new plot was revealed to Bolivar by some intercepted despatches; though it was not in his power wholly to prevent its execution. Any country that has long been the theatre of war, must contain numbers who are ready for plunder and devastation, particularly when they can put on the false mask of a pretended "good cause;" the activity of the Independent general did not long permit them to pursue their ill designs with impunity. The execrable Puy who was far more bloodthirsty than any of his comrades, repaired to Barinas, where, fearing that its inhabitants would rise *en masse* against him he seized and shot five hundred of them. The remainder owed their rescue entirely to the sudden appearance of Bolivar on the spot. In a few days the Royalist agent again fell upon the town, and massacred the remnant of his victims. Exasperated by the infamous conduct of his adversaries, Bolivar assumed a character totally foreign to his generous principles and habits, and ordered eight hundred Royalists to be shot. This severe retaliation occasioned the death of the Independents who were imprisoned in Puerto Cabello; but whom the Governor had hitherto spared. In the midst of these shocking scenes, Bolivar was eagerly prosecuting a more honourable warfare: he routed one of the principal Royalist commanders near the Tuy, whilst Rivas was obtaining minor advantages over the motley horde commanded by Rosette, a mulatto; and Yanez, a Royalist partisan, was totally defeated at Ospinos, and perished on the field of battle. Rosette, and Boves another Royalist leader, were not, however, to be discouraged by these reverses; they were strengthened by considerable reinforcements, and immediately resumed the offensive, by marching to Caracas and attacking Bolivar himself. Here he was so ably seconded by Marino and Montilla, that he completely defeated the Royalists at Boca Chica; and being joined by Urdaneta and Morino on the 28th of May, he obtained another signal victory over the Spaniards, who were under the command of the gallant Cagigal. These repeated successes were unfortunately the occasion of disaster to the Independents; for their over-eagerness in the pursuit of their foes led the respective generals to separate, and Bolivar was consequently attacked in an unfavourable position in the plains of Cura, where the Spanish cavalry had ample space for operations: the Independents fought manfully for several hours, but were at last obliged to resign the contest. This victory reanimated the hopes of their opponents; and Cagigal, Bovès, and Calzadas, having effected a junction, menaced Marino's division, which was compelled to retreat before far superior numbers into Cumana. The reverses which now attended the Independents' operations led to consequences in the highest degree disastrous. The people, being deprived of the benefits which induced them to approve or tolerate a military government, began to discern its

disadvantages, and were become sensible that the very rapidity of military movements, and the arbitrary measures which follow in their train, were irreconcilable with the spirit of liberty. They soon learned to look upon the ill-success of those who fought in defence of that liberty with an eye of indifference. These impressions incapacitated the Republicans from recruiting their forces at this period. They were obliged to raise the siege of Puerto Cabello and embark for Cumana, where Bolivar arrived with the shattered remnant of his forces. The Spaniards reentered La Guayra and Caracas, and the inhabitants of Valencia, notwithstanding a gallant defence, were forced to capitulate. The conquerors have been charged with violating the terms of this surrender, and putting the eloquent Espejo and other officers of the garrison to death, after the town had surrendered. A short time before all these reverses, a young man, who was descended from one of the first families of Santa Fè, had hallowed the cause of independence by an act of devotion which is well worthy of being handed down to posterity. Ricante was in command of the fort of San Matteo and an action was contesting at some distance from it. One of the Royalist chiefs determined to make himself master of the fort, the garrison of which was extremely scanty, and made his way towards it at the head of a strong detachment. Ricante, perceiving that resistance was useless, sent away all his soldiers, who joined their countrymen on the field of battle. The Spaniards, conceiving the fort to be evacuated, entered it without opposition; but the gallant youth, setting fire to the powder, buried himself and his enemies beneath the ruins of a post which he was unable to defend!

It was not in the power of adversity to shake the dauntless patriotism of Bolivar; he reappeared at the head of a considerable force in the province of Barcelona, and was doomed to experience fresh reverses in the unfortunate conflict of Araguita; whence his next movement was to embark for Carthagena, where he might devise the means of restoring the tottering fortunes of his country. Rivas and Bermudez, in the mean while, had taken up positions which enabled them to keep together the troops under their command, and were in a short time joined by many who were determined not to succumb under the Spanish yoke, or were hopeless of escape excepting from the success of a cause which they had openly espoused. Moralès and Bovès made several fruitless attempts to overcome them, until, their ranks being considerably increased, they were in a situation to act with decision; which they did, by attacking and defeating them at Urica, on the 5th of December, and then occupying Mathurin, which had been the head-quarters of the Independents. Rivas was taken prisoner and shot: whilst Bermudez took refuge in the island of Margarita, where he remained until the arrival of the Spanish general Morillo. When the expedition under the orders of this celebrated commander approached to lay siege to Carthagena, Bolivar quitted it, and repaired to Tunja, where the Congress of New Grenada was then sitting. Here he put himself in motion with a few troops, and made himself master of Santa Fè de Bogota; from whence he marched towards Santa Martha, in his attempt on which he was foiled through the jealousy of Don M. Castillo, the governor of Carthagena. Enraged at the refusal of the reinforcements which the Congress had assigned to him, he was on the eve of entering Carthagena sword in hand, when he found that Mo-

rillo had begun operations against that important post. Bolivar now dismissed every feeling of resentment from his mind, united his troops to those of the garrison, and set sail for Jamaica, from whence, he trusted, he would be enabled to return with forces adequate to effect the raising of the siege; but the failure of pecuniary resources crippled his efforts and prevented his arriving in time to save Carthagena from falling into Spanish hands. This place had undergone the most lamentable sufferings: and its very conquerors were deeply affected at the misery to which famine and disease had reduced its brave defenders; who evacuated it on the 6th of December, 1815, after spiking the guns, embarked in thirteen vessels, and, forcing their way through the enemy's gun-boats, made for Aux Cayes.

The hopes of the Independents seemed now at their last gasp. Their enemies in the old world, the enemies of freedom in all hemispheres, thought it strange that the Americans should conceive the idea of possessing a country of their own. America had witnessed her worst reverses, emerging from her most signal successes; and Spain, in her turn, beheld her victorious career in a foreign clime pregnant with the ultimate ruin of her hopes. She would have thought her triumph incomplete had she refrained from humbling the vanquished; and forgot that her arrogance might estrange those colonists who had hitherto adhered to her cause. The encouragement which these new allies held out to them, excited the indefatigable warriors, whom the fatal rout at Urica had not tamed into submission, to form themselves into corps of guerillas, and place themselves under the command of Monagas, Zaraza, and other chiefs. A short time demonstrated the formidable character which such bodies may assume; the suddenness of their incursions, and the rapidity of their movements, justly entitled them to the appellation of "*The Tartars of America*," and enabled them to rekindle the dying embers of their liberties. Arismendi, after various successes, took possession of the island of Margarita; and Bolivar, skilfully availing himself of this fortunate turn of affairs, lost no time in hastening the equipment of an expedition, which was collecting at the expense of some private individuals. Among these was Brion, a man of large property, whom none could exceed in devotion to the cause of freedom: to him was intrusted the command of two ships of war and thirteen transports, which composed the naval force of this expedition. Towards the close of March 1816, Bolivar, who had been joined by two battalions of black troops, from Pétion, the Haytian president at Port au Prince, set sail with his little army. On his way, he captured two vessels under Spanish convoy, one of them a king's ship, of 14 guns and 140 men, after an action in which Brion was wounded; he afterwards disembarked at Margarita, and drove the Spaniards from every part of the island, excepting the fort of Pampatar. At Carupano he strengthened his force with several corps of guerillas, and compelled the Spaniards to evacuate that post; thence he marched to Occumare, where, after resting his troops at Choroni, he left his advance, under the command of Mac Gregor, who made himself master of Maraçay and the Cabrera. The future depended on instant energy and decision; and Bolivar circulated a strong manifesto throughout the province of Caracas, in which he developed his intentions, and strove to rekindle the dormant patriotism of those for whose sake he had once more hoisted his standard. This manifesto, instead of awakening the enthusiasm which

it ought to have inspired, served but to rouse the apprehensions of the sordid-minded. In vain had the general himself led the way, by enfranchising his negroes, and ranging them as volunteers under the banners of liberty; the principal colonists were more alarmed by the fear of losing their slaves, than anxious to be avenged of the Spaniards, and betrayed their own cause in their eagerness to preserve their rich plantations. The opposition which ensued was productive of the most disastrous consequences. Bolivar, calculating on the co-operation of the inhabitants, had weakened himself, by leaving Mac Gregor in another province; he was consequently incapable of sustaining the assault of the Spaniards under Moralès, and after an obstinate resistance, in which he lost his best officers, was forced to retreat in disorder. The two Haytian battalions gallantly covered the retreat of their brethren in arms; whilst those of them who escaped the sword of their adversaries, found a miserable grave where they had expected a generous asylum; being pitilessly butchered by their own countrymen, in whose defence they had ventured their lives. On the other hand, Mac Gregor, unable to contend single-handed against the victorious Spaniards, was compelled to retire to Barcelona; which he succeeded in gaining, though harassed on all sides by light troops.

Arismendi was more fortunate in his operations: as his position was more favourable, he laid hold of Pampatar, left not a Spaniard remaining in Margarita, and embarked with a part of his force for Barcelona, where the Independent troops were to form a junction. At this period, Bolivar, who was anxious to resume the offensive with greater effect, set out from Aux Cayes, where, it is asserted, he escaped assassination in consequence of a mistake made by a Royalist emissary, who stabbed the master of the house in which Bolivar resided, instead of the general himself. On his arrival in Margarita, Bolivar issued a proclamation, convoking the representatives of Venezuela in a General Congress; and thence passed over to Barcelona, where he established a Provisional Government. Morillo now advanced to this place, with four thousand men, supported by his whole naval force, and on the 15th of February, 1817, paid dearly for a temporary success he gained over his antagonist, who rendered it entirely useless by setting fire to his own ships. The 16th, 17th, and 18th, were occupied in a desperate conflict, which terminated in Bolivar's obtaining possession of the enemy's camp; though the struggle so completely crippled him, that he was unable to pursue the Spaniard, before he was reinforced by a considerable detachment. Morillo, who had suffered greatly during his retreat, was met and defeated by General Paez, in the plains of Banco-Largo. Other successes attended the Independent forces under Piar, in the district of Corona, as well as in Caycara under Zaraza, who had raised a force much needed by his party, by breaking in the wild horses of America for his cavalry.

Bolivar, having been chosen supreme director of Venezuela, towards the close of this year (1817) fixed his head-quarters at Angostura, where he was enabled to organize the civil and military affairs of his government. On the last day in December, he took his departure, with two thousand horsemen and two thousand five hundred foot; ascended the Orinoco, was joined on his route by Generals Cedeno and Paez; and after a march of two-and-forty days, appeared before the ramparts of Calobozo, three hundred leagues from Angostura. 'After several

engagements, which were fought on the 12th of February, 1818, and the two subsequent days, he forced Morillo to abandon that place; he pursued and attacked him on the 16th and 17th, at Sombrero, whence he compelled him to take refuge in Valencia. The exhaustion and diminution of his own troops, after such a series of hard fighting, as well as the necessity of providing against any operations in his rear, induced him to desist from farther pursuit, and detach Cedeno and Páez to take possession of San Fernando de Apure. His force being thus reduced to one thousand two hundred cavalry and about five hundred foot, Morillo suddenly attacked him on his advance to San Vittoria, near Caracas. A continued conflict was thence kept up from the 13th to the 17th of March, at La Cabrera, Maraçay and La Puerta; during which the Spanish commander was wounded. Cedeno, as well as Paez, who had received some reinforcements from England, now rejoined Bolivar, who, on the 26th, became the assailant in his turn, attacked the heights of Ortiz, and carried the Spanish position, which was defended by La Torre. The enemy, however, in his retreat, directed his march on Calobozo, and captured it on the 30th of the same month. On the 17th of April. Bolivar narrowly escaped from being delivered up to the Spaniards by one of his own officers; for this villain, a Colonel Lopez, made his way with twelve men to the spot where his general was reposing, and scarcely gave him time to get away in an almost naked state.

No sooner had Bolivar rejoined his corps, than he was vigorously assailed by Antonio Pla, a Spanish officer, who cut off four hundred of his men. Some days afterwards, Morillo, having collected the garrisons of several places, effected a junction with La Torre, and on the 2nd of May attacked Paez, in the plains of Sebanos de Coxedo: the conflict which ensued was equally disastrous to either party, and put an end to the campaign in the interior of the country. Some of Bolivar's officers had, in the mean while, laid hold of several places on the coast: Marino had possessed himself of Cariaco, whilst Admiral Brion, after dispersing the Spanish flotilla, and sending some pieces of artillery, ten thousand musquets, and other warlike stores, up the Orinoco, surprised the post of Guiria, on the 30th of August.

On the 15th of February, 1819, Bolivar presided at the opening of the Congress of Venezuela at Angostura; where he submitted the plan of a Republican Constitution, and solemnly laid down his authority: though a strong representation of the exigencies of the times was again pressed upon him, and became his inducement to resume it. Availing himself of the rainy season to reorganize his forces, he set out on the 26th of February towards New Grenada in search of Morillo, who had selected the Isle of Achagas, which is formed by the Apure, as an impregnable position. The Royalist troops in that province had been routed by General Santander, and Bolivar anticipated that their coalition would decide the fate of the campaign: when, therefore, he had been reinforced by two thousand English troops, and had defeated La Torre, he used every exertion to this end, and succeeded in effecting the junction on the 13th of June. After receiving deputations from several towns of New Grenada, he resolved upon attempting the passage of the Cordilleras. Fatigue and privations of every kind were endured with exemplary fortitude in the advance of his forces through this wild, precipitous, and barren region, where they lost their artillery

and most of their equipments, although they succeeded in reaching the neighbourhood of Tangia in the valley of Sagamoso on the 1st of July. They found its heights occupied by three thousand five hundred Spaniards: these were instantly attacked by Bolivar, and completely overthrown; the result placed Tunja in his power. The battle of Boyaca a few days afterwards gave him possession of Santa Fè. These two victories achieved the deliverance of New Grenada, and were accompanied by the surrender of Barreyro, the Spanish commander-in-chief, and the remnant of his army, together with all their arms, ammunition, horses, artillery, &c. "The advantages (observes Bolivar in his official despatch) are incalculable which will result to the cause of the Republic from the glorious victory of yesterday. Our troops never triumphed more decidedly, and have seldom engaged soldiers so well disciplined; and so ably commanded." In Santa Fè, from which Samano, the viceroy, had scarcely time to escape, Bolivar found a million of piastres, and resources of every description, but more than this, he was joined by a host of recruits, and enabled effectually to repair the losses he had sustained both in the battles he had gained, as well as in the hardships he had encountered in crossing the mountains. The province, which he had so signally emancipated, hailed him with enthusiasm as its deliverer; he was nominated President of New Grenada at Santa Fè, and in his proclamation of the 8th of September following he complied with the public voice by reuniting this province with Venezuela.

Inaction was ill-suited to his disposition and the auspicious circumstances of the moment; but before he embarked in a new enterprise he nominated General Santander as vice-president, proposed an exchange of prisoners to Samano, regulated every thing that concerned the administration of the government, and made a levy of five thousand men. Having so done, he resumed his route to Angostura.

The fame of his successes had reawakened universal confidence throughout the province of Venezuela: his advance across that country resembled a triumphant progress; and the 17th of September, 1819, crowned the great and dearest wish of his heart,—that the two provinces should form one undivided commonwealth; to which the Congress attached the title of "*Republic of Colombia.*" A new capital was ordered to be constructed, which should be known to after-ages by the illustrious name of Bolivar; in the interim, the provisional seat of the General Congress was directed to be fixed at Rosario-Cucuta. Seven days had scarcely elapsed before Bolivar was again in motion at the head of the most formidable army which the Independents had hitherto mustered; and the flames of intestine discord being extinguished, the promise of a happy and unclouded futurity dawned upon the fortunes of Colombia. Such indeed was the general spirit of animosity prevalent at this moment against the Spanish government, which had endeavoured to prop its declining authority by acts of the most atrocious cruelty, that the people eagerly joined his standard from every quarter. The prospect of peace seemed no longer a dream, and the true friends of American liberty lent themselves to it with eager sincerity. On the 5th of January, 1820, Bolivar made himself master of Calobozo, and this was afterwards followed by a series of memorable advantages over his opponents; but no sooner was he informed of the favourable change which had taken place in the mother-country in the commencement of 1820, than he made proposals to Morillo for the

purpose of terminating a contest which had involved both nations in so long a course of bloodshed and calamity. The Spanish general listened joyfully to these overtures; commissioners on both sides were despatched to Truxillo, and speedily agreed to an armistice, by which Spain recognised Bolivar as president, or supreme chief of Colombia. In vain did Morillo's delegates endeavour to secure an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Spain over the two provinces; the Independents would neither listen to their representations, nor subsequently to those of Morillo himself. During the continuance of these negotiations, both commanders appeared to entertain sentiments of reciprocal esteem and admiration; nor could a more signal proof be given of the confidence which each of them placed in the honour and integrity of his late antagonist, than that they twice passed a whole night together within the same chamber at Truxillo.

On the conclusion of the armistice, in November 1820, the two armies retained the respective positions they had occupied previously to it, on the banks of the Unare and Guanare; but Morillo shortly afterwards returned to Spain, leaving La Torre in command of the Spanish forces, and about the same time the Independents despatched M. Zea and two other commissioners to Madrid with a view to bring about a final pacification between the two governments. The constancy with which the Colombians insisted upon an unreserved recognition of their independence, would probably, at all events, have rendered every attempt at such a pacification abortive: in spite, however, of this barrier, the Madrid negotiations lingered on until the intelligence of the rupture of the armistice broke them off. On the 10th of March, 1821, Bolivar announced to La Torre, that he would, in conformity with the terms of the armistice, renew hostilities on the 28th of April ensuing; being forty days after the notification he then made. The privations to which his army was exposed in their cantonments, and the great mischiefs which were accruing to the cause of Independence by the continuance of the armistice, were the principal motives which he assigned for adopting this course. In the beginning of May, therefore, Bolivar took the field with a force of upwards of eight thousand men, which he divided into three corps, respectively commanded by generals Paez, Cedeno, and Anzoategui. These divisions advanced by separate routes to the plains of Tinaquillo, where they formed a junction on the 23d of June, and then advanced towards Calobozo, where the Spanish head-quarters were fixed. In their advance the Independent army had to penetrate through a narrow precipitous defile in the mountains. The leading division was that of general Paez, who was at the head of the battalion of British troops, the battalions called "The Bravos of the Apure," and a corps of thirteen hundred horse. The position occupied by the Spaniards was one of great strength; the heights, commanding the only pass by which it could be approached were crowned with artillery; and the pass itself did not, in many places, admit of more than one person advancing at a time. At eleven in the morning of the 24th, Paez's division defiled in front of the enemy, under a heavy fire from the heights: and without waiting the advance of the other divisions, its gallant leader, as if impatient of dividing the victory with his brave colleagues, determined on an immediate assault of the Spanish position. In spite of the superior advantages, which numbers and strength of position afforded, his enemies

were, in the short space of half an hour, driven from their intrenchments with great slaughter by the valour and impetuosity of his troops, whose assault he led in person. Stores and artillery were alike abandoned by the vanquished, and victory smiled on the cause of freedom before the second division could arrive to share in its achievement: a few of its *Tirailleurs* alone had come up, and at their head Cedeno impatiently placing himself, rushed upon a square of Spanish infantry, in the midst of which he and the greater part of his companions found a glorious death. The British troops distinguished themselves highly on this occasion, and, indeed, were the principal instruments of this brilliant victory: nor was Bolivar slow to recognise their good conduct: he conferred upon the remnant of the battalion of which they consisted, the title of "Battalion of Calobozo," and on the surviving heroes, both officers and privates, the decoration of the order of Liberators. The Spaniards, after losing one half of their force in this decisive conflict, fled with dismay in the direction of Puerto Cabello.

The independence of this portion of the American continent was the happy consequence of the battle of Calobozo, and the first fruit which it yielded was the retaking of Caracas: whence Bermudez, who had already once captured it in the course of the campaign, had been almost immediately afterwards driven out by Colonel Pereyra. Bolivar again retook it on the 30th of June without resistance; and four days afterwards, La Guyra capitulated, the garrison under Pereyra being allowed to proceed by sea to Puerto Cabello. On the 6th of July, Bolivar (now called the President Liberator) declared Caracas the capital of the department of Venezuela, and transferred the Court of Admiralty from the island of Margarita to La Guyra. It has been stated, that not a white person was found in either of these once flourishing towns, when Bolivar took possession of them; the only inhabitants remaining in them being a handful of negroes. He issued a proclamation in consequence, intreating all its former inhabitants to return to the enjoyment of their properties, and solemnly assuring them, whether they were Royalists or Independents, of the future and sacred protection of the new government.

The Independent forces were now intent upon reducing the other towns which remained in the hands of the Spaniards. Carthagena capitulated on the 25th of September, and Cumana about a month afterwards. Puerto Cabello has however continued to baffle every effort to reduce it, and the possession of a superior naval force has enabled the Spaniards to do considerable mischief to the commerce and tranquillity of the neighbouring coast.

The General Congress had been summoned to meet at Rosario de Cuenta on the 1st of January, but the delay which occurred in the assembling of the deputies prevented the formal opening of their sittings before the 1st of May. Other objects having called Bolivar away, Antonio Marino, the vice-president of the republic, was deputed by him to preside at its opening; on which occasion he addressed his colleagues in a tone of warm congratulation on the flattering prospects which the achievement of their independence held out. This was considered as the first *Colombian* Congress, and its first decree confirmed that of the Venezuelian legislature, which, in December 1819, had ordained the perpetual union of Venezuela and New Grenada, under the title of the "Republic of Colombia." An amnesty for all past

offences was proclaimed; whilst every person, whatever might have been his political conduct or opinions, was promised the restoration of his property on his taking an oath of fidelity and allegiance to the state.

After decreeing every possible mark of the national gratitude to their brethren in arms, the Congress applied itself diligently to the drawing up of the Constitutional Charter of the Republic, and closed its important labours on this head before the termination of the session. The constitution of the United States of America seems to have served as a model to the Colombian legislators, who vested the executive functions in a president and vice-president, and conjointly with them, the legislatorial office in a senate and house of representatives; making, however, a noble and beneficent improvement on the constitution which was their prototype, by abolishing slavery; declaring that the children of slaves born after the promulgation of the constitution should be free, and enjoining that measures should be adopted for gradually redeeming and emancipating all existing slaves. This object being despatched, the Congress next discussed the plan for public education, and the laws for regulating the commerce of the republic. Bolivar, who was elected president in conjunction with Santander as vice-president, hesitated at first to accept this high office, but the general voice compelled him to give way, and the same talents, activity, and perseverance, which entitled him to this just mark of the veneration and confidence of his fellow-countrymen, have ever since distinguished his exercise of the important dignity conferred upon him. The Congress, having brought its useful labours to this termination, broke up on the 13th of October; and some weeks afterwards, Bolivar removed the seat of government to Santa Fè de Bogota, to co-operate the more readily in the liberation of Quito and Cuença, and thus retain the former as the frontier province towards Peru, which is itself engaged in the struggle for its independence.

The introduction of the trial by jury, the toleration granted to all religions, and the establishment of schools on the Lancasterian system, are sufficient pledges of the provident and enlightened spirit by which the infant republic and its high-minded president are actuated. Nor have its powerful neighbours, the United States, been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, which the promise of its future prosperity affords, for advancing North American interests, by placing their relations with the Colombian people at an early hour on the most friendly footing. The President of the United States had already observed to Congress, "It has long been manifest that it would be impossible for Spain to reduce these colonies by force; and equally so, that no conditions short of their independence would be satisfactory to them." The American executive has since sealed this declaration, by formally recognising the independence of South America, and appointing ministers to Colombia, Buenos Ayres, and others of the new governments. Surely, the character of that country whose sons have bled in the contest for South American freedom, and the dignity of that throne whose strength and glory consist in the affections of a free, enlightened, and generous people,—surely, neither the good name of Great Britain can be defiled, nor can its future prosperity be compromised, by taking example from its Trans-atlantic offspring, and inscribing over the threshold of Colombian freedom its own sacred motto—"*Esto perpetua!*"

TO-DAY.

"The Past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids us live To-day." FENTON.

TO-DAY is like a child's pocket-money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and knick-knacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. Every sundial on the church-wall thrusts out his gnomon, as if he would enforce his dictum at the point of the bayonet, or drive wisdom down our throats, to inform us that eternity hangs from the present moment; but we revolt from the schooling of this iron ferula. Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion? Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rote rather than by head or heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyse its nature,—a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes from sundials and church-sides, which they learn so early to repeat that they are sure never to feel their influence. What he who runs may read, nobody will stop to consider, which is probably the reason why this didactic hand-writing on the wall has ever proved an unavailing warning. Besides, there are many of maturer age who above all things dislike an apophthegm, which, preventing the complacent exercise of their own faculties, deprives them of the merit of discovery; while there are others so paradoxically inclined, that they will admit any thing rather than a truism, and can never be brought to see that which is self-evident. Hartleys in morals, they deny matter-of-fact as sturdily as he did physical matter.

In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all, what is a single day?—A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories, so that we might as well say at once "what is a single life?" Short as the interval may be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle the Earth, we have

swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation around the sun;—so many miles of life's journey have at all events brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of Time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake his hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when Time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage who cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave. The hours, his couriers and outriders, are at this instant hovering around us, busy as the Sylphs and Gnomes of the Rosicrucians, though we be not sensible of their ministry. Yet, now that I strictly watch my sensations, methinks I feel one busy imp faintly tracing the outline of the abhorred crow's foot at the corner of my eye, which future urchins will gradually stamp in ineffaceable lines. Another is craftily indenting a wrinkle by the mouth, to be hereafter chiselled into a deep furrow; a third plucks out a single hair, the precursory theft to final baldness; a fourth is boring his gimlet through my most potential masticator,—fatal prelude to toothach and extraction! a fifth malignant, grinning spitefully in the consciousness of his superior powers of annoyance, is distilling the first drop of his bleaching liquid upon my whiskers; while a sixth yellow-faced tormentor, the master-devil of the whole pandemonium, has leaped clean down my throat, and is at this moment, with a ladle of melted-butter in one hand and the drumstick of a goose in the other, concocting the ingredients of a bilious attack. Our face is a chronometer, revealing our age with a fearful punctuality. The hour-hand leaves its impress with every rotation; nay the minute-hand makes its mark, though it may not write legibly. Smiles and laughter turn up the ends of the lines and indentations, as melancholy drags them down, turning our sixes into nines, and so putting us forward fifty per cent. Can we desire a better argument for merriment?

Alas! these are not the worst pranks of the horal legion, some of whose more subtle members fly from one chamber of the brain to another, muddying the current of clear thought, dulling the imagination, and undermining the memory. One hoaxer in particular is ever prompting me to repeat the same joke which I have recounted to the same people twenty times before, and then bursts out a laughing because nobody else does. And lo! even now sits one of these mischievous sprites upon the top of my pen, mocking and mowing, and perforating the quill, that so the spirit of the goose from whose wing it was plucked may flow down to the nib. Hence, senilising tribe! avaunt, ye piecemeal destroyers! Which of ye thus flutters at mine ear? Ah! your reproach is too true. I recall my words: pursue

your tasks, most dainty dilapidators, for your successors will set to work with a still more unsparing hand.

To-day has a triple claim to our consideration, for, besides its present appeal, it has been the future, and will be the past. He is wise, says an ancient philosopher, who lives to-day: he is wiser still, exclaims his commentator, who lived yesterday. But what is the best mode of life for the attainment of happiness? This question has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. Pyrrho, denying the existence of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were alike, and when asked why he did not seek the latter, since the former was so little attractive, replied, "Because they are both indifferent to me." Crœsus placed the chief good in riches; Periander of Corinth in honour; Socrates in knowledge; Plato in idea; Orpheus in beauty; Milo the Crotonian in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus in benevolence; Aristotle in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness. Confirming this last theory by the sanctions of religion we shall probably make the nearest approaches to perfect enjoyment which our nature will admit; and it may be laid down as an universal maxim, that no mind is so constituted as to be capable of unalloyed happiness while it can reproach itself with any crime towards man, however secret and undiscovered, since it must be always conscious of having offended a superior power from which nothing is hidden.

The To-day of England, nationally considered, cannot be reckoned happy. It is too bustling, laborious, and excessive. In France pleasure is almost the only business; in England business is almost the only pleasure, and this is pushed to an extremity that surrounds it with hazard and anxiety. By devoting all its energies and faculties, physical and intellectual, to this one object, for a series of years, the nation has attained an eminence so fearfully beyond its natural claims and position, that nothing but a continuance of convulsive efforts, even in the midst of distress and exhaustion, can enable it to uphold the rank it has assumed. Hence every thing is artificial, and in all directions we contemplate tension, excitement, fever. Her navy exceeds that of the collected world—so does her debt, a co-existence that cannot be very durable. Her establishments of all sorts are proportioned to what she owes rather than to what she has; her grandeur can only be equalled by her embarrassments. In one colony she has sixty millions of subjects, while a great proportion of her native population are paupers, and in her sister-island famine has lately stalked hand in hand with rebellion. Nor have her intellectual developements been less extraordinary, for she possesses a constellation of living luminaries, who, pouring forth their streams of light with a profusion as unparalleled as their intensity, at this moment irradiate and supply all Europe. Splendid talents have excited public admiration, and procured unprecedented remuneration; while fame and riches have reacted upon and stimulated latent genius, until the existing literature of the country presents a universality of diffusion, an unbounded copiousness of production, and a magnificence of encouragement hitherto totally unknown in the history of the world. No social

system was ever pushed to such an energetic extremity, or afforded so curious and glorious a spectacle; but it has not sufficient repose for enjoyment: happiness loves to dwell amid more tranquil elements. Its tendency has been painfully illustrated by the recent fate of some of its leading members. Unable or unwilling to relax in their career, they have devoted mind and body to this restless principle of advancement, and have toiled and prospered, and become enslaved and enriched, and achieved misery and fame, until nature was exhausted in the strife, and their own hands relieved them from the burden of existence at the precise moment when they had attained every object of their ambition, and appeared to the world to stand upon the summit of human happiness. How long is this fearful tension upon all the nerves and sinews of the country to endure? What is to be the result of this overworking of the national machine? A certain Frenchman implored death to spare him till he saw the end of the French Revolution, so curious was he to witness its termination. An Englishman might well petition to be absolved from the omnivorous scythe, until he ascertained what would be the finale of the present ecstasy of his country.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and ever beautiful—upon the azure dome of Heaven hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the birds are serenading one another; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing upon the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions, no distrust, no jealousy, no intermission of friendship or attraction; even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthralments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of—"To-day."

H.

ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

JANUARY.—"Cain, a Mystery," published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship's difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer. Miss Stephens nearly lost in the Trafalgar packet. If she be, as the newspapers say, the Syren of the stage, surely she might laugh at "All the rude dangers of crossing the ocean.' Colonel Thornton proved himself alive, by asserting that he was in the daily practice of swallowing six muffins at breakfast and three pounds of roast or boiled, at dinner: this would prove the death of any other man. Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, still acting at the Adelphi Theatre, teaching the rising male generation "that great moral lesson," how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a Charley. A great outcry from Mr. Loveday, who had placed his three daughters for education in a French convent, all the academies in England being full, and who expressed his surprise, on the Boulevard de Parnasse, that one of them should have turned Catholic. His subsequent appeal to the Chamber of Deputies unequalled by any production since Macpherson's Ossian. Mr. Southey published a reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assaulted that eccentric nobleman with "whip and a branding iron:" the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head of "Births:"—"At his bookseller's, Mr. Robert Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment." The offence lenient: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Constitutional Society kept at bay by Mr. Carlile by means of an apparatus in the Temple of Reason like that of a cheque-taker in a playhouse: red whiskers also kept at bay by Rowland's Macassar oil. Country Gentlemen "combining and confederating" like so many defendants in a suit in Chancery. The Great King of Prussia sung by Signor Cartoni at the Opera-House. Nothing *outré* during the present month on the part of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins; and not a single duel fought in the Phœnix Park by any gentleman with a name commencing with an O or a Mac!

February.—Cobbett patted on the back by some country gentlemen, as much as to say, "Bite the fund-holders." Olive, Princess of Cumberland, ejected from her lodgings on Ludgate-hill. New tragedy at Drury-lane, called "Owen, Prince of Powys, or Welsh Feuds." Army of English critics overran the principality, and extinguished his Highness and his feuds. "The Pirate" bottled in theatrical spirits by Mr. Thomas Dibdin: too volatile: went to sea after a few nights' confinement. God save the King proved to be the private property of James the First. Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt, except their coals, which we have occasion for." Speech from Mr. Thelwall at an agricultural meeting at Epsom; challenged to show where his landed estate lay; whereupon he quoted the two bow-pots outside his window in Blackfriars-road. Carlile's Temple of Janus closed. Orator Hunt's wife permitted to visit him at Ilchester, on bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket. Vaccine Inoculation Report; small-pox on the increase, owing to care-

less vaccination, and the Reverend Rowland Hill admonished to grasp the pulpit-cushion and lay down the lancet. Mozart's modulation much shaken by Rossini's rattle. Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey off the roll of attorneys and not on that of barristers. Between two bundles of hay: but for ass read fox. Injunction dissolved in Murray v. Benbow: Cain a mystery no longer. One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey, for uttering forged notes, and one Simon Shake applauded at Covent-garden for a similar offence. Grand chorus of "High Prices" sung by the country gentlemen at York. The Rev. H. H. Milman produced the Martyr of Antioch, and the wife of a labouring man, at Enfield Chace, produced three male infants: the latter are doing well. Cobbett proved to have changed his opinion of Sir Francis Burdett. A still and a quantity of whisky carried off by a revenue party at Derry, with a mob of Irish peasantry clinging to them, like Aboulfaouris, the Persian, to the Load-stone Mountain. No child killed by a Paddington coach.

March.—King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more. A fire broke out on the premises of a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and over-broiled some beef-steaks at Dolly's Chophouse. Mr. Hume's "total of the whole" much discussed: Cobbett sends him his new Grammar. Symptoms of downfall in the Navy 5 per cents. A collection of penny-wisdom at the Paul's Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlile for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-street. Death of Coutts the banker: his will opened in Stratton-street: only 900,000*l.* bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance a look upward to the drawing-room window in their progress towards the Park. Two silver cups voted to Mr. Kean by the inhabitants of New York, and a lighter laden with coals despatched at the same time to Newcastle. A man unknown arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, and a woman unknown observed to tipple liquid at the bar of Hodges's prime proof repository in Fleet-market. Lafitte, the Paris banker, much amazed by an application from the executors of one Napoleon Bonaparte. Navy 5 per cents. slain by Mr. Vansittart, and a joint Post-master cut in two by Lord Normanby. Agricultural meeting at the Mermaid, Hackney: toleration of opinion recommended, and Sir J. Gibbons hooted down for acting under the recommendation. Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to cram a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the public: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. Murder of Mrs. Donatty by persons unknown much talked of, and murder of Sir Archy Macsarcasm by Kean not talked of at all. *Coup de grace* to the Navy 5 per cents. given by Mr. Henry Hase: many Jews who attended the funeral seen the next day upon the Royal Exchange with beards half an inch long. The King's Civil List treated uncivilly by Lord King. Cinderella, at the Opera-house, exchanged her glass slipper for a bracelet, the former being too slippery to dance in. Only twelve persons poisoned during the month from mistaking oxalic acid for Epsom salts.

April.—Easter week: all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion who went there to avoid them: poney-chaises and the Reverend Doctor Pearson. English in Paris estimated at 20,181: marshalled by the Prefect in four divisions, viz. the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Appeal to the Court of Cassation: Prefect's decree affirmed. Nineteen labourers out of work at Stock-

bury ordered by overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Four of them, being widowers, went through the ring a second time, and were asked in church the Sunday following. Constitutional Society, being indicted at the Old Bailey, held up their hands and down their heads. Miss Foote much admired in Cherry and Fair Star. The Tom and Jerry fever extending to all the minor theatres: nineteen watchmen prostrate with their boxes on their backs. Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome. Planet Venus at the same time visible to the naked eye. City Recorder elected *quamdiu se benè gesserit*. New Tread-Mill erected at Brixton prison, and business at Union-hall consequently on the decline: prisoners in Newgate comforted by Mrs. Fry, and business at the Old Bailey consequently on the increase. Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary: event doubtful, according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice nothing short of a sledge-hammer applied to his head will silence him. Martin, the artist, descended into Herculaneum, and reascended not quite so plump as when he supped with Belshazzar. Young Watson takes to new rum, and commits a burglary at Baltimore. Grand steeple-chase near Blackwater, and a considerable running down of parsons in the columns of the Morning Chronicle. A countryman at Clonmary, county of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and, to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whisky, found it to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic expedition. Man unknown once more arraigned, and again sported Junius. Mr. Owen of Lanark's proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion. Harlequin at the Opera-house. Moses in Egypt changed into Peter the Hermit: many pilgrims from Paddington attended the Crusade: all 's fair in love and music. Simile in the Irishman in London, "No more brains than a fiddler," gave great offence to the leader of the band. Monsieur Paull vaulted from the Academy of Music in Paris, and descended on one foot in the Haymarket. Mr. Kean played Osmyn, in the Castle Spectre, and nearly "made a ghost" of his theatric reputation. Private theatricals at the Lyceum: young Matthews in Le Comédie d'Etampes: dubbed a chip of the old block: an old block, indeed, if he allow the experiment to be repeated. Nobody killed by drawing the trigger of a loaded fowling-piece, not knowing it to be charged.

May.—Horse-Bazaar at King-street Barracks: impossible to say *nay* to any proffered filly, mocking being rude. Good beer began to trickle into the cellars of public-houses, owing to a stir at St. Stephen's. Agricultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. Song, "I love high Rents," sung by Sir F. Burdett. Piece of plate presented to Alderman Wood: family arms sought for in vain: surrendered on his assumption of the gown; "cedunt arma togæ." The Lord Chancellor gave judgment on the Doge of Venice, who had, in the mean time, wedded the Waters of Oblivion. One hundred acres of land, in Venezuela, sold by Bolivar at a penny an acre: Mr. Birkbeck outbidden. Othello stabbed and smothered his wife to a fiddlestick accompaniment at the Opera-house. Mr. Yates in the Law of Java mistaken for Ramo Samee the Indian

Juggler. Marriage Act Amendment Bill much canvassed: clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years on six months' previous notice. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund: Chairman's hammer not a sledge one; Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation. Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins's leg. No women run over in Oxford-street, in consequence of crossing the coachway without looking to the right or to the left.

June.—Expansion of Mr. Baring's new mansion in Piccadilly to the utter extermination of the Western side of Bolton-row. Sparring-match at St. Stephen's between Mr. Pascoe Grenfell and the Bank of England. Exhibition at Somerset-House: irruption of one shilling critics: many a "man unknown" from being designated in the Catalogue "portrait of a gentleman:" Hercules in the hall looked gloomy, in apparent envy of the more airy elevation of his naked friend in Hyde Park. Affray of wild Irish in Peter-street, Westminster: Polito rebuked by the magistrates for not keeping his cages better bolted. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe: gardens alleged to unite the varieties of Vauxhall with the elegancies of Ranelagh, like the boy's pennyworth of cheese, which he required to have very long and very thick: new rotatory piece of mechanism, entitled Hep-tap-las-ies-op-tron: and a dentist's man in waiting to pick up the broken teeth of the pronouncers. Dinner at the Horns, Kennington; Sir Robert Wilson in the chair: all general reflections consequently avoided. Wanstead House advertised for sale. All the world on the Whitechapel-road: Epping-forest strewed with gigs, unharnessed hacknies, and remnants of cold veal and pigeon-pie. Sale of the Fortunes of Nigel checked by that of Robins's Catalogue. Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate, and discounts in Threadneedle-street depressed to 4 per cent. Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit with a documental appendix in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons. Plague reported to have broken out in London: two runners despatched by the Lord Mayor to St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's to ascertain the fact; but, their names being Fogg and Leadbetter, they brought back but a confused and heavy story. Don Antonio Francisco Zea arrived in London from the Republic of Colombia: Spanish bonds at a consequent premium, and the Royal Exchange swarmed with foreign brokers. Seven shop-keepers on Ludgate-hill, who had recently taken advantage of the Insolvent Act, were poisoned by drinking seven glasses of noyeau double the usual strength. End of Trinity Term, attended by a great diminution of black coats and white buckles in the purlieus of Chancery-lane. Beautiful hill and dale in the Piccadilly pavement.

July.—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler in the Turnpike Gate: "train up a child in the way it should go." Tread-Mill adopted in Cold Bath Fields prison. Achilles mounted in Hyde Park: several breaches made in the wall, but not one pair made for the statue. Annual regatta of the Funny Club: members rowed in their shirts to the Castle at Richmond in a soaking shower: odd notions of fun. Margate steam-yachts much in request, and Dover coach fares reduced. Death of John Emery the comedian. Haymarket Theatre much frequented: Terry excellent in John Buzzby: "a Day's

pleasure" productive of a Night's. Migration over Westminster-bridge: Astley's Amphitheatre courted in the dog-days: humour of the horse-clown applauded, and the Antipodean posture-master much admired. Only one man horsewhipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

August.—Appearance of Miss Paton in the Marriage of Figaro: critics for once unanimous. Census of London population: one million souls, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White to Ex-sheriff Parkins. English players at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris: open with Othello: a wise selection, considering the objection of the French to slaughter on a stage: Moor of Venice damned, and Desdemona hit by a penny piece. The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland: not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House; all being, or affecting to be, at the Levee at Holyrood House. "Carle now the King's come:" highly interesting to those who understand it. Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the Advent of Majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh. Viscount Newry, aided by his five servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a scull in the boat. Fonthill Abbey on sale, and Wanstead House no more remembered: Salisbury plain covered by women eager to gain admission: run of the piece stopped by Farquhar's "Stratagem." John Paterson, aged fifty, married at St. Anne's, Soho, to Jane Barclay, aged eighteen: no cause assigned for the rash action.

September.—Return of the King to London: Scots still insufferable; the swell taking time to abate: plan of erecting a Parthenon on Calton Hill: Auld Reekie to be christened Modern Athens: great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet-street: not a cockney, from Savage-gardens to Skinner-street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace. The Lutine Frigate with 200,000*l.* on board: vessel meant to be weighed by a projector at Lloyd's, but consequences weighed at Amsterdam, and the scheme interdicted. New Marriage Act threatens to annihilate that ceremony. Death of Sir William Herschel, and discovery of a new comet without a tail. Dinner given to Mr. Hume at Aberdeen, nothing on table but Peter's brown loaf: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio." Statement of a civic dinner given at Norwich in 1516: amount of bill 1*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*: uttterly disbelieved by Sir W. Curtis. A man of fashion seen in London, who made no excuse for being there in September: the crowd was immense.

October.—Alterations in the interior of Drury-lane theatre—opening address of G. Colman: abolition of stage doors: great shifting of actors from one house to the other: stars changed to comets. Congress at Verona. London still a desert: but junior merchants and clerks in public offices occasionally seen stealing through the streets. The French ministers presented their compliments to Sir Robert Wilson, and requested the favour of his absence from France. His appeal to his constituents, who will probably order the decree to be rescinded. Turkey and Greece: letter from Paris telling the British public all about it. Columbian bonds at a high premium, and the holders lords of Peru and Potosi. Appearance of "The Liberal" from the south: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine River, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river. Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne:

his eulogy as a Russian anthologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton: extract from Lee Lewis, proving her to be daughter to the Earl of Burlington, and, consequently, proprietor of the mansion in Piccadilly bearing that name: stated by one journal to have had but a single maid of all work, and by another to have been possessed of a coachman and footman: scramble among the Dilettanti for little David's original Hogarths. Mermaid exhibited in St. James's-street: said by some to have died of the stitch: and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island. Alderman Wood seen on the Maidstone road, riding between two packsaddles, laden with samples of hops. Marriage Act still much criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew's Holborn. A clergyman attended to give the unhappy wretches the last consolations of religion.

November.—Commencement of Michaelmas Term: attorneys brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's coffee-house. Reported abduction of Lord Byron to South America: death of Mr. Zea: consequent tumble of Columbian bonds down a precipice of twenty-five per cent. Lords, in reversion, of Potosi and Peru left sprawling in the mire, and many dozens of dry champagne advertised for sale considerably under prime cost. Liberation of Orator Hunt: his procession through London, and radical dinner at the Shepherd and Shepherdess. About the same time Mount Vesuvius began to grumble: and in both cases "repeated shocks and internal howlings were heard from the mountain." Congress continued sitting at Verona with closed doors and plugged key-holes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The Opera-house end of Pall Mall was much alarmed by an explosion of gas. Signor Zuchelli's elegance was sadly scorched; and Madame Camporese forcibly driven into two of Madame Ronzi di Begni's characters. Signor Ambrogetti's voice has not been heard of since. The British ambassador's letter-bag was tied up, and much epistolary grumbling consequently confined to the gizzards of the English exiles at Paris. Auxiliary Bible-meeting at the Mansion House: a great pouring out of clergymen and old women down the front steps of that edifice, who were mistaken by the multitude for disorderly people of the night preceding. A committee appointed of twenty males and as many females, "with power to add to their numbers." Lord Portsmouth horsewhipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers. A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo: human bones best adapted to fertilize land, whence we derive the word *man*-ure. Galignani's Messenger gave an account of a parting dinner given to Anacreon Moore by the English in Paris. His speech on the occasion was not so well-timed as well-spoken: it implied that there was nothing like England after all: a strange observation in the hearing of those who preferred France before all. Extraordinary effect of galvanism upon the body of an attempt made by the Rev. Mr. Colton to latinize Gray's Elegy. Another new tragedy from Lord Byron, entitled Werner: less obnoxious to church-goers than its predecessor, but more so to criticism. A caution to resurrection-men: one Simon Spade, a body-snatcher, while sounding for subjects in St. Martin's church-yard, dug up his own wife. The poor

man has been inconsolable ever since. Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance at Covent-garden theatre in the character of Juliet: if this young lady's object was secrecy, never did any arrow so miss its mark; the whole town has been gazing at her ever since. Several fogs were seen gathering round the Serpentine river and the Paddington Canal. The Royal Humane Society's man, consequently, on the watch: notwithstanding which, the average November quantity of men and women put a period to their existence: the former, as usual, for money, the latter for love.

December.—Great demand for post-houses at Verona in consequence of the abrupt dissolution of the Congress. Lord John Russell's new tragedy, two editions in one week: and an Episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition. Bethel Watermen's Reform society, Sheriff Thompson in the chair: drag-net to sweep off all aquatic execrations: "damns have had their day:" Bibles in brigs, and prayer-books in punts. Strange monsters imported by Polito, consisting of an intellectual dandy, a civil radical, and an actor without a grievance, also a blue-stocking breeder, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat: the mob nearly overpowered the constables. Sad sameness of Christmas dinners. "Chine nods at chine, each turkey has a brother:" every table-spoon in the house flaming with burnt brandy. Infallible cures for chilblains. Proposals published for a Sub-way Company, to repair London gas and water-pipes without breaking up the pavement: much patronized by Bond-street fashionables, who were naturally desirous of taking a subterraneous walk toward the city, to borrow money, and by so doing to avoid a rencontre with those with whom they had already undergone that ceremony. Kean and Young in Othello; "The Douglas and the Percy both in arms." Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides:" Mr. Liston and Miss Stephens still only under-lined. "The cry is still they come." Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard-street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read. Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the æra of Christmas-boxes is at hand. Boys arm-in-arm and three a-breast, aping manhood along Fleet-street, with Cossack trowsers and bamboo canes. Grave papas, usually seen about without an accompaniment, were met dragging along children in couples, and occasionally stopping to peep into toy-shop windows. Premature twelfth-cakes stealing behind confectioners' counters: striplings of sixteen walking half ashamed arm-in-arm with maiden aunts from whom the family has expectations. Grimaldi and the new pantomime: front rows filled by urchins, who, at every knock-down-blow, fling back their flaxen polls, in delight, into the laps of their chuckling parents on the seat behind. Magnificent prospectuses from divers new Utopian Magazines. Bellman and lamplighter run up the sides of Parnassus. A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and this to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful events, which too plainly denote that that Annus Mirabilis, the year 1822, is hastening to the "Tomb of all the Capulets!"

MODERN PILGRIMAGES. NO. VIII.

The Studio of Canova.

"Lassù non eran mossi i piè nostri anco
Quand' io conobbi quella ripa intorno,
Che dritto di salita avea manco,
Esser di marmo candido, ed adorno
D' intagli sì, che non pur Policreto,
Ma la natura gli avcrebbe scorno."
DANTE Purgatorio, Canto 10th.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam—"No man beyond his last," said I to myself, as, visiting the galleries and palaces of Rome, I felt an itching to put my Gothicisms on paper. What has a fellow like me to do writing about the arts, who sat in the tribune of the Florentine gallery without experiencing any extraordinary delight? There were the boasts of sculpture, the Medicean Venus, the Boxers, the Faun, the Apollino—all very natural, in features and attitude as expressive as marble can be; but they gave me no pleasure They excited not one noble feeling, recalled no glory of the past, and foretold none of the future;—the massy blocks of Tarquin's *cloaca* and Romulus's brazen wolf were more eloquent to me. Certainly a higher idea is afterwards conceived by comparing these *chef-d'œuvres* of art with all others, and finding them so superior: this speaks difficulty vanquished—speaks talent. But why admire a thing that pleases only because it shows talent? Here the argument comes home: we of the pen can admire, and sometimes do admire most voluminously, poems and prose that are "*seccature*" to the multitude, merely because we espy genius therein; and the unfortunate wight is scouted, who declares in most rational paradox, that he can see no beauty in such things. The fact is, we must give and take; and while we are as yet but learners in the school of connoisseurship, we must adopt either much taciturnity or much pretension.

The former would be most advisable, but to preserve it at this moment is impossible:—Canova is no more, the great artist, the amiable, the virtuous man. To visit his study was a pleasure I had long deferred, principally wishing to await his return from Venice, that I might enjoy the interest of the place, heightened by the presence of its celebrated master. October is with the Romans a continued holiday, a kind of yearly vacation, and Canova, like the rest of his fellow citizens, was accustomed to leave Rome in that month on some journey of recreation. Latterly he always went to Venice, his native country, and there, at the age of sixty-four, the stroke of death surprised him, originating, some say, in a cold caught while surveying the new church, which was building under his directions at Passagno, after the model of the Parthenon. This village, a town not far from Venice, was the birth-place of Canova, and this church will possess his remains, to the great regret of Rome.

A few days after the melancholy tidings had arrived, I went to visit the study of the celebrated artist, not without a fear that it was for ever closed. It was open, and the chisels of the numerous workmen as busy as ever. The first figure that struck me on entering was a colossal statue of the late Pope Braschi, intended for his monument in

St. Peter's. The etiquette of Rome forbids the monument of a pope to be erected in the life-time of his successor, during which interval a modest slab marks his remains. As soon, however, as Pius the Seventh shall be gathered to his forefathers, this monument, one of the last works of Canova, will be erected to Pius the Sixth, near to the great altar, where lies the body of St. Peter; for it seems that Pope Braschi was peculiarly devoted to this apostle, so much so, as to remain on his knees for hours without stirring beneath his bronze statue in the cathedral. The figure of Pius is little more than a copy of that of Rezzonico in St. Peter's, on the monument that Canova never equalled. The earnest kneeling figure of Rezzonico, with the apostolic crown laid aside in the hour of prayer, the humility of the attitude, increased by preserving the defect of the supplicant (Rezzonico being hump-backed), form a striking contrast with the monuments of the more ancient pontiffs, who are represented with mitre on head and menacing attitude, the true church militant here on earth. Every separate figure on the tomb of Rezzonico is a *chef-d'œuvre*:—the unequalled lions,—the Religion, that ideal being which words cannot describe, is personified in a lovely yet awful figure,—the genius of Death, so unlike the ghastly skeletons under which he was typified in a coward age, so graceful and beautiful—it reminds one of Mr. Cornwall's poem with the same title. I can scarce judge of the monument to the sister of the Emperor of Austria: but the weeping train that ascends to her pyramid can never equal the deposit of Rezzonico. That to the Cardinal of York and the Stuarts in St. Peter's is not admired; it however preserves the features of James the *third* and his sons, monarchs whose effigies are not preserved on our national coin. Another of Canova's monuments is that to Ganganelli in the Santi Apostoli; it is in the old tomb-taste of Rome, and little suited to the character of Ganganelli; but the weeping figure beneath, abandoned to grief, even in feet and hands and drapery is worthy of Canova. In the portico of the same church is a little tablet from the hand of the same artist, to the memory of Volputo: it speaks little more than his friendly heart. Among Canova's designs unexecuted is one for a monument to Nelson in St. Paul's, from its round figure evidently intended to be placed over the body in the middle of the great aisle. I know not whether fear of exciting the jealousy of native artists, or an after-thought of good taste, occasioned the counter-order. Both were sufficient causes. The design is not very beautiful in itself: to have been any thing, it must have been large, and if large, it would certainly have spoiled the church.

The next thing that struck me in the studio was a cast of Hercules and the Centaur, the original of which had just set off for Vienna. Numerous casts of recumbent nymphs lay around, upon some of which a monk was expatiating with his eyes and fingers in more taste than beseemed his snuff-coloured garb. I remarked an exquisite little St. John the Baptist, as an infant, the original belonging either to Lord Bentinck or Lord Cawdor, I forget which. Among the numerous busts, that of the Emperor of Austria* is one, a countenance truly noble; it inspired

* This is our correspondent's opinion of the Emperor of Austria's countenance in marble. The Editor has seen the original imperial head, and thought it one of the most unpromising in intellectual expression that he ever looked upon

me with reverence for a personage, towards whom, previously, I had certainly felt but little. The bust of Napoleon is very fine, and must be singularly characteristic—the large, irregular head, and hanging features—one jaw lower and more strongly marked than another—the careless neck-handkerchief with the chin hanging over it;—there is nothing of all this in the statue at Apsley House. In that statue, the features are idealised almost as much as the limbs, and, when they come to the print, form the mere commonplace Grecian head. I know not where is the original of this bust, or whether it is what it appears, the first real model:—the domestic of Canova, who showed me round, was in his new garb of mourning, and, from grief, too oblivious to explain any thing. He was to me not the least interesting figure in the study—old, and lame, and little, his voice scarce audible as he went over the usual Ciceronisms by rote. His thought was with his lost master, and I honoured him for neglecting me.

Here, too, was a cast from the statue at Apsley House:—the hand of Canova formed this statue, but not his will; the artist had not forgiven the spoliation of Venice and the Vatican. Of the corresponding one of Maria Louisa, he had altered the features of his cast, not liking them, as my little friend in black observed. The original is at Parma, of a beauty bordering on the Egyptian. One is inclined to suspect a little hidden maliciousness in the artist; the stiff polished features are too like the Memnon's head, and the drapery arranged too priestess-like, not to have been a jot intentional. Here, too, are the Graces of Woburn Abbey, far superior to the famous antiques of the Ruspoli Gallery, that now adorn the new apartment of the Vatican, adorned and filled by the present Pontiff, and called after him *Museo Chiaramonte.* I saw no cast of the Cupid and Pysche that we so much admire in prints, and can scarce hope ever to see, the group being banished with the rest of the Carbonari to Siberia. Of Canova's two Venuses, Mr. Hope's is beyond comparison the superior—it is the work of the mature artist; that at Florence of one who makes a first essay. In the Pitti Venus, which was intended to supply the place of the Medicean, the obvious comparison seems to have repressed and intimidated Canova's genius, and he recurred almost wholly to nature, despairing to rival, without servility, the ideal of the Medicean. The Venus of the Pitti is the woman, the mere woman, and is but the essay; Hope's Venus is the perfection. Indeed, the Grand Duke seems not a little annoyed at having his Venus outshone by an English Signor, and accordingly has shut her up in a closet, where it is by no means easy to get a sight of her. At Florence, too, is the monument to Alfieri, which, travellers assert, does little honour to Canova. Perhaps expensive workmanship was not demanded, and the one figure, notwithstanding the objection of Mr. Hobhouse, representing "the Colossal Cybele of Italy" weeping over the poet, is a universal, national sorrow, simply expressed.

"All the artists of Rome," says Forsyth, "yield the palm to Canova; yet here he is admired only as the sculptor of the Graces."—"Some critics limit his powers to the beautiful alone. But will the Hercules and Lychas admit this limitation? Whatever critics may say of the anatomy, the expression of the group is sublime, and the contrast of passion and suffering is terrific." This noble group was intended first for Naples, then for Bavaria, but was left in the artist's study till Forlonia

bought it.* The King of Naples preferred adorning his capital with statues of himself; Canova executed one, and surely never was helmet put on the head of such a vulgar-looking Lazzaroni. The group of Mars and Venus, intended for our present Majesty, was finished ere the artist left Rome, and may be said to be the last of his works which he saw perfected. The study is crowded with embryo statues of Nymphs, Fauns, &c., intended all for one *milord* or another, on which the workmen were busily employed. Mars and Venus, at least the figure of the former, is a difficult subject, that never has been mastered. Canova's group is as superior to the pretended Mars and Venus in the Campidoglio, as his own falls beneath our ideas. In fact, what is any Mars without his helmet and armour?—he cannot infringe upon the strength of the Hercules to express his propensity in limb, and, while he is placed regarding a Venus, he can scarce be the god of war in expression of features. In that situation he is no more than any other young gentleman. Canova, however, had a propensity to the delicate, and whenever his subject is not positively terrific, he always inclines to the feminine side of manliness.

His head of Washington is fine—how could it be otherwise?—and the figure, to an artist, elegant, but is it appropriate? The American patriot looks more as if he were drawing a landscape, than creating an empire independent. The statue of the Princess Esterhazy, is to me the most beautiful and most graceful from the hand of Canova; the attitude, strange to say, of the beautiful princess, is little different from that of Washington. The Perseus of the Vatican is too fine, too delicate, for a warrior; but, considering that the steed he bestrode was Pegasus, and that the enemy he vanquished was the owner of the beautiful head he holds, the form was, perhaps, strong enough for the purpose; but there is no meaning in the pretty little Grecian profile he presents. The first impulse of an Englishman, on beholding those two marble gentlemen, Creugas and Damossenus, the pugilists, in the same cabinet with the Perseus is to laugh outright. Be they classic or not, as boxers they are ridiculous. One holds his fist clenched, and resting on the top of his head, the other has his right hand open, with the fingers straight, in act to leap upon his antagonist, and claw him like a tiger; the furious faces have the same tiger-like expression, more like a woman scolding than a man combating—lips, eyes, and veins protrude. How different the figure of two real pugilists, calm, determined, and vigilant in features, limbs firm, yet at ease;—Canova's pair are like two windmills about to engage. "This posture," says Forsyth, "open for the blow, accords with Pausanias, and suited Canova. It developes the whole figure, which your scientific *guards* would tend to collect, and pinch, and stiffen." Mr. Forsyth had no *fancy*; that art neither pinches nor stiffens, nor can there be finer, freer, or more open attitudes in the world, than those presented by our pugilists. The boxers in the Florentine gallery would answer us, but that we disdain

* Mr. Forsyth praises the statue, but abuses the possessor—Why? It surely ill becomes an *Englishman* to abuse a foreigner, who is in every respect a gentleman, especially in his attention to the English, merely because he has made his fortune by banking. What would many of our Dukes and Lords think of an Italian tourist visiting them, and then inquiring, and publishing to the world, who were their sires and grandsires, and how they became men of rank?

to strike a man when down. Is it not a wonder that some of our noble amateurs do not join a love of *art* to a love of *fancy*, and adorn their galleries with a series of English pugilists? Their profession forms a national amusement, with all the manliness, and little of the horrors, of the ancient gladiators' show: to immortalize this by the sculptor's aid, would be more to our honour than cramming rooms with those by-gone figures of exhausted mythology.

Canova has left a bust of himself, from his own chisel: it is expressive, looking upwards, the mouth open with earnestness—it speaks the artist's goodness and genius, his heart and head. Canova was a second "Man of Ross;" his charities were immense. Even before he received the Marquisate of Ischia from the Pope, a revenue of about a thousand pounds a year, his charity was extensive; and this addition to his fortune he is said to have wholly expended upon the young and aged of his profession, educating the one, and allowing stipends to the other. He also, for a long time, supported his step-father, whose cruelty towards him in infancy was great.

Canova was never married: he has left two brothers, sons of his mother, by her second husband. One is an ecclesiastic; the other, an architect, is supposed to succeed to his studio and fortune.—Who shall inherit his fame?

LINES WRITTEN BY T. CAMPBELL,

And inscribed on the Monument lately finished by Mr. Chantrey, which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G. Campbell, K.C.B. to the memory of her husband.

To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfill'd the hero's and the patriot's part,
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoin'd,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,
This stone is rear'd: to public duty true;
The seaman's friend; the father of his crew;
Mild in reproof; sagacious in command;
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valour owes to Britain's weal.

These were his public virtues:—but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name,
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widow'd grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

ON PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

"The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man a fool."

JOE MILLER.

GRAVITY, says Lord Bolingbroke, is the very essence of imposture. A quack or a pretender is generally a very grave and reverend signior; and though I would not venture to assert that the converse of this proposition is invariably true, I must confess that as I am apt to doubt the virtue of an obtrusive Puritan and rigourist, so am I marvellously prone to suspect the wisdom of your serious and solemn Precisian. While the shallow pedant endeavours to impose upon the world by a serious and pompous deportment, minds of a superior order will be often found abandoning themselves to playfulness and puerility. Plato, after discoursing philosophy with his disciples upon the promontory of Sunium, frequently indulged the gaiety of his heart by relaxing into a vein of the most trivial jocoseness; but once seeing a grave formalist approach in the midst of their trifling, he exclaimed, "Silence, my friends! let us be wise now: there is a fool coming." This man's race is not extinct. Reader! hast thou not sometimes encountered a starched looking quiz who seemed to have steeped his countenance in vinegar to preserve it from the infection of laughter?—a personage of whom it might be pronounced, as Butler said of the Duke of Buckingham, that he endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains?—a staid, important, dogged, square-rigged, mathematical-minded sort of an animal? Question him, and I will lay my head to yours (for I like to take the odds), that whatever tolerance he may be brought to admit for other deviations from the right line of gravity, he will profess a truculent and implacable hatred of that most kind-hearted, sociable, and urbane witticism termed—A PUN.

Oh the Anti-risible rogue! Oh the jesticide—the Hilarifuge! the extinguisher of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles;"—the queller of quirks, quiddets, quibbles, equivocation, and quizzing! the gagger of giggles! the Herod of witlings, and Procrustes of full-grown Punsters! Look at his atrabilarious complexion; it is the same that Cæsar feared in Brutus and Cassius; such a fellow is indeed fit for treasons, stratagems, and plots; he has no music in his soul, for he will not let us even play upon words. Will nothing but pure wit serve thy turn, most sapient Sir? Well then, set us the example—

—— "Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries Hold! enough!"

How,—dumb-founded? Not quite;—methinks I hear him quoting Dr. Johnson's stale hyperbole—"Sir, the man that would commit a pun would pick a pocket;" to which I would oppose an equally valid dictum of an illustrious quibbler—"Sir, no man ever condemned a good pun who was able to make one." I know not a more aggrieved and unjustly proscribed character in the present day than the poor painstaking punster. He is the Paria of the dining-table; it is the fashion to run him down, and as every dull ass thinks he may have a kick at the prostrate witling, may I be condemned to pass a whole week without punning, (a fearful adjuration!) if I do not show that the

greatest sages, poets, and philosophers of all ages, have been enrolled upon this proscribed list!

Even in Holy Writ, whatever might have been the intention of the speaker, there is authority for a play upon words equivalent to a pun. When Simon Bar-Jona, for his superior faith, received the name of Peter, (which in Greek signifies a stone or rock,) the divine bestower of that appellation exclaimed, "I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," &c.—Homer has made the wily Ulysses save his life by means of a pun. In the ninth book of the Odyssey that hero informs the Cyclops that his name is Noman; and when the monster, after having had his eye put out in his sleep, awakes in agony, he thus roars to his companions for assistance:

"Friends! No-man kills me. No-man in the hour
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudful power.—
If No-man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign.
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,
The brethren cried, and instant strode away."

It will be observed that Pope has preserved the equivoque in his translation, which attests his respect for this most ancient *jeu-de-mots*; while Ulysses is described as hurrying away in high glee, "pleased with the effect of conduct and of art," which is an evidence that Homer felicitated himself upon the happiness of the thought. This passage exhibits a very rude and primitive state of the art; for had any modern Cyclopes been invoked to aid their comrade under similar circumstances they would have seen through so flimsy a trick even with one eye.

Later Greek writers were by no means slow in following so notable an example. Plutarch has preserved several of these *Pteroenta*, or flying words, particularly King Philip's celebrated pun to the physician who attended him when his collar-bone was broken; and Diogenes the Cynic made so happy an equivoque upon a damsel's eye, which the profligate Didymus undertook to cure, that Scaliger said he would rather have been author of it than King of Navarre. From the comic authors a whole galaxy of similar jokes might be collected: but I reserve the specification for a new edition of Hierocles, the Joe Miller of Alexandria, which I am preparing for the press in ten volumes quarto.

The Romans, who imitated the Greeks in every thing, were not likely to forget their puns, *verbaque apta joco.* Cicero informs us that Cæsar was a celebrated performer in this way. Horace in his seventh satire, giving an account of the quarrel between Persius and Rupilius Rex, before Brutus the Prætor, makes the former exclaim, "Per magnos, Brute, Deos te oro, qui reges consuêris tollere, cur non hunc Regem jugulas?" thus playing upon the names of both parties. Martial was an accomplished punster; and Ovid not only quibbled upon words, but metamorphosed them into a thousand phantasies and vagaries.

The same valuable privilege formed the staple commodity of the ancient Oracles; for if the presiding deities had not been shrewd punsters, or able to inspire the Pythoness with ready equivoques, the whole establishment must speedily have been declared bankrupt. Sometimes indeed they only dabbled in accentuation, and accomplished their prophecies by the transposition of a stop, as in the well-known

answer to a soldier enquiring his fate in the war for which he was about to embark. "Ibis, redibis. Nunquam in bello peribis" The warrior set off in high spirits upon the faith of this prediction, and fell in the first engagement, when his widow had the satisfaction of being informed that he should have put the full stop after the word "*nunquam*," which would probably have put a full stop to his enterprise and saved his life. More commonly, however, they betook themselves to a positive pun, the double construction of which enabled them to be always right: sometimes playing upon a single word, and sometimes upon the whole clause of a sentence. When Crœsus, about to make war upon Cyrus, consulted the Delphian priestess, he was told that in crossing the river Halys he would overturn a great empire—which could hardly fail to be true; for, if he succeeded, he would subvert the Assyrian kingdom; if he failed, his own would be overwhelmed. Pyrrhus received a similar response as to the fate of his expedition against the Romans. "Credo equidem Æacidas Romanos vincere posse," which might import either that the Æacides from whom Pyrrhus was descended, would conquer the Romans, or precisely the reverse. such are the advantages of a double accusative.

Christianity, by superseding these Oracles, did not. most fortunately, extinguish quibbling for which we have the authority of one of the earliest Popes. Some Pagan English youths of extraordinary beauty being presented to him, he exclaimed, "Non Angli, sed Angeli forent si essent Christiani."

Heraldic bearings are supposed to have been invented to distinguish the different nations, armies, and clans that were congregated together in the Crusades; and the mottos assumed upon this occasion, if we may judge by those of England, bore almost universally some punning allusion to the name or device of the chief. The similar epigraphs still retained by the Vernon. Fortescue, and Cavendish families, as well as by numerous others, may be viewed as so many venerable testimonies to the antiquity of punning in this our happy island.

There is not one of our sterling old English writers from whom we might not glean some specimen of this noble art; which seems to have attained its golden age in that Augustan æra of our literature—the reign of our renowned Queen Elizabeth, when clergymen punned in the pulpit, judges upon the bench, and criminals in their last dying speeches. Then was it that the deer-stealing attorney's clerk fled from Stratford, and introducing whole scenes of punning into his immortal plays, eliciting quibbles not less affluently from the mouths of fools and porters, than from the dread lips of the weird sisters, "who palter with us in a double sense," established upon an imperishable basis the glory of his favourite science of Paronomasia;—a glory irradiating and reflected by the whole galaxy of dramatic talent with which he was surrounded.

Succeeding writers, though they have never equalled this splendour of quibble, have not failed to deposit occasional offerings upon the altar of Janus, the god of puns. Dryden pretended to be angry, when being in a coffee-house with his back towards Rowe, one of his friends said to him, "You are like a waterman; you look one way, and *Rowe* another," but, though unwilling to be the object of a pun, he had no compunction in being the author of many, for the support of which assertion the reader may consult his dramatic works. Addison's opinion of

this laugh-provoking practice may be collected from the 440th number of the Spectator, wherein he describes a society who had established among themselves an infirmary for the cure of all defects of temper and infractions of good manners. "After dinner a very *honest fellow* chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbour cried out, 'To the infirmary!' at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat.' This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbour sent off." -Pope's authority we have already cited. Gay was probably the author of the play upon his own name, when he observed that the great success of his Beggar's Opera, whilst Rich was proprietor of the theatre had made Gay rich, and Rich gay But what shall we say of Swift, the punster's Vade-mecum, the Hierarch, the Pontifex, the Magnus Apollo of the tribe; the Alpha and Omega, the first and last of the professors of equivocation; whose mind was an ever-springing fountain of quiddets, and the thread of whose life was an unbroken string of puns from his first to his second childhood? Impossible as it is to do justice to the memory of so great a man, I feel the eulogomania swelling within me, and that I may effectually check its yearnings, I leap athwart a measureless hiatus, and revert to that lugubrious, somnolent, single-sensed, and no-witted Anti-punster, whom I apostrophised in the outset.

And now, thou word-measurer thou line-and-rule mechanic, thou reasoning but not ruminating animal now that I have produced these authorities, limited to a narrow list from the want of room, not of materials, wilt thou have the ridiculous arrogance to affect contempt for a pun? That genuine wit which thou pretendest to worship, (as the Athenians built an altar to the unknown Deity,) has been defined to be an assimilation of distant ideas; and what is a pun but an eliciter of remote meanings? which, though they may not always amount to a definite idea, are at all events the materials of one, and therefore ingredients in the composition of real wit. These Protean combinations are the stimulants of fancy, the titillators of the imagination, the awakeners of the risible faculties; and to condemn them because the same happy results may be produced by a more rare and difficult process, is either an exemplification of the fox and the sour grapes, or the pride of mental luxury, which would quarrel with all gratifications that are cheap and accessible. The sterling commodity is scarce—let us prize it the more when we encounter it; but in the mean time let us not reject a good substitute when it is presented. Gooseberry wine is no very lofty succedaneum for sparkling Champagne, but it is better than fasting. Some may not like the flavour of the beverage, but none would think of abusing the caterer who puts upon the table the best liquor that his cellar affords. These sullen stupidities are reserved for an Anti-punster. H.

SPORTING WITHOUT A LICENCE.

There's a charm when Spring is young,
  And comes laughing on the breeze,
When each leaflet has a tongue,
  That is lisping in the trees,
When morn is fair, and the sunny air
  With chime of beaks is ringing,
Through fields to rove with her we love,
  And listen to their singing.

The sportsman finds a zest,
  Which all others can outvie,
With his lightning to arrest
  Pheasants whirring through the sky,
With dog and gun from dawn of sun,
  Till purple evening hovers,
O'er field and fen, and hill and glen,
  The happiest of rovers.

The hunter loves to dash
  Through the horn-resounding woods,
Or plunge with fearless splash
  Into intercepting floods,
O'er gap and gate he leaps elate,
  The vaulting stag to follow,
And at the death has scarcely breath
  To give the hoop and hollo!

By the river's margin dank,
  With the reeds and rushes mix'd,
Like a statue on the bank,
  See the patient angler fix'd,
A summer's day he whiles away
  Without fatigue or sorrow,
And if the fish should baulk his wish,
  He'll come again to-morrow.

In air let pheasants range,
  'Tis to me a glorious sight,
Which no fire of mine shall change
  Into grovelling blood and night;
I am no hound to pant and bound
  Behind a stag that's flying,
Nor can I hook a trout from brook,
  On grass to watch its dying.

And yet no sportsman keen
  Can a sweeter pastime ply,
Or enjoy the rural scene,
  With more ecstasy than I.
There's not a view, a form, a hue,
  In earth, or air, or ocean,
That does not fill my heart, and thrill
  My bosom with emotion.

O clouds that paint the air!
  O fountains, fields, and groves!
Sights, sounds, and odours rare,
  Which my yearning spirit loves,
Thus I feel, and only steal
  From visions so enchanting,
In tuneful lays to sing your praise—
  What charm of life is wanting?

H.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XI.

Uncle and Nephew.

EVERY one who is conversant with Richmond and its environs (and what man, since the Diana steam-vessel first started from Queenhithe to Eel-pie Island, can plead ignorance?) must know that passengers are conveyed across the Thames, from Ham to Twickenham, by a ferry-boat: that there is a footpath through a field which leads from the river to Ham: and that, to attain that footpath, it is necessary to cross a stile. Upon this stile, one fine afternoon in July last, sat, astride, Mr. Robert Robertson and his nephew Tom Osborne, awaiting the return of Platt the ferryman, that they might solace themselves with a view of the tombs in Twickenham church-yard. "Tom," said the uncle to the nephew, "I have long wished to give you something." The eyes of the nephew brightened; he mechanically took off his kid-skin glove, and protruded his right hand. "I mean, some little advice." Tom replaced the glove upon his hand, with a look that seemed to say "The less the better." "I take," continued Mr. Robert Robertson, "an avuncular interest in all that concerns you; and I cannot but enter my protest against the grotesque garb in which you have enveloped your person. Dress, nephew, was originally intended to guard us against the inclemencies of the weather: but, in your case, I am sorry to say that it deviates into downright ornament. But, lest you should think that I am inclined to too sweeping a censure—'spargere voces ambiguas'—(I hope you keep up your Latin)—I will, with your permission, analyse your apparel from head to foot—'ab ovo usque ad mala.' The latter quotation is from Horace. To begin, then, with your hat: I am sorry to find it white: Sir Barnaby Botolph, the Blackwell-hall factor in Cateaton-street, has a very sage apophthegm upon that head, 'Shew me a man with a white hat, and I'll shew you a fool.' Now, I should be sorry, nephew, to stultify you without a hearing, (stultify is a legal verb much in favour with the late Lord Ellenborough): so, prithee tax that 'bulbous excrescence,' (the expression occurs in George Alexander Stevens,) that fills up the hollow of the article that I am criticising, and tell me whether you mean to suffer judgment to go by default, or to plead the general issue with a justification." "I plead a justification," said Tom, briskly. "Good," answered the professional Mr. Robertson; "bold, too, but hazardous. In what does your justification consist?" "Your example." "Mine!" "Yes, uncle, yours. My aunt Sally has a picture of you painted by Hoppner thirty years ago. It exhibits you patting a favourite filly. The scene is a stable: you wear your hat, and that hat has a crown like Mother Shipton's, surrounded by three silk bands with a rosette to each. Just like the smooth-complexioned clergyman's that one so often meets in Saint Paul's Church-yard." "I wonder your aunt Sally keeps that absurd picture," said Mr. Robertson; "but, at all events, the hat is a black one; you have therefore failed in your justification. And, now, nephew, to continue my analysis. The next article to which I am anxious to draw your attention is your cravat. In the good old times a cambric stock, with a Bristol-stone buckle behind, was universally worn. The full-length engraved portrait of General Washington will

shew you what I mean. I would not captiously confine you to that. no, a white muslin cravat, like that which I now wear, may well be worn by you. But Waterloo-blue silk appears to me to be altogether inadmissible. An eye of heavenly blue is a pretty adjunct to a pretty woman; but a cravat of that hue is no necessary appendage to a lordling of the creation. I call you lordling, nephew, because you have barely attained sixteen: you cannot take up your patent of peerage to dub yourself a lord of that orbit, until you have attained twenty-one. I suspect you will hardly be bold enough to plead a justification to my second count." "Indeed, uncle, but I shall," retorted Mr. Thomas Osborne. "My uncle Charles's dressing-room, you know, is hung round with caricatures." "Well." "Well, uncle, one of them is a portrait of you, drawn by Rawlinson just thirty years ago. It shews you with a thing round your neck more like a poultice than a cravat, with two ends hanging down to your middle like Mr. Endless, the lawyer, in 'No Song no Supper,' and underneath it is printed

"My name's Tippy Bob,
With a watch in each fob."

"Tippy Devil!" petulantly exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "Rawlinson was a libeller: an etcher of extremes: a painter of pasquinades: your uncle Charles might be better employed than in gibbeting his relations after that fashion.—But to resume the subject of our discourse. We will now, Tom, diverge a little downward. Your coat, Master Osborne, is absolutely bobtailed. Were you spurred for a set-to at the Royal Cockpit, you would be docked in character. Then its collar: what a preposterous length! It hangs down from either shoulder, like Doctor Longsermon's black-silk scarf." "Nay, now, upon your third count,—my coat, uncle, I justify most valiantly," retorted the stripling: "I don't stand up for its positive propriety; but I do for its comparative." "Comparative with what?" "With one of yours, uncle, which you wore about thirty years ago. Last night I overheard Mrs. Thislewood tell Captain Paterson that she accompanied you, in the year 1792, to Ranelagh; she said that you made your previous appearance in her drawing-room (I quote her very words), in a salmon-coloured coat with a light-blue velvet collar and cuffs: that she was sitting behind the screen, which made you think that you were alone in the room; and that under that impression, and, as she states it, dreaming of future glories in the Chelsea Rotunda, you walked up to the looking-glass, and, after surveying yourself for half a minute, exclaimed—'Well, Bob, if they stand this, they'll stand any thing!'" "Mrs. Thislewood is a lying old coquette," exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "I make it a rule never to insinuate any thing to the prejudice of any body's character; otherwise I could tell something that happened to her about thirty years ago, which the public would not hold to be barred by the statute of limitations.—But to proceed. The mention of coat, nephew, naturally leads the mind to waistcoat—yours, I see, is striped. Mr. Polito might doubt whether you were an ass or a zebra; but we will pass that by: it is wondrous short: and 'de minimis non curat lex.' Pray keep up your Latin. I never should have prospered if I had lost mine.—Proceed we, therefore, to your trowsers. They too, I see, are striped. To stripes in that part your inattention to your Latin may authorize you to lay some claim. But,

Heavens! how capacious is their size! The tailor, indeed, seems to have repented of his extravagance, by puckering up a part of them. But what means that broad strap under the foot? Is it to prevent their slipping off over your head? or are you possessed of the prospective policy of Sam Scribble, who suffered at the Old Bailey for signing a wrong name on a banker's cheque; and who artfully passed two leather thongs under his feet, that he might, by annexing them to a hook, and the hook to the hangman's noose, enable himself to vibrate his half-hour without strangulation. Upon this count I defy you to plead a set-off." "My revered uncle," answered the pertinacious nephew: "far be it from me to tax you with laxity either of principles or pantaloons. But I hope you will permit me again to call your recollection to the portrait painted by Hoppner. You are there exhibited in"—"Not loose trowsers, I'll be sworn"—"No, uncle, not loose trowsers, but tight leather breeches. No sooner had Mrs. Thislewood told her story about your coat than Captain Paterson matched it with another, about your leather breeches" "Indeed!' cried Mr Robertson, drawing himself up, and looking out for Platt's ferry boat, "and, pray, what might the nautical gentleman say?" 'Why, he said uncle, that he once called upon you, when you were trying on a new pair of doeskins. The maker of them stood by to comfort and assist you. You were suspended, he said, in mid air. like Mahomet's coffin: when you had, by dint of struggling and kicking, got tolerably well into them, the operator drew from his pocket two iron hooks, to button them at the knees. He also told Mrs. Thislewood that you stood the agonizing process with the patience of a primitive martyr, until the third button of the right knee burst its cerements, and went off like the cork of a ginger-beer bottle." "Well sir, and pray what happened then?" "Why, then, uncle, he says, that you said something very like 'Oh, damn it!' After which, Captain Paterson added that he does not know what happened, as he turned very sick, and left the room: and so was prevented from beholding the conclusion of the operation."

Mr. Robert Robertson, in deep displeasure, now summoned all his syllogistic powers. He was upon the eve of flatly denying the truth of the captain's assertion; of proving that folly and foppery were weeds of modern growth; that *his* uncle never had occasion to lecture *him* upon his extravagance or coxcombry, thirty years ago; and, finally, that propriety of exterior and soundness of intellect had quitted this country on or about the commencement of the French Revolution. Unfortunately, however, this chain of demonstrations was sundered, never to re-unite. Platt hove in sight; uncle and nephew entered the boat; and the presence of two market-gardeners and a footman in livery prevented Mr. Robert Robertson from establishing the superiority of the human race—thirty years ago!

POISON FOR THE RATS.

"For want of meads poor rats had hang'd themselves."
SHAKSPEARE, *Richard* III.

A PADDY, once, fresh from the banks of Shannon,
And for the Temple bound, Middle or Inner,
To London came, where, by the ancient canon,
Folks learn the law, by—eating many a dinner.

Thus children, when they will not take to learning,
Too quick of temper, or too thick in head,
Are by their stomachs taught—for letters yearning,
Seductive in Dutch foil and gingerbread.

Paddy, who thought this mode of studying law,
By masticating mutton, very clever,
No vast utility in reading saw,
And troubled Coke's and Blackstone's pages—never.

So, while the cash was flush, he "saw the town,"
Drank his champaign,—at no expense would stop;
But when *the Spanish* fail'd, *perforce* came down,
And at the cook's shop ate his mutton-chop.

It chanced that, when his cash was running taper,—
That 's, when his *notes* were no more—*common places*—
(Ere all was gone, to have one parting caper)
He drove his tilbury to Epsom Races.

Still he determined on a frugal plan—
A plain beef-steak, a chicken, and some claret;
"It was high time economy began,
His purse was low, and, d——n it, he must share it"

Man but proposes, while 'tis Heaven directs!
When Rabelais' *quart d'heure* brought in the bill,
If it had errors—they were not *defects*,
And though 'twas long, Pat's face was longer still.

To say the truth, the bill was most unseas'nable;
For he had chosen a "prime" caravansary,
Where they take merit in a charge unreas'nable;
In short—the bill was like a bill in Chancery.

While Pat this woodcock reckoning was scanning—
"So much potatoes, and so much for butter,"
The landlord, who with some strange man stood planning,
Began, in under-tone, of rats to mutter.

It was a rat-catcher, whose schemes had fail'd
To save the landlord's meat and cheese from plunder,
And much "my host" with many a curse detail'd:
"Is there no remedy to keep rats under?"

"Is it the rats you 'd banish, man?" quoth Pat;
'To clear your house of them, without much pain,
There 's your own bill; by J—s—s, shew them that,
And, faith and troth, they 'll not come here again."

M

THE MONIED MAN: AN OUTLINE.

Old Jacob Stock!—The chimes of the 'Change were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits to the good old Lady in Threadneedle-street, and her opposite neighbour in Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail or the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Nor the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world; or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, how unpropitious soever it seemed in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles on his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his grey, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balm into *his* breast, nor was his "gross and earthy mould" ever susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale. The wife of one whom he had known in better days pleaded before him for her sick husband and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as chary of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, Sir." —"Can't help it."—"We are very distressed."—"Can't help it."— "Our poor children, too— —."—"Can't help that neither." The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed, you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession. "He has been very extravagant."—"Ah! Sir, he has been unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate? Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. *I* was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance.* *I* always looked after the main chance."—"He has had a large family to maintain."—"Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for, you know? Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in a gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now, if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then......" The supplicant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized,

* "The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool." Pope.

but a woman's fainting was a scene he had not been used to; besides, there was an awkwardness about it. So he desperately extracted a crown-piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed: 'twas the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curtsied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears.

No man had a more thorough conviction of the omnipotence of wealth. "Every man has his price," was his favourite axiom, as well as Sir Robert Walpole's; and, while he looked upon high mental talents with that half-felt, half-feigned contempt, arising from conscious inferiority, he gloried in boasting, or fancying, that money could purchase them, and that he had that money. He certainly had never read Horace; but he was quite of his opinion.

> "Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque et amicos,
> Et genus et formam, regina pecunia donat."

> "That doubtless mighty gold all joys will bring;
> Wit, genius, beauty, friendship—every thing."

The necessities of genius had frequently become subservient to his purpose, when he had occasion to develope his speculative plans in language somewhat more readable than his own uncouth 'Change Alley jargon. 'Twas a glorious triumph to him to induce unfavourable comparisons between the possessor of brains and the possessor of wealth. "You see, now, I can employ you, and you are glad to be employed; whereas you couldn't buy and sell me in that way. So what's the use of genius, and learning, and literature, and all that rubbish, when it's to be had for any body's penny? Why need my son (if I ever have one) bore his brains with Latin and Greek, and grammar and stuff? seeing he can buy the use on't when he wants it, the same as I am buying you, and all for a mere song, as a body may say. 'Twas a fine thing to teach us at school, that learning was better than house or land; but I fancy I know which is best now: I've a notion that I do. I guess learning would do me little good without the needful. A pocket-full of gold is better than a head-full of brains; except, mayhap, the brains that put a man in the way of getting on in the world."

Jacob was a bachelor. Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds. Gallantry formed no part of his composition. He regarded the civility of every pretty woman as a covert attack upon his purse, and an attempt to entrap him in the toils of matrimony. "He was resolved, he said, not to be cajoled out of his liberty, by soft tongues and pretty faces: women loved the money, if they didn't care a fig for the man. Besides, it was a bad world; and he wouldn't be the means of bringing more miserables into it." But if he cared little for the society of females, he was selfish enough to know, that he could not enjoy the comforts of life without their assistance; so he selected a coarse buxom spinster, to superintend his economical establishment, uniting all the domestic offices in her own individual person. There was no danger that her beauty would tempt him to break his vow of celibacy. He chose her

philosophically, as an antidote to desire; like the anchorite who placed before him death's head, as a *memento mori*, to guard him from the seductions of concupiscence. She bore no unapt resemblance to those squab figures of Chinese manufacture, that used to deck the mantle-shelves of our grandfathers; short, fat, wide-mouthed, and blowsy. She looked like a dwarf apple-tree, stunted in its altitude; or as if she had been confined in a low-roofed cage; and nature, prevented by the roof from shooting higher, had vented itself in circumference. With such a companion, Jacob thought he was not likely to be led into temptation; so on he went, plodding, as heretofore, neither looking to his right hand nor to his left; carefully picking his way, without being allured by the gay flowers that sprang up in his path; having no eyes for the beauties of nature, or the splendour of heaven; no ears for the melody of sweet sounds; no relish for the creations of intellect. Beauty, wit, and genius poured forth their treasures in vain; and the painter's skill, the poet's fancy—all that imagination had conceived, or art accomplished—appealed to a being, sheathed in the impenetrable mail of worldly wisdom; "*sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* every thing."

Deep thinkers are said to be deep drinkers. I think not. But, be this as it may, it is very certain, that there are no better gastronomists than those who never think at all; and the digestive powers seem, in most instances, in exact proportion to the deficiency of intellect. Jacob Stock was an illustration of all this. Money-getting was the one idea that absorbed his whole soul; there was no place in it for any other feeling; and beyond that, his predilections and sensations were purely animal. No man was better constituted by physical capacity for great feats at city-dinners.—Mountains of flesh and fowl, formidable arrays of turtle and venison, vanished before his demolishing prowess; and on Lord Mayor's day, he revelled in an epicurean paradise. He soiled more clean plates than an alderman, and was looked up to, in point of individual achievement, as the very father of civic feasting; the gown and chain men scarcely excepted. But, proficient as Jacob was on all public occasions of mastication, he was rarely tempted to witness similar exploits at his own table. There were one or two occasions, indeed, which he signalized in this way; such as his election to the common council, and once when he had driven an excellent bargain in tallow. But these were mere solitary instances, and nowise affecting the general cautiousness of his character, which was very tender of involving the responsibility of his own purse, in acts of good fellowship or generosity.

Jacob, though a shrewd man, and abundantly stocked with worldly wisdom, had one weak point. He was egregiously fond of flattery. I ask the observant reader,—him, I mean, who finds food for speculation in the fantastic variety of the human character, and gathers something for his stock of knowledge from each individual he encounters in his path,—I ask if it ever struck him, as a prominent peculiarity, that those who affect it the least are the most susceptible of this insinuating quality, and that your thorough-bred men of the world, who are so sensibly impressed with the importance of wealth, as to expect for it universal homage, are, in this respect, among the weakest? Jacob, with his rough exterior, seemed to set flattery at defiance. You would as soon think of soothing an untamed bear with the melody of a lute;

yet his weakness in this point formed, in fact, the groundwork of an event, the most important in his whole existence. His comfortable, accommodating housekeeper, who seemed, good easy soul! the quintessence of meekness and submission, had in her composition some lurking seeds of ambition; and sundry circumstances combined to rouse them into expansion. She knew her patron was rich; and she knew he had no notion of sharing his wealth. She had witnessed the discomfiture of ladies, richer than herself in adventitious advantages, superior in external accomplishments, and armed with all the arts of her sex. She had even seen beauty and wealth, united in the same person, disarmed of their potency, and unable to pass the impenetrable barrier of worldly interest and self-love that circumvallated his heart. What chance of success, then, could there be for her, deficient as she was in personal attractions, and destitute of the magnetism of gold? Where we suspect not, we are apt to forego our usual caution. A man would hide his watch-chain and seals, if he mingled with a promiscuous mob, or thought of encountering a thief; but he would hardly think of using this precaution in the private circle of a well-dressed company. Jacob, who was proof against the attacks of ladies abroad, laid aside his reserve and his suspicion when at home; he felt there was no need of them; and all this the shrewd spinster was aware of. She had studied his peculiarities, and knew where he was vulnerable. She began by covertly applauding his prudence; insinuated hints of the agreeableness of his person, habits, and disposition: first with the deference of an inferior; and then, as she saw the bait took, with something more like the independent opinion of an equal. She gained ground wonderfully, because he never suspected the motive. In the very triumph of her career, he fell ill. She nursed him assiduously; and was detected two or three times, when he drew back the curtains, sitting by his bedside, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. These, with a few of the arts that female ingenuity so well understands, made rapid advances in Jacob's heart. He recovered; and he saw joy for that recovery beaming in the eyes of the only being who had ever (as he thought) regarded him disinterestedly. This could not be the mere attachment of a domestic; it was love. Jacob, with all his hostility against the sex, was not proof against the gratifying feeling of being beloved for one's self alone. Besides, "she had never told her love;" she never hinted it; but seemed to carry the oppressive secret at her heart. A *chef-d'œuvre* on her part crowned the jest. She gave him notice of her intention to quit his service. A relation, she said, had offered her an asylum, in a retired village. She grieved to leave the best—kindest—of masters (here she sobbed); but her health was drooping, and she wished to try the effect of country air. This step shewed Jacob the exact state of his heart. He felt that he could not live without the society of a being, who, from the force of habit, or some cause or other, had become necessary to his happiness. "He ponder'd on't," and was resolute. He "shrunk back upon himself, and startled" at the novelty of his own thoughts. He detected his heart in the indulgence of a feeling it had been the business of his life to suppress; and all the selfishness of his nature was roused to action. But its opposition was momentary. Her prudence, good-temper, economy, and undoubted

attachment stood forth in formidable array, and bid fair to outweigh all prudential considerations.

"The tempter saw *her* time;—the work she plied."

In the midst of these *pro* and *con* deliberations, she contrived to throw in his way, as if by chance, a journal of petty sums she had saved him at sundry times, which she had honestly accounted for; and another paper, of even more importance, in the eyes of Jacob, than the saving of money,—her will, in which she had left the residue of her scanty earnings to "the best of masters." This was the *ultima manus*. He succumbed to Dan Cupid; and in the short period of a few months, the fat housekeeper became the lawful spouse of one of the richest men in the city of London.

In a brief space, Jacob discovered that he had been cajoled out of his liberty. He stormed and raved, and fumed and fretted accordingly, with the restlessness of a panther shut up in a cage; but in vain. The knot that bound him was tied too fast to be loosened by the tooth of a disappointed old man. He sunk into the feeble inertness that usually succeeds to unbounded rage. He was compelled to view, with forbearing patience, the ravages of an extravagant woman on a fortune which had hitherto known no diminution; and forced to smile acquiescence, though he secretly writhed in agony. To have encountered a disappointment in temper, disposition, affection, to have found her love, indifference; her suavity, deceit: all this he could have borne: he could have endured having been tricked out of his heart;—but to superadd to these, the waste of his darling treasure, the one absorbing good, in which he had bound up his whole soul,—this was, indeed, a burthen too grievous to be borne. He fretted; he was sick at heart. When asked how he did, he shook his head, and looked grave. His iron countenance assumed a cadaverous aspect, and his sullen eyes, sunk in their sockets, gave indications of incipient atrophy. To his other afflictions was now added a phantasy that haunted him hourly. He thought he should die for want. So strong a hold had this megrim on his imagination, that it allowed him no repose; and, in twelve months after the fatal vow that had destroyed his peace, he was borne to the family-vault of the Stocks, leaving behind him half a million sterling, at the disposal of his domestic tyrant. Q. Q. Q.

PETER PINDARICS.

Blindman's Buff.

THREE Wags (whom some fastidious carpers
Might rather designate three Sharpers)
 Enter'd at York the Cat and Fiddle,
And finding that the host was out
 On business for two hours or more,
 While Sam the rustic waiter wore
The visage of a simple lout,
 Whom they might safely try to diddle;
They order'd dinner in a canter,
 Cold or hot, it matter'd not,
Provided it was served *instanter*,

And as the heat had made them very
Dry and dusty in the throttles,
They bade the waiter bring three bottles
Of prime old Port, and one of sherry.
Sam ran with ardour to the larder,
Then to the kitchen,
And, as he briskly went to work, he
Drew from the spit a smoaking turkey,
With sausages embellish'd, which in
A trice upon the board was spread,
Together with a nice cold brisket,
Nor did he even oblivscate
Half a pig's head.
To these succeeded puddings, pies,
Custards and jellies,
All doom'd to fall a sacrifice
To their insatiable bellies,
As if, like camels, they intended
To stuff into their monstrous craws
Enough to satisfy their maws,
Until their pilgrimage was ended.

Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing,
The bottles stood no moment still,
They rallied Sam with joke and banter,
And, as they drain'd the last decanter,
Call'd for the bill.

'Twas brought, when one of them who eyed
And added up the items, cried,
"Extremely moderate indeed!
I'll make a point to recommend
This inn to every travelling friend,
And you, Sam, shall be doubly feed."
This said, a weighty purse he drew,
When his companion interposed,
"Nay, Harry, that will never do,
Pray let your purse again be closed,
You paid all charges yesterday,
'Tis clearly now my turn to pay."

Harry, however, wouldn't listen
To any such insulting offer,
His generous eyes appear'd to glisten
Indignant at the very proffer,
And though his friend talk'd loud, his clangour
Served but to aggravate Hal's anger.
"My worthy fellows," cried the third,
"Now really this is too absurd;
What! do both of ye forget,
I have not paid a farthing yet?
Am I eternally to cram
At your expense?—'tis childish quite;
I claim this payment as my right—
Here—how much is the money, Sam?"

To this most rational proposal
The others gave such fierce negation,
One might have fancied they were foes all,
So hot became the altercation,

Each in his purse his money rattling,
Insisting, arguing, and battling.
One of them cried at last—"A truce!—
This point we will no longer moot,
Wrangling for trifles is no use,
And thus we'll finish the dispute.—
That we may settle what we three owe,
We'll blindfold Sam, and whichsoe'er
He catches of us first, shall bear
The whole expenses of the trio,
With half-a-crown, (if that's enough,)
To Sam, for playing Blindman's Buff."

Sam liked it hugely—thought the ransom,
For a good game of fun, was handsome,
Gave his own handkerchief beside,
To have his eyes securely tied
And soon began to grope and search,
When the three knaves, I needn't say,
Adroitly left him in the lurch,
Slipp'd down the stairs, and stole away.

Poor Sam continued hard at work,
Now o'er a chair he gets a fall,
Now floundering forward with a jerk,
He bobs his nose against the wall,
And now encouraged by a subtle
Fancy that they're near the door
He jumps behind it to explore,
And breaks his shins against the scuttle,
Crying, at each disaster—Drat it!
Dang it! 'Od rabbit it! and Rat it!

Just in this crisis of his doom,
The host, returning, sought the room,
And Sam no sooner heard his tread,
Than, pouncing on him like a bruin,
He almost shook him into ruin,
And with a shout of laughter said—
"By gom, I have cotch'd thee now! so down
With cash for all, and my half-crown."

Off went the bandage, and his eyes
Seem'd to be goggling o'er his forehead,
While his mouth widen'd with a horrid
Look of agonized surprise.

"Gull!" roar'd his master—"Gudgeon! dunce!
Fool as you are, you're right for once,
'Tis clear that I must pay the sum,—
But this one thought my wrath assuages—
That every halfpenny shall come
Out of your wages!"

H.

ON THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE STUDIOUS.

EVERY class of men have some characteristic amusements to which they are attached. What is relaxation to one, is probably labour to another. A weaver, or any other "rude mechanical," when he wishes to divert himself, takes a walk, a mode of enjoyment quite alien to the notions of an unfortunate two-penny postman. Amusement consists principally in the excitement which the mind experiences from a change of ideas; and it is on this account that we so frequently find men taking pleasure in pursuits which appear entirely foreign to their usual habits and occupations. Thus we see the highest intellects delighting in trifles. Agesilaus diverting his children and himself with riding on a stick, and Scipio picking up shells on the sea-shore. This seems to be the reason why our poets do not carry their poetry into life, and why such a discrepancy exists between their biography and their verses. I need cite no instances, but for form's sake I will mention Young, who possessed nothing of that sombre character which appears in his poems.

Literary men, therefore, are often addicted to amusements which have nothing intellectual about them. Their object is to let their minds *lie fallow*, as a member of the agricultural committee would express himself; and they delight to abandon themselves to pleasures in which there is no waste of thought. Can any thing more completely childish be imagined than Dean Swift driving his friends the Sheridans before him through all the rooms of the deanery? So the confinement and study which the learned are compelled to undergo make them feelingly alive to the beauties of Nature. Perhaps a happier man could not be found in the world than Pope, when he was walking in his garden and superintending its improvements. From the same cause many of our literary men, like Charles Fox, have been much attached to the sports of the field; while those whose occupations are of a more stirring and boisterous nature are often insensible of such pleasures. At first sight it appears singular that such a man as Sir Philip Sidney should have disliked the sports of the chace, so fashionable too as they were in his day; and yet Osborn tells us that he used to say, that next to hunting he liked hawking worst. The gallant Lord Herbert of Cherbury also had a distaste for hunting. In those chivalrous times a knight was glad to leave the saddle.

The scholars of antiquity were a jovial race of men; hearty good fellows, who were fond of all the boisterous pleasures of life. "The most virtuous, grave, and honest men," says Plutarch, "use feasts, jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meals." Even Socrates used to dance and sing. Scipio and Lælius, we know, were accustomed—

——"discincti ludere donec
Decoqueretur olus."

Mæcenas was fond of his sports; and if Virgil and Horace did not join in them, it was their infirmity which prevented them:—

"Lusum it Mæcenas: dormitum ego Virgiliusque,
Namque pila lippis inimicum, et ludere crudis."

Dancing appears to have been a great amusement with the learned of antiquity; and, in truth, it is a most scholarlike diversion. Lucian, in his book *de Saltatione*, confesses that he took infinite delight in singing, dancing, and music; and even the grave Scaliger acknowledges that he was unmeasureably affected with music, and that he took much pleasure in beholding dances. Cicero, it is true, has told us that *nemo saltat sobrius*, a maxim in which the literati of modern times seem to coincide. There is certainly no amusement in which so much exercise may be compressed within so short a time as dancing, and I, to uav therefore propose it to our *savans* as a most desirable accomp." I hav Would it not be well to institute a sort of Literary Almack'nc bitternes vantages which might be derived from such an assembly enhanced t lable. The author and the reviewer would forget " ar burnings in thus mingling in the same festive scene, is undoubted inflicted by the Edinburgh and the Quarterly would be redressed in the mazes of "L'Eté" or "La Poule." What might not be expected from the keen encounter of so many wits? Nay, what fond attachments might not arise between our most celebrated writers; and what prodigies of future genius might not the world thus promise itself! Then, again, what hints for histories, what embryos of epics, what skeletons of romances, might not be found at such an assembly; and how pleasantly contrasted would it be with the venerable dulness of the Royal Society's meetings! There are many other exercises also which are peculiarly fitted for our literati, who, as their business is reflection, should make action their amusement. Upon this point, I cannot do better than transcribe the advice of one o' our own old chivalrous scholars. "It will be good also for a gentleman to learn to leap, wrestle, and vault on horseback, they being all of them qualities of great use."

It must not be supposed, because some instances may be found of men of letters who have been averse to violent exercises or lively amusements, that therefore my theory is incorrect. In general, such instances are where the men have been of weak constitutions or sickly habits; as, unfortunately, has been the case with too many of our scholars. Pope was feeble and wretched all his life; and would have been annihilated had he ventured to go a-hunting. Gibbon suffered much from ill-health; and his greatest pleasure, therefore, was pacing quietly up and down his garden. Gray, who was a nervous man, was lady-like in his amusements, and could fancy no higher gratification than to lie at full length on a sofa or a bench reading novels. Beattie has represented his young Minstrel as shunning the ruder sports of his companions; and that melancholy retiring disposition often distinguishes the temperament of genius; but, at the same time, it is frequently accompanied with weakness or ill-health. Sir William Jones, too, passed a sickly childhood. If Johnson's habits were sedentary, both from the want of faculties for exercise and the cumbrousness of his person, it must be remembered, that he has sufficiently recorded the delight which violent motion was capable of affording him, in his well-known remark, "that life contained nothing better than the excitation produced by being hurried along at full speed in a post-chaise. We could mention more than one grave and learned judge, or solemn statesman, "è consiliis secretioribus regis," who have taken no small delight in cheering the hounds and tracking the footsteps of the hare; indeed, it has been

boldly stated, that so enamoured of his gun, on one occasion, was a certain distinguished dignitary of the law, that he actually hurried to the field, without taking the usual preliminary step of procuring a license. Even the great pillars of our church have often been "mighty hunters." In the good old times the king, on the death of a bishop, was entitled to his best pack of hounds. At least, as late as James the First's time, our dignified churchmen did not scruple to indulge in the sports of the field, as may be learned fr.m the case of Archbishop Abbott, who had the misfortune to kill one of the foresters while he pulsory ug. But I hasten to more gentle amusements.

Otway, "above every other delight of intellectual spirits, is the the one, whei It is the language of the feelings. Who is there, that gical death of an old and remembered air, has not found his heart as dull, swallowed, as when his ear has been greeted by the voice of a valued and early friend? I often think that many of the finest passages in Shakspeare have precisely the same effect on the mind as beautiful music—they go directly to the feelings without the interposition of the judgment. That the master-dramatist himself knew and acknowledged the power of music, is evident in every part of his writings; and that he thought it a worthy amusement for the leisure-hours of the studious, should appear from the lines—

> "Music was given to sooth the mind of man
> After his studies, and relieve his cares."

Indeed, there is a refreshment in its tones which seems to me the most reviving thing in the world. There is certainly "no charm like music to a weary spirit;" and though I do not go the length of the learned Scriblerus, in the belief of its influence over the human mind, yet I do think that it is a relaxation eminently suited to the literary character, and as such I would have our scholars cultivate a taste for it. I do not recommend them to study the science and the practice of it so deeply as Gargantua, who "learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Allman flute with nine holes, the viol, and the sackbut," but I am sure that, if they choose to cultivate it, they will soon find the delight and advantage of a musical taste. Fine music is the most excellent composer of the spirits—

> "A solemn air is the best comforter
> To an unsettled fancy."

Like sleep, it takes full possession of the mind, and restores it to its tone more delightfully than sleep. To a poetical temperament music has a still more exquisite relish; for it begets all those feelings which are at once the parent and the offspring of poetry. "Music and poetry," says Shakspeare, linking them together, "used to quicken you." The loftiest of all our bards was passionately attached to this science. "His early and frugal dinner succeeded, and when it was finished, he resigned himself to the recreation of music, by which he found his mind at once gratified and restored. Of music he was particularly fond, and both with its science and its practice he was more than superficially acquainted. He could compose, as Richardson says it was reported; and with his voice, which was delicately sweet and harmonious, he would frequently accompany the instruments on which he

played, the bass viol or the organ *." Indeed, after he had become blind, his ears, as Richardson says, became eyes to him, and on hearing a lady sing, "Now will I swear," says he, "this lady is handsome." In his tractate on education he strongly recommends music after meals; a practice, of which, Sir William Jones tells us, he has, from his own experience found the advantage †. Many other illustrious names might be mentioned, who amidst their graver studies have mingled the charms of music. To such blandishments, indeed, Samuel Johnson always refused to submit himself; or rather he appears to have been perfectly insensible to the "touches of sweet harmony." I have always accounted this a great defect in his character. The bitterness of Mrs. Thrale's marriage must have been exceedingly enhanced to him by her becoming the wife of a music-master.

By way of opposition to the delights of music, which is undoubtedly the most intellectual of all the pleasures to which the senses serve as avenues, I may mention the enjoyments of the table. Now, it must be confessed, that the literati, as a body, are by no means insensible of the kindness which Nature has shown to man in spreading for him so abundant a banquet of cates and delicacies. If I mistake not, the habits of literary occupation rather induce a disposition to good-fellowship and joviality at those seasons when the mind is released from its bondage; and, accordingly, we find in the lives and writings of our poets not a few symptoms of their attachment to the fruits of the earth. So the lawyers—than whom, I believe, no set of men exchange with more zest the pen for the knife and fork. Nay, philosophers themselves have been but too often vanquished with the charms of stewed lampreys, and the sparkling graces of their wine-cups. "Neither the greatest captains, nor the greatest philosophers," says one who was a perfect philosopher in his way, "have disdained either the use or science of eating well." The same candid writer has told us how keen he was himself in the use of the knife and fork—no, I mistake—of his fingers. "'Tis indecent, besides the hurt it does to one's health, to eat so greedily as I do: I often bite my tongue, and *sometimes my fingers*, for haste ‡."—I am not aware that any of your English authors are very celebrated for their powers of digestion. Thomson was, certainly, an epicure—an indolent epicure—and would lie in bed till some favourite dish was announced to be on the table. Swift was fond of good-living, but his health would not suffer him to indulge in it. When young, he had been too fond of eating fruits, and the proverb which he made when walking through a friend's garden, shows some remains of his former taste—

"Pluck a peach,
When it's in your reach."

Unfortunately the Dean, in his boyhood, had plucked too many, and the effects of an attack from eating stone-fruit never left him in after-life. Thomson, by the by, used not to pluck the peaches, but would stand with his hands behind him, eating them as they grew

* Symmons's Life of Milton, p. 575.

† In his Utopia, Sir Thomas More recommends music at meal-times. Lord Herbert of Cherbury tells us he learned music "to refresh his mind after his studies."

‡ Montaigne.

against the wall. Pope was rather nice than voracious in his appetite: Johnson rather voracious than nice. The great lexicographer must have presented something of the appearance of a Boa Constrictor during his meals: regarding his plate with undivided attention, he ate hastily and greedily, till the perspiration would start from his forehead, and the veins across his temples would swell with the exertion. There are but few amongst our poets who have "praised the lean and sallow abstinence," and still fewer who have practised such precepts. Some compulsory instances must, indeed, be excepted, such as Chatterton and Otway, "who oft with gods did diet;" but the ravenous appetite of the one, when invited by his pitying landlady to dinner, and the tragical death of the other, who is said to have been choaked by a penny-roll, swallowed in the extremity of his hunger, but too plainly prove that "Spare Fast" found in them but unwilling disciples.

I shall not enter into those more refined and intellectual amusements in which the studious indulge, but which are, in fact, rather their occupations than their amusements. Chess is a game of this kind, which may be called an amusement, but is, certainly, no relaxation; and yet how gladly would I, sedentary as I am, exchange the sunniest walk on a fresh spring morning for a tough combat at that admirable game with an equal adversary.

J. W. T.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Is that dace or perch?
  Said Alderman Birch.
I take it for herring,
  Said Alderman Perring.
This jack 's very good,
  Said Alderman Wood,
But its bones might a man slay,
  Said Alderman Ansley.
I 'll butter what I get,
  Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
  Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe 's dry as pith,
  Said Alderman Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
  Said Alderman Brown;
But nearer the fin,
  Said Alderman Glyn.
I 've finish'd, i'faith, man,
  Said Alderman Waithman:
And I too, i'fatkins,
  Said Alderman Atkins.
They 've crimp'd this cod drolly,
  Said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
  Said Alderman Brydges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
  Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men,
  Said Alderman Ven-
ables Yes, in a box,
  Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how *fur* '*tis*,
  Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sun,
  Said Alderman Thompson:
Pack'd neatly in straw,
  Said Alderman Shaw:
In ice got from Gunter,
  Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
  Said Alderman Flower;
Then steep it in claret,
  Said Alderman Garret.

LETTER FROM A BASHFUL BACHELOR.

"Therefore, let Benedict, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling."

Mr. Editor,—I fear that but few of your readers will remember the "*Cavalier seul*" who once made your Magazine the medium of conveying his complaints and expostulations to the dancing world. I cannot say that my remonstrances produced any improvement in my fate: the gentlemen are still condemned to an occasional *pas seul*, and the only change in the rules of the quadrille is that which subjects the ladies, in their turn, to the same awful and conspicuous solitude. This has but extended the misery I wished to remove, without diminishing, in the slightest degree, my individual distress. The blushes of two or three timid girls (few London ball-rooms are graced by so many) afford me no consolation; and till fashion has effected its usual changes, and sent this odious quadrille to mourn over departed greatness, in company with the ghosts of country-dances, hoops, pig-tails, and kaleidoscopes, I must be content to be classed amongst the lame, the idle, the disobliging, or the philosophical spectators, who are of no use at a ball, except to take up room and eat ice.

The subject upon which I now address you is of infinitely greater importance: yet here, alas! I expect not relief; sympathy is all I ask, sympathy from a few unfortunate beings, branded, like myself, with the ineffaceable stamp of bashfulness. Mr. Editor, how am I ever to get married? Where shall I acquire the requisite portion of heroism and effrontery? A shy man married is to me a more stupendous, incomprehensible, unanswerable proof of the power of love, than any other which the history of the world can produce. Hercules with his distaff, Antony "teaching cowards to run," Cimon's brightened intellect, Orlando's furies, are trifling exhibitions of Cupid's potency, compared with that which he must exercise ere a man of my unhappy constitution is bound in the fetters of Hymen. In the first place, how am I to ingratiate myself with any woman—I, who blush when I try to gaze, stammer when I wish to compliment, and whose timid gallantries generally terminate in depositing a cup of coffee in the lady's lap, treading on her delicate little foot, or carrying off with me two or three yards of flounce, when I hasten, with nervous precipitation, to execute some trifling command? Sighing is the only duty of an undeclared lover which I should be able to perform; but sighing needs the explanatory accompaniments of admiring glances and tender whispers, or it may be mistaken for the symptom of a guilty conscience, or a disordered stomach. Solitary, abstract, unappropriated sighing, is like a love-letter without a superscription, or a serenade performed in the middle of Russell-square—it tells no secret, it pleads no cause, and may be claimed by any one but the right person. Long acquaintance, however, might perhaps interest some kind heart in my favour: I take two years to ask a lady to drink wine, about four ere I presume to offer her my arm when walking out, and at the end of seven I might possibly be prepared to make a tender of a more serious nature, to pass that Rubicon which has terrified many a heart of bolder materials than mine. On

one point I have taken a decided resolution—I should convey my proposals by letter. Ill would it become me to attempt a personal declaration; I should blush more than the sex who are privileged to blush as much as they can on these occasions, and should extinguish any glimmering partiality by appearing ridiculous. Ridicule is the most bitter enemy of love: they never meet without a death-blow being given to one of the parties. Blame a man's morals, principles, or temper, and woman loves on with amiable constancy;—laugh at the shape of his nose, or his manner of making a bow, discover in him something to *quiz*, and strong indeed is the affection which does not speedily cool.

A brother of mine (shyness is a family distemper) lost a wife by venturing on the rash measure of a *tête à tête* offer. He was walking up a fine mountain in Westmoreland with a lady whom he much admired, and whose manners had been far from discouraging. The evening was remarkably beautiful, the views were enchanting, outward circumstances gave a sudden impetus to his passion, an unnatural boldness came upon him, and he dashed into a declaration of love. But, alas! too soon the deceitful inspiration failed, his own nature resumed its ascendancy, he stammered forth his vows in broken and unintelligible murmurs, and, covered with confusion, was unobservant of his mountain-path, and fell down twice before he had completed his offer. At the first slip the lady blushed on, and maintained her gravity—my brother shook the dust from his clothes, and did not despair;—the second time, his hat fell off, and was carried away by the wind, he was obliged to run in pursuit of it: the shrill notes of female laughter were borne after him on the breeze; they sounded in his ears the knell of all his tender hopes. Too truly he guessed his fate: on his return, breathless as he was, he attempted to renew the interesting subject; but the lady was no longer blushing or confused, a smile was yet lurking on her lips, and he was civilly rejected.

Let the offer, however, be made; let that word be spoken to which the Chinese proverb may be applied with peculiar truth, "a word once let fall cannot be fetched back by a chariot and six horses;" let it be favourably received, and flirtation changed into courtship, still the most fearful part of the affair is yet to come. If I might at once bear my bride away, take but one step from my proposals to my nuptials, all would be comparatively easy. During the wedding ceremony, observation is monopolized by the lady—her looks, her words, her dress, her flutterings, are watched by every eye; and the bridegroom, without the appendages of white satin, a lace veil, tears, or a smelling bottle, has little to attract attention, and if he does but speak the responses intelligibly, and put the ring on the proper finger, may slip through the most important act of his life with little notice or distinction. But there is an awful interval (which the lady loves to lengthen) between acceptance and matrimony; and the more I consider my own character and capabilities, the more convinced I feel that I could not possibly pass the ordeal of courtship with tolerable credit and respectability. Reflect on the labours, the assiduities, the paradings, the exhibitings of the noviciate which precedes our entrance into those gates, which bear not the accommodating inscription, "si delectat maneas, si tædet abeas." I had begun to think rather seriously of marriage, but a few weeks passed in the same house with an engaged couple convinced me, that however delightful

the temple of Hymen may be when you are fairly within it, its approaches are infinitely too difficult for a bashful man. Surely when the Moravians teach their disciples to hold themselves in submissive readiness for those three perilous services, "a journey, death, and matrimony," it is of the previous preparations for the latter that they more especially think. An engaged lover is an object of general curiosity and observation; let him creep through life ever so snugly at other times, during courtship he is watched, stared at, criticised, he becomes the hero of his own little world, the mark for "quips, and sentences, and paper bullets of the brain." Yet how easily and triumphantly do some men carry themselves through this period of notoriety and distinction. "Non equidem invideo, miror magis." I would, indeed, imitate the most approved examples to the extent of my power, and convince the lady of my affection, by every demonstration of love that could reasonably be expected of a shy man. I would make no objection to whispering my admiration of every thing she said, or did, or wrote, or wore. I would listen patient and pleased, if she chose to murder some of Mozart's sweetest songs; I would gaze with approval on her drawings, though all her trees were like furze bushes, and all her castles tumbling down; I would prefer yellow to blue, or Moore to Milton, at her bidding; read a library of romances at her desire, and spend hours in writing out quadrilles, charades, or sonnets, to please her; I would pretend to be terrified if she complained of a head-ach, and propose to send for a physician if she coughed. The other duties of a lover I would gladly commute by extra-attentions as a husband. But, alas! no commutation, no compromise is admitted. If the bride herself be disposed to lenity, and inclined to be merciful in her exactions, these amiable weaknesses are checked by the railleries and reproaches of her young female friends, who always flock about a woman on the eve of marriage, and form themselves into a committee of observation on the lover, as if to watch that no courtship dues are left unpaid. If he be remiss, they reproach him for his negligence; if ardent and devoted, they rally him on the violence of his passion. I would rather be reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, than exposed to these girlish gibes and jests. I think I hear now those voluble tongues, that copious flow of ridicule, that easy pertness, those mingling peals of laughter, which have occasionally covered me with confusion. The broad stream of bantering has been too often poured over my shrinking head, by those careless, light-hearted creatures, who, unaware of the agony they inflict, unmindful of time, place, or circumstances, unobservant of character, exemplify the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, and half roast a bashful man to death by the fire of his own blushes.

One of the duties of a lover is that of staring: he ought several times a day to fix his eyes on his fair one's countenance, and look at her steadily for two or three minutes, or as much longer as he can bear it, concluding the ceremony by heaving a deep sigh. The lady sits very patiently under the operation, knowing it to be an established part of orthodox courtship, and the rest of the company wink, and smile, and seem much edified and pleased by the apparent abstraction of the gentleman. Now, Mr. Editor, I never since I was born looked

steadily at any one for more than half a quarter of a minute, and I should *stare* with the same confusion of face as if I were being *stared at.*

Another misery of courtship is the bustle that ensues when the lover enters the room which contains his mistress. Instead of allowing him quietly and gradually to creep towards her, there is always some officious matron, or smiling damsel (one of the committee of inspection), who endeavours to effect an immediate approximation. A general bustle commences; whispers and winks fly round the circle; friends, informed of the necessity of the case, make excuses for moving; strangers are deluded into warm corners, or hurried with affected anxiety from some dangerous draught of air; every one seems of opinion that the most fatal consequences might ensue, should the betrothed parties be placed otherwise than in juxta-position. The gentleman is ushered into the enviable seat amidst a host of gazers and simperers; and some witty person is sure to utter in an audible whisper, "Well, now, Mr. ——, you are happy. I suppose." Ye gods, no one would ever make such a speech to *me* under such circumstances; no one would be tempted to mistake the expression of *my* countenance for happiness; all the demons of annoyance and confusion would dwell upon my crimson brow. Then, again, I should be paraded to balls and parties in the interesting character of bridegroom elect, and should be expected to act the part of turtle-dove for the amusement of the company. I should be watched when I approached my intended, as if it were not unlikely that I might suddenly throw myself at her feet, as if I could not put on her shawl without vowing eternal attachment, or offer her refreshments without entreating her to name the happy day. I must parade up and down the room with her in close and earnest conversation, bend every three seconds to look into her eyes, throw a mysterious air into my whole demeanour, whisper my most trivial remarks, and look amorous from the topmost curl of my hair to my very shoe-tie. As it is said, that the character of a fine statue may be discovered by the most minute fragment, that the majesty of Juno resides in her great toe, and the grace of Venus sports on the tip of her ear; so it seems to be supposed that a lover is all over love, and that he cannot talk to his beloved on any subject without infusing into it an amorous spirit. Flames ought to breathe forth amidst a dissertation on the Congress at Verona; Cupid should sit astride on the bonassus, or walk hand-in-hand with the mermaid in Chancery. It is surprising to me that lovers, like other common-place sights, do not sink into a comfortable insignificance, without being exposed to any observing eyes, except those of girls and boys under fifteen. But single persons continue to take the most careful observations of all such approaching conjunctions, anxious, I suppose, to provide themselves with authorities and precedents for their own future direction; and even old married people are curious to see if the fashion has changed since their days of cooing and courting. In short, it would be as absurd in me to offer to dance a minute, sing a solo, or make a speech at a public dinner, as to expect to carry myself through the office of lover with propriety or success. My mistress would quarrel with me in a week. Yet could I but slip through the labours of courtship, in matrimony I should certainly find an ample reward for my previous

sufferings. A shy man is of all others the best calculated for married life. He will love with more than ordinary fervour the only woman in whose presence he feels perfectly at ease; and that fire-side, where he may enjoy conversation without company, will be dearer to him than any other place in the world. There are also minor advantages of married life to which I am far from insensible. When I *did* go into society, I should have a companion who would enter a room before me, receive the first broad flash of observation,—the first salutations. How comfortably should I walk about with my wife on my arm, and gain part of the credit of her lively chat and easy address! When paying morning visits, too, how often should I bless myself for being a husband! My wife would make the movement for departure, take that most difficult step on which I have often meditated for half an hour without success, have sat and sat till I was asked to stay dinner and then risen precipitately, and made an awkward retreat. But, alas! the old proverb about "a faint heart" will I fear be exemplified by my fate. Deep and desperate indeed must be the love which can change me into "a suitor bold.' All nature cannot produce an instance of so complete a transformation. The little creeping caterpillar, shrouding itself among the dust of the earth. is not so dissimilar from the gay butterfly that delights to sport among flowers and sunshine, as a bold gallant lover, proud of his affection, urgent in his suit, triumphing under observation, is unlike the unfortunate *bashful bachelor* who now addresses you. I remain, Mr. Editor, your very obedient humble servant,

W. E.

SONNET.

Translated from Cardinal BEMBO.

LOVE, when with me you linger'd in the shade,
  Viewing in secret her I hold so dear,
I would have pour'd my passion to the maid,
  But you, deceiver, fill'd my heart with fear.
I saw her form amidst the blossoms bright,
  I mark'd the bending flowers her steps had press'd,
I saw the heavens from which her eyes of light
  Had stolen their hue to triumph o'er my breast.
I mark'd where first she came and fix'd her seat,
  Where wandering stray'd as one in reasoning mood,
Then bent her brow and spoke and smiled so sweet,
  Then paused, and wrapt in thoughtful silence stood.
O! could I paint her action, form, and face,
Thou too wouldst marvel at her charms and grace.

Reydon, Suffolk.

SIR GUY EVELING'S DREAM.

Extracted from an old Manuscript.

(This MS. which is without a Title-page, or other means of ascertaining its date, appears to have been an Essay upon Sleep. The transcriber, besides modernizing the spelling throughout, and supplying one or two words which he could not decypher, has omitted some passages which descended into a tedious or indelicate minuteness.)

"Now that we be upon this subject of dreams and apparitions, I may nohow forbear to mention that full strange and terrible one of Sir Guy Eveling, and the consequences tragical issuing therefrom, which do I the more willingly pen, forasmuch as the dismal tale was hushed and smothered up at the time by the great families with whom he was consanguined, people of worshipful regard and jeopardous power, whereby folks only whispered of the story in corners, and peradventure bruited about many things which were but fond imaginings. How I learned the real sooth and verity of that awesome event, and came to be consulted thereupon, ye shall presently see, when I unfold to you that the Lady Rivers, the favourite sister of Sir Guy, then dwelt in the close of Westminster Abbey, in the next house to mine own, which abutteth upon the great cloisters; who first being only a near neighbour, became at last a fast friend, and claimed my advisement in all that touched herself and that most unhappy gentleman her brother. Albeit my lips were vowed to a locked secrecy while she lived, yet can they now divulge what they have so long concealed; for that right worthy lady (whom God absolve!) having withdrawn to the Rookery, by Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, did there erewhile give up the ghost in all godliness of faith and abundancy of hope.

"Now wot ye well that Sir Guy had received a good and clerkly schooling at Oxenforde, and was well learned in all that doth beseem a gentleman, yet, maugre this his knowledge, he was of a haute and orgulous stomach that would not agnize the wisdom of beadsmen, nor even brook the tender counsellings of friends and kinsmen, whereby he waxed wild, and readily fell to mischief and riot, giving up his mornings to dicers, racqueteers, and scatterlings, and casting away the night with ribalds, wasselers, and swinge-bucklers, when he was not worse bestowed (though better to his liking) with giglots and gold-wasting wantons, upon whom he lavished his substance, and then betook himself to the dice to repair his fortune—for ever one wickedness begetteth another. In this evil wise did he live, reckless of reproof and deaf to fond entreatment, to the sore discomfort and aggrieving of all his honourable house: howbeit that few now took busy concernment about him except the Lady Rivers, who did often, with all the compassment of wit and loving-kindness of heart, beseech him to abandon the crafty mermaids and chamberers with whom he consorted, and choose some chaste and discreet mate, so to establish himself in such a goodly household as became his ancestry. Verily, Alice, (would he say) if ye any thing earthly regard, I do entreat ye forbear this manner of speech, which nought availeth thee to utter and irketh me to hear, for I will not quit my ronyons and bonarobas till it pleaseth me of my own free will; and for a wife, never have I yet seen the eyes that could bribe me to put the neck of my liberty into the collar of a wedding

ring. And therewithal he again plunged into his riotous and deboshed courses.

"It chanced once, that returning home from a wild revel as the sun was dawning and the apprentices afoot, he betook himself to his lodging at the Flower-de-luce, next to the French Embassador's, on the outside of Temple Bar, where, being heavy with his carouse, he cast himself upon his bed, in his cassock as he was, and forthwith fell asleep, as it is surmised, and had a troublous and astounding dream; though he himself ever stoutly did maintain that being right well awake, and having just then heard the Temple clock strike eight of the morning, he looked to his bed-foot, and lo! there stood before him a strange lady of stately presence and surpassingly beauteous. More especially was he astonied at her large, round, glistering dark eyes, with two goodly arcs of black thereover spreading, the which seemed to him a more noble and majestical vision withal than he had ever encountered upon earth. Her cheer was not the less fraught with dignity than comeliness, albeit that her visage was passing wan, and of somewhat melancholic and tristful ostent: and so she gazed earnestly upon him, who in like wise did glue his looks upon her, much marvelling what this might mean. But incontinent after, sith she neither moved nor spake, he being ever of a right courageous heart, and deeming moreover that it might be some prank of his irregulous and profane companions, did raise himself up on the bed, and drawing nigh unto the figure, so to convince himself by touch of hand whether it might be real flesh and blood, in this wise said unto it:—'Most sweetly fair and wondrously delectable lady! whom I more admire and love than may my tongue upon so short a summons worthily confess, suffer that I doff from thy throat that ungainly ruff wherein thy beauty is muffled, sith it is an unseemly fashion that I did ever marvellously mislike.'—Whom when she saw approaching as if to untie the ruff, a sudden great terror and change of countenance fell upon her, so that she clasped both her hands round her throat as if to hold it fast, and, uttering a piteous soul-piercing shriek, the spectre or apparition, for such in good sooth might it seem, straight vanished away!

"Now Sir Guy was of that stubborn and misbelieving spirit that holdeth not faith in ghostly things, so he arose and cautelously searched throughout the chamber and in the cupboards thereof; but nothing might he discover, the windows being double-latched, and the door locked even as he had left it. So anon he heard a knocking thereat, and opening he found his servant, who came in fear that some mishap might have befallen, sith he had also heard the shrieking of the vision, whereby his master was right well assured that it was not a dream. Nathless he was in no wise amort or forlorn in mind, but entertaining the misadventure with a merry and regardless mockery, as was in all things his wont, he betook himself to the Lady Rivers, whom he thus greeted in laughing guise—'Ods Pitikins! sister mine, happy man be my dole, for I have seen the eyes that shall bribe me to thy wishes, and thou shalt presently dance at my spousal, if thou wilt find me the queen of the bright crystals that did draw my curtains this morn, but would not tarry my embracing.' Whereupon he recounteth what he had seen, concluding with a Styx-sworn oath, that none other would he marry but she whom once seeing he would never forget nor

forbear to love. 'Now God and good provision forbid!' quoth his sister; 'for yet ye wot not what manner of vision this may be, nor whether, if a mortal woman, she be not a harlot and a Jesabel.'—'Of that I reck not,' said Sir Guy; 'be she of chaste and holy approof, be she besmirched with sin, I tell thee in all sooth none other will I wed;' and to this his unmastered resolve did he conjure himself by many irreverent and profane protests which it were not seemly that I should repeat.

"On the evening of the day next following, as he went homeward, he was overtaken of a sudden by a perilous and rageful storm, wherein the whole welkin did seem to vomit forth fire and water, while men did stop up their ears because of the splitting roar of the thunder. This was that self tempest which there be many now living may remember, sith it followed hard upon the Proclamation of our late King Edward, and even then was the tower of St. Mary Woolnoth Church split by the lightning, as to this day it remaineth. Sir Guy, I say, running with much speed to evitate this hurricane, passed so fleetly into the porch of his dwelling, that he might hardly be aware of a female standing thereon, having her head sheathed in a wimple; but as she drew somewhat on one side so to let him pass, he glimpsed beneath her hood, and lo! there were the twain large black eyes, above all measure lustrous, and that visage of fair sorrow, more beautiful than beauty, which had stood before him in his chamber. Judge you if he were not fixed like a statue, while she with a modest courtesy besought him that she might there abide the return of her servant, whom, being surprised by the foul weather, she had sent within the Bar for a carriage, nothing mistrusting that he would speedily appear therewith. There was no lack of earnest and passionate entreatment from Sir Guy that she would take shelter in his parlour upstairs; but it booted not, for ever with sweet but grave denial she thanked him for his proffer, still resolving there to tarry till her laggard servant should come back. Howbeit, while they were discoursing, the storm blowing into the passage where they stood, wrested open the door at the other end, where was a small garden, in such wise that the wind rushed in from the street side, and much rain therewith; whereupon the lady, already somewhat bemoiled, consented to withdraw upstairs from that rude blustering of the weather. Whom, when she was seated, Sir Guy did courteously invite to doff her wimple, which done he might mark the self ruff that misliked him in his dream, and again making show to remove it, her visage waxed wroth and fearful, she clasped her throat with her hands, and Sir Guy might hear a faint shriek, as at a distance, which he bethought on such a noisome night might peradventure be of some passenger in the streets smitten by the then thickly falling tiles. Nathless he mused much why she should thus cautelously enwrap her throat.

"So fell they forthwith into pleasant discourse, and if he admired much her facete entertainment and argute compassment of wit, much more was he astonied at her honey-sweet voice, which to his enchanted ears did seem more tuneably melodious than ever was the dulcimer of Miriam or Orpheus his lute. With every look from those majestical eyes, and every sound from her music-breathing mouth, love gained a greater empery over his soul; and forasmuch as he well wist that opportunity and likelihood of sphere were not to be lost, he straightway

confessed his passion, and did woo her with many oaths and much amorous entreatment. Whereat, by blushing, she confessed at once her shamefacedness and somewhat angry surprise, rebuking him gravely, but sweetly withal; alway protesting she was of discreet virtuous bearing and goodly parentage, which warranted not any light or immodest encountering. Whereat he forbore furthermore to press her: whereas her servant came not, neither the carriage, he dispread before her a small supper of picked pullets, applejohns, marchpane, comfits and other dainty cates, and therewith a beaker of charneco wine, and a sherris sack-posset, whereof she frugally did partake.

"'Sith my varlet, who, in sooth, is but a dullard,' quoth the lady, 'cometh not, and the storm seemeth to be in good measure abated, and beside it waxeth late, I will bid you good night, and seek my dwelling a-foot, much thanking you for your hospitable bearing.' But Sir Guy, nowise willing so to part, led her to the window, inviting her to mark the pitchy darkness of the welkin: incontinent whereupon the black caverns of the sky opened, and the live lightning leaped forth like a flaming sword, by whose flash they saw through the Temple-bar up into Fleet-street; which was like a river of raging water clinquant with light; and, anon, all was again shrouded in inky blackness, and the deafening thunder bellowed as if it would fain burst asunder the solid earth. So, seeing there was no safe mean of then seeking her abode, and Sir Guy tendering to her use a small bed-room above his own, with pledge of safe and worthy dealing, she, much lamenting the chance of so forced intrusion upon a stranger, 'albeit thankful of his right courteous bearing, did there consent to pass the night. Straight whereupon Sir Guy, with unwilling steps, yet not without hope of more prosperous stead thereafter, ushered her to her chamber, and with a lover's benison, committing her to the sleepful god, did sorrowing take his leave.

"In his own room scarce had he tarried five minutes, much pondering upon this occurment and the so strange mystery of the ruff, when he bethought him that he had left with his fair guest no lamp, whereof in a house unknown, and a night so fitful, she might well have special need. Wherewith he took one from the mantel, and ascending the stairs went into the lady's room, whom he found already in part unapparelled; her muffler and tirevolant being laid aside from her head, which as she moved, the black locks did bridle up and down upon her white shoulders, like a company of ravens newly alighted upon the snow. But, above all, what did rivet his eyes was to see that her ruff was doffed, and about her throat was there a full broad roundure of black velvet, thickly broidered with pearls and jacinths, close clasped to the skin, which (being moved thereunto by a not-to-be-subdued curiosity) he did again approach with offer to unlock, whereat her visage was again overshadowed with affrightment, she upraised her hands to her neck, and a distant shriek sounded through the air as aforetime. Nathless, so passing beauteous and bewitching sweet did she appear in that disordered gear, which seemed to celestify her charms, that Sir Guy, more than ever overcome with love, fell upon his knee, and with divers oaths and protestations, not sparing tears withal, did call all the saints to witness that he gave himself up to her with plight of hand, and took her for his betrothed wife, movingly beseeching her to com-

passionate his case. Nor did the lady, intenerated by his tears and piteous looks, and having moreover taken his plighted troth, which verily is a real spousal, any longer with cold denial repudiate his suit.

"Awaking full early next day, and finding the lady still asleep, Sir Guy bethought him of an appointment on that self morning to receive a sum of gold, which he had won on the yester from one of the diceing cavaleros, and kenning him to be a Bezonian and a lozel, he feared he might blench from his engagement did he not meet him; which he the less willed, forasmuch as having latterly been free of dispense, his purse was somewhat more than usual disfurnished. So, slipping deftly from the bed, he donned his gear in silence, and hied with all speed to the White Rose, beside the Duke's-garden, at the Cross of Charing, where he received the purse of gold, wherewith as he hurried homeward, he conned over in thought what brooches, gimmal rings, carkanets, and jewelled gawds and braveries he should buy, to prank out her whom he termed his alder-liefest love. Whom not to awaken, he did full gently ope the door, and by the glooming light through the shutters oozing, saw her fair round arm, which Venus might envy, distended upon the counterpoint of the bed. So, taking it hushingly up with fond intent to kiss it—lo! it was key-cold!—he felt the pulse, and it did not beat;—he let go the arm, and it lumped deadly down! Amort with fearful misgivings, he threw back the shutters, when the new risen sun shone bright upon the bed, and drawing aside the curtains—O, God of mercy! he beheld a soul-sickening corpse!—Those late glorious eyes were now bloodshot and well nigh brast from their sockets, and albeit that the sun glared full upon them, they were stony and unlustrous; clenched were the teeth, wherefrom the bloodless lips started back; the visage was ghastly wan; the hair wildly spread about the pillow; and all bore semblance of one who with a violent and sudden death had painfully struggled!

"Rushing, with a loud cry, from that chamber of death, he encountered his host, who, much astonied at his agony, and yet more when he kenned the cause thereof, betook him with right good speed to the Temple, searching a chirurgeon and the officers of justice, who coming with their posse to the house, made prisoner of Sir Guy, and with him straightway entered into the fatal room. But no sooner did they set eye upon the body, than backward, shuddering with much horror and consternation, while they crossed their foreheads, and called upon God and the saints to shield them, several voices did at once cry out—'That is the Italian lady which was hanged on Thursday last!'—(Seemeth it that this misfortuned woman was the leman of the Italian ambassador, whom having in a passion of jealousy stabbed, she was judged therefore, and suffered the death at Tybourn.) So unbuckling the broad velvet necklace, behold! her livid throat was all over sore, discoloured, and bruised, and writhled, and deep cut into by the cruel and despiteous rope.

"Sir Guy, who had awhiles stood aghast in a voiceless dismay, now heaved forth a deep and dread groan,—for well might he remember, when his sister would fain dissuade him from wedding any semblance of the vision, that he profanely did say:—'Soothly, Alice, were a she devil to tempt me in such winning wise, I would certes wed her;'

and he sorely trembled to think that some demon, peradventure Sathan himself, had incorporated himself in that now loathed form, to receive his plight and so delude and win his sinful soul. Thenceforward his gaysome heart and right merry cheer did altogether fail him; he 'gan to wail and dump, shunning converse of man, and in lonesome corners would paddle his neck with his hand, saying he could lay his finger in the wound, as if himself had been hanged; and in this wise gat worse and worse, until at the last he went stark distraught and was mewed up in the Spittal for the crazed, where, some three or four weeks thereafter, he gave up the ghost in great wildness and agony of soul."

H.

POETRY.

The Editor, though unauthorized to name the author of the following lines, ventures to announce their having been written by Professor EVERETT, of America, and conceives that they do no discredit to that gentleman's respectable name

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
  Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
  Stain it with hypocritic tear,
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
  Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
  In hollow circumstance of woes:
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
  Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
  Lay down the wreck of Power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him, that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
  And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
  A resting-place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of Kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his head.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
  Back to the clods, that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
  The ransom of a conquer'd earth;
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain-tide,
  Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
  Pillar nor mound to mark the spot;

For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonish'd realms shall rest a space.

My course was like the river deep,
  And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
  And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
  Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the Queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car,
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm,
Destruction was the ship I steer'd,
  And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When launch'd in fury on the flood
I plough'd my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I pour'd the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shriek'd for help
  In vain within their seven-hill'd towers,
I quench'd in blood the brightest gem
That glitter'd in their diadem,
And struck a darker deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done,
  I go to Him from whom I came,
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
  But darker ministers of late
Impatient round the eternal throne
  And in the caves of vengeance wait,
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

ARCACHON, IN THE LANDES.

A RAGE for travelling, in all its various modifications, having become, as it were, a component part of English character, it is no wonder that so few spots of this habitable globe are unexplored or undescribed. The thirst of novelty and passion for research have flooded the world like another deluge, and left scarcely a mountain-top inviolate for the ark of a solitary voyager like me to rest on.

It was my lot to be born in a bog, or at least very close upon its borders, where the hoarse gusts of the west wind swept gloomily over a trackless waste, and the only object in perspective was a naked hill, surmounted by a crumbling ruin, and haunted by associations of vague and romantic wildness. I may have thus imbibed from early impression a passion for the less bustling scenes of life, and a hatred of that common-place parade of sight-seeing frivolity, against which one stumbles at every step in cities, great or small.

> Epris de la campagne, et l'aimant en poete,
> Je ne lui demandois qu'un desert pour retraite,
> Pour compagnons, des bois, des oiseaux, et des fleurs,
> Je l'aimois, je l'aimois jusque dans ses horreurs.

It is therefore that I am the very worst of town-going Ciceroni. I never, literally never, pry into palaces, have but little pleasure in a chamber of audience, and never once in my existence was guilty of the indecorum of falling asleep during the debates of *a consistory ecclesiastic*. But as for winding through a forest, treading a mountain-path, trudging over a moor, or any such uncourtly exercise, I will allow myself to be backed against any one, from the highest of the Himalaya range to the swampiest of the Lincolnshire fens. I had always an especial envy of those whose good fortune enabled them to explore the mysteries of the Desert; the driver Hassan, who saw. and his poet Collins, whose fine mind imagined, the wonders of those trackless wastes; travellers of many a name and nation, who have delighted the world by their relations of those sublimely desolate regions; but above all, the heaven-favoured *Colabah*, who, wandering over the desert of Aden in search of his lost camel, found himself suddenly at the gates of the celebrated city and garden of Irem, made by King Shedad of the giant tribe of Ad, "the like whereof hath not been erected in the land,"* and preserved for countless centuries invisible to the common race of men, but sometimes miraculously exposed to the gazing eyes of a chosen believer.†

Such were the scenes that I panted to plunge into; but, placed by destiny in remote seclusion from them, I have not *yet* been allowed to moralize, like Volney, amidst the mouldering monuments of Tadmor, or repose my wearied limbs under the delicious foliage of its grove of palms. But I have availed myself of every *domestic* recompense. I have wandered lonely over Salisbury Plain—lost myself in the level wilderness of the Curragh of Kildare—passed days in the swampy solitudes of the Aberdeenshire moors, with no object of life before my eyes but the feathered tenants against whom I waged war, and no

---

* The Koran, chap. 89.

† For the adventure of Colabah see d'Herbelot, Bib. Orient. p. 51.

sound of animated thing to greet me, but the crowing of the black-cock, the wild screams of the bittern, or the shriek of the snipes, as they fled from my intrusive steps. I had read of The Landes, or Deserts of Gascony; of their vast pine forests, their uncultured wastes, and moving wonders—the *dunes*, or travelling sand-hills, and the rude inhabitants clothed in sheep-skins, and stalking on with Patagonian strides, on stilts that raise them to a level with the topmost branches of the trees.

Many vague reflections flitted across my brain, as I took to the road which led in the direction of the Landes. The remote and unfixed antiquity of the town behind me, with its many political vicissitudes and intimate concern with English recollections, all floated together in a bewildering chaos; and I felt, in spite of myself, a national pride and a sort of national inheritance in the place. I then began to look into futurity with about as much rational result as when I pried into the past. From antiquity I wandered to imagination. Generations to come passed before me more rapidly than those which were gone. Empires and nations were upset in quick succession. The town on which I had been speculating was crumbling in decay. The inhabitants were dead—the buildings fallen—the shipping wasted. Volcanoes, deluges, and earthquakes had all been in full play; and, centuries in advance, I had placed myself amidst the desolation—when I was recalled to real sensation by the nature of the soil on which I trod. There never was a more irrefragable touch of the bathos. I was in a moment let down from my sublimities, by the simple and undignified process of the sand working into my shoes! I was in fact in the Landes—the desert—the wilderness the *Gallia Sabulosa*, if the ghost of Cæsar and the geographers will pardon me the new-made division.

There can be little doubt that this waste tract was once the bed of the sea. So say both theory and tradition. But as to the time of its receding we are deficient in data on which to build, as the waters have left no trace, and history furnishes no record. Extensive pine-woods nearly cover this ocean of sand. Here and there, a hut or a hamlet forms the centre of a patch of green, on which troops of ragged sheep or goats are seen to browse, attended by a being mounted on high stilts (to keep him out of the sands, which are wet in winter and burning in summer,) covered with a clothing of skins, and looking less like a man than a sheep. The first days of my entering these forlorn and monotonous regions were marked with adventures of no common interest; but these are too long for insertion here, and may possibly form the subject of a regular narration hereafter.

The district of Arcachon, including the little town of La Teste, its capital, is probably one of the most perfect retirements in any part of civilized Europe. Standing on the remote and uncultured border of the Bay of Biscay, it is utterly out of the way of communication with the world; and its name is never heard beyond the edges of the forest which surrounds it, except when a maritime report is given of some unhappy vessel beat to pieces by the breakers, which are eternally lashing the desolate sands of its beach. La Teste is very rarely ornamented with the appearance of a stranger; the unbroken intercourse of its inhabitants with one another, gives them that sameness of thought and similarity of expression, which is remarked so often between man

and wife, sufficiently unfashionable to live much together. Their views, both physical and moral, may be said to be bounded on three sides by desert, and on the fourth by the wide-stretching sea. They are either fishermen, or dealers in the products of the pine-woods; and a few leagues, by land or water, seem the limits of their intelligence. The aspect of the place is wild and flat, yet not unpleasing. At that period of the day when the tide is full in, it is delightful to gaze on the placid lake of Arcachon, for such is the name of the horse-shoe excavation, on the deepest ridge of which the town is built. But when the waves recede, and for three miles out nothing is to be seen but a sedgy exposure, it is not easy to imagine a more unattractive landscape. It has none of the sublimities of ocean, for the great Biscayan Gulf is too far out to be visible from this part of the shore. There is, however, one remarkable feature in the prospect, which is not without beauty—the accumulation of those sand-heaps far to the right of the lake, which shine in the sun-beams with a dazzling brilliancy, and for a parallel to which we must travel to another portion of the globe. On the left stretches a thick forest, close up to which the waves reach at high tide, when a long circuit must be taken to approach it; but the strand at low water is quite uncovered and permits those who love the shady solitudes of the wood to reach them by a walk of about half a league.

Separating myself and my adventures (which are, as I before hinted, reserved for another occasion) from the scene around me, I must beg the reader to place himself beside me, in the heart of the forest, and admire the beautiful and simple marble monument erected by the present King of France to the memory of Monsieur Brumontier, the man who, after all the baffled efforts of his predecessors to stop the progress of those moving sand-hills, the fabled accessories of which were more terrible than the winged dragon of Triptolemus, or the flying-horse of Michael Scot, succeeded in giving freedom to the soil and hope to the inhabitants, by the simple expedient of planting those woods, in the heart of which his memory is thus fittingly enshrined. But by far the greatest curiosity of these wilds, and one, indeed, of the greatest any where, is the Chapel of St. Thomas Illricus, originally built by the contributions of the fishermen of those parts, and dedicated to the Virgin, in gratitude for a miraculous favour conferred upon their neighbourhood in the lifetime of the saint, and somewhat about the year 1521, if the traditionary records of the old people (the only chronicle of the La Testians) be a sufficiently accurate voucher for the date. The venerable Thomas was celebrated, in his time, as a great preacher, and for having exerted his uncommon eloquence against the heretical encroachments, then creeping in upon religion in France; and after sermonizing and anathematizing for some time to little purpose—for the impious work of enlightening the human mind gained ground in spite of his forensic hostility, he resolved on withdrawing from the world, before the vexatious ripening of intellect, which was then in the bud, should overpower, in its blossoming odour, the fragrance of his own sanctity. He, in pursuance of this sage and saintly resolution, turned his steps towards the west.

"The world was all before him where to choose,"

and, passing through the hamlet of La Tête de Buche, the original appellation of La Teste, he arrived on the borders of the Lake of Arcachon, where he scooped himself a hut, the site of which is still marked out by the pious visitations of many a pilgrim. Thomas was fond of a solitary ramble, which formed, in spite of time or tide, his daily exercise for body and mind. One evening, while pursuing his favourite walk during the continuance of a tempest, that would probably have driven him to his hut, had not a secret inspiration urged him still to keep abroad, he discovered a vessel far out at sea, in great distress and apparently on the eve of perishing. Not being able to render the least possible assistance otherwise than by his prayers, he betook himself to his knees, and had scarcely commenced an impassioned invocation, when the little vessel, as if it had been possessed of the powers of mortal vision, perceived him, and instantly turned its prow towards the spot where he knelt, and with a rush of sail that belonged not to any human management, it cut through the mountain-billows, and in an instant traced its frothy path from the utmost verge of the horizon to the edge of the strand on which the anchorite was placed. He, bewildered and fixed in admiration of the miracle, lost all power of speech, for he beheld upon the prow a bright form robed in white, and surrounded by a radiance that he knew to be of Heaven. The hands of this celestial being were raised above its head, as if something was suspended in them. Its bright wings fluttered a moment in the foam of the waves which sparkled in the sunny tints—an instant more and all was a blank. The vessel had totally disappeared; whether it sunk in the furious element, or "vanished into thin air," the monk by no means could divine; and all that he heard to give him a clue for unravelling the miracle, was the flapping of wings above him, and a strain of exquisite melody, that seemed to die away in the upper regions of the heavens. Thomas arose from his posture of devotion, and gazed with a holy wonder on the scene around him. The waves were in a moment still—the wind was hushed—the sun darted from the clouds, which were scattered across the firmament in a thousand beautiful and fantastic forms of brightness—the roaring of the surge was changed to the gentle murmur of the tide, as it flowed in upon the sand, and seemed to sink into it, as if in repose from its recent agitation. At the feet of the monk lay a small image of the Virgin. He approached it with a mixture of devotion and awe; when, to his delight and admiration, it sprang up into his arms, where he folded it with a rush of overpowering sensation that may be better imagined than described. He brought the heaven-sent relic to his hut, where he erected a rude altar to its honour; but the rustic inhabitants, thinking such a shrine unworthy the miraculous image, built him a little chapel around the spot. The overflowing of the lake, in one of its accustomed inundations a short time afterwards, levelled the little building to the ground; and when, wonderful to tell, the pious erectors attempted to move the little image from its shrine, which the waves had no power to overthrow, it resisted the efforts of dozens of men to remove it; and it was only by the powerful prayers of Thomas that forty pair of the strongest oxen had force sufficient to effect that object. The image, be it known, is full twelve inches in height! Another chapel was built, and another catastrophe was at hand. It was utterly cast down by one of the moving

sand-hills, which spared not in its impious progress the holy place, but the image defied its rage. It stood erect amid the desolation, and was seen in the morning after the tempest, perched on the topmost point of the mound that covered the ruin. Once more a fitting receptacle was prepared and that is the present chapel, the simple elegance of whose outward construction, and whose richly-ornamented interior, are remarkable specimens of good taste and gorgeousness blended together with surprising harmony. The desolate wilds around—the profound seclusion of its site—the deep-embowering woods—the superstitious veneration of the simple souls who there offer up their orisons—all the union, in fact, of natural solemnity and religious enthusiasm, give to the place an indescribable and irresistible charm. There is a Hermitage close by, inhabited in the summer season by a good and enlightened curate, who is looked on with a veneration more than common, as the direct descendant of the holy Thomas. But it is on the 25th of March, when the *fête* of the village is held, that the traveller, who enjoys such primitive and touching scenes, should place himself at the porch of the chapel, to witness the ceremony of devoting the earliest fish of the season to the Virgin, from whom the image is believed to have been directly sent from Heaven. They believe that it descended directly from Heaven, like Palladium of the Trojan —or like the Lia-fail, the enchanted stone brought to Ireland by the first settlers, from which the island received the name of Innisfail."

SONNET.

To the North Star.

FAIR star, 'mid changes, all unchangeable,
 In loveliness and station, still the same—
Outshining far, the myriad lights that dwell
 In Heaven's blue dome, with thy pale pensive flame!
Alas, why art thou fairest! since thy beams,
 That seem to herald only scenes of light,
Lead men to northern skies, and flowerless streams,
 And wilds of snow, and climes of loveless night.
Lelia, 'mid changes, all unchangeable,
 In loveliness and virtue, still the same—
Alas, why art thou fairest! why so well
 Gifted by Love to 'waken passion's flame!
Since, beauteous as in mien and mind thou art,
Thou winn'st us but to know thy cold and loveless heart.

C. L.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.

NO. I.

Mr. Angerstein's Gallery in Pall Mall.

In commencing a series of papers on the above fertile and interesting subject, I should, perhaps, beg the reader's forbearance on more than one account. But, at all events, I must ask him not to expect from me what I have probably not the means, but certainly not the intention, of offering to him. Much as the subject is susceptible of a critical and technical treatment, and useful as such a kind of treatment of it might unquestionably be made, I have no thought of supplying that desideratum; and have even no ambition either to be, or to be thought, capable of supplying it. The little regular study I have given to art has been prompted by the spontaneous love I have always borne to it; and thus my knowledge, such as it is, has sprung from much love, not my love from much knowledge. From this it follows, that the opinions I may from time to time have to express will usually grow out of feelings, not the feelings out of opinions; and the latter will always be kept in subjection to the former. In short, unlike "honest Iago" (whom one would wish to resemble in as few particulars as possible), "I am nothing, *if* critical," on the contrary, I strenuously hold to the exact converse of Horace's *nil admirari* maxim, especially as it is rendered by Pope, after the example of Creech:

> "*Much* to admire, is all the art I know,
> To make men happy, or to keep them so."

Admiration, then, will be my cue, as it is my delight; and the true and legitimate sources of it my constant search and theme, to the almost entire exclusion of subjects of an opposite character. If, in noting down the particular contents of a collection of pictures, I find a bad one hanging by the side of a good one, there let it hang for me; or, at worst, I shall use it but as a foil to heighten the effect of its neighbour: thus shewing that I have lived long enough in the world to be able to find "good in every thing"—even in a bad picture! In fact, to *criticise* the works of Raphael, of Rembrandt, of Titian, of Correggio, of Claude, &c. may be safely left to Royal Academicians and makers of "Catalogues Raisonnées:" in any one else it is, at this ti[illegible]f day, a mere impertinence. It will be *my* object to make the [illegible] acquainted with the riches of the old masters, not their po-v[illegible]—to point out instances of the beauty, the grandeur, and the po[illegible]that attended them, not of their errors and deficiencies:—in short, to heighten and extend the light of their fame where it already exists, and to push that light into recesses which it has, perhaps, not hitherto reached, instead of seeking to confine and repress it within such sober practical limits as may suit the paltry interests, and still more paltry envies, of portrait-painters and exhibitionists.

On the other hand, it will not be part of my plan to make comparisons. These are "odious" when instituted between the living; but between the living and the dead they are as intolerable as they are unfair,—the fame of the one necessarily depending on the bad as well as the good that may be found in their works, while the others are judged of chiefly by the latter. In short, it is with the old masters,

and the *élite* of their works, that I propose to concern myself in these papers; and, perhaps, if they serve but as a record or an index directing the student *where* these works are to be found, and thus facilitate his study of them, I may not have undertaken the task in vain, as it regards others. As it regards myself, it is one which includes its own reward.

I shall commence these papers by noticing Mr Angerstein's Gallery in Pall Mall; and, if I am tempted to mention *all* the pictures this small but admirably chosen collection contains, this will of course not be taken as an example of the papers which are to follow. But the truth is, that every picture of the old masters in this Gallery would claim particular and individual notice, wherever it might be found.

The first picture I shall mention is one of the two Rembrandt's,—The Woman taken in Adultery. Rembrandt was the *eagle* of his art. Light was the element in which his spirit seemed "to move and have its being." His senses seemed delighted to bathe themselves in floods of it, and never to be thoroughly at ease, or to feel their power in its fulness, but when they were either communing with its source, the sun, or transferring solid portions of it to canvass, to dazzle the senses of other people. I say, the senses—for Rembrandt *felt* light as well as saw it, and made the spectator of his works feel it too. The Woman taken in Adultery is one of the very finest and most extraordinary of these works. The power displayed in it of *embodying* light, and of making it *tell* upon the senses and imagination as if it were a material thing, is prodigious. I would point out in particular, as a remarkable instance of what I mean, the right hand of the man who is unveiling and pointing to the culprit. As a piece of finishing, let it be contrasted with the left hand of the Saviour, and in this respect it will be found that there is no comparison between them—the latter being exquisitely wrought out. But, in point of effect, the hand I am alluding to is infinitely beyond the other: it is a stroke of genius. A hundred painters could have produced the one, but no one that ever lived, except Rembrandt, could have produced the other: and yet the one, perhaps, cost Rembrandt himself a whole day's labour, and the other was done by three strokes of the pencil. Such is the difference between a work of art (I mean in its literal sense) and a work of genius. Another instance (but not so striking a one) of his extraordinary power in this way, is the head of the Rabbi, with the flat cap and long white beard, on the right of the centre group. It strikes me that the conception of one of the figures in this picture (the Saviour) is exceedingly fine and poetical; and the execution of it is correspondent. The characteristic effect to which I allude seems to be brought about by the peculiar arrangement of the drapery and the hair, added to the unusual height and position of the figure. It is perfectly upright and still; while all the other figures are either bending downwards or forwards, or moving in some way or other. And the drapery and hair hang plumb down to the earth, as if weights were fixed to them. I scarcely know how to describe what I mean, so as to be intelligible to those who have not seen the picture; but to me this arrangement of the drapery, added to the arrowy uprightness of the figure, and its unusual height, give an impression as if it were straining upwards to the heavens, but yet were held down to the earth by a still stronger temporary influence. There

is another peculiar point in this fine picture which should not be passed over. The *glory* round the head of the Saviour is so exceedingly faint that it usually requires the eye of the imagination to discover it at all. Nine spectators out of ten would not see that it is there, unless they were told to look for it; but when they are told, it becomes perfectly plain. This is highly poetical, as well as philosophical,—at once acting on the imagination, and shewing the mode in which that action is produced. The contrast between the two different departments of this picture is also very powerful. They are literally "as different as light from darkness." They are, in fact, the very essence of each of these; the palpable obscure of the one being no less tangible than the piercing brightness of the other. The figures and expressions, too, are very remarkable, and characteristic of this extraordinary artist. With the exception of the Saviour's, they are nearly all as simple and inartificial as the realities of every-day life can make them. If this artist's colouring may be said to resemble Milton's style of poetry, his drawing and expression are no less like Crabbe's; which is reaching the two extremes of the ideal and the real. The back-ground of this picture, though it is kept in perfect subservience to the principal group in front, is rich and brilliant to a degree of splendour. Upon the whole, The Woman taken in Adultery may be regarded as one of Rembrandt's very choicest and most characteristic performances.

There is another work here by the same master, The Adoration of the Magi, which, though slight and inefficient compared with the above-named, is well worthy of attention; particularly from the student, whom it may, perhaps, let farther into the secret of this great artist's mode of producing his favourite effects than his more finished productions. But I notice it here because it affords a striking example of another of Rembrandt's peculiar qualities. On looking at the left corner of the picture, at first nothing can be distinguished but a mass of darkness; but, on a continued and attentive perusal, the eye will presently distinguish, bit by bit, the different parts of an animal; till, at length, two cows or oxen will, as it were, come out from the darkness, and be as distinctly visible as any other parts of the picture. This effect is exactly similar to that of entering an almost entirely dark room immediately from a light one: at first, not a glimpse of any object can be distinguished; but soon the different objects come out, and their forms may be distinguished as perfectly as they can in broad daylight.

The Apollo and Silenus by Annibal Caracci, small and insignificant as it looks at a distance, is a noble work, full of rich and rare poetry. It is a piece of pure expression throughout,—from the face of the young god, down to the smallest twig or weed in the landscape part of it—if any thing so ideal as this part is can be called a landscape. The Silenus is infinitely characteristic and fine: the figure combines strength and symmetry with an indication of voluptuous ease and indolence; the attitude is perfectly natural, and yet highly original and expressive, bespeaking a half-indifferent attention to the progress of his pupil, added to a self-satisfied thoughtfulness about himself; and the face is filled to overflowing (like a newly poured out cup of wine) with all these expressions united. There is added to all this, throughout the whole figure, an air of habitual sensuality, which finely contrasts with

and sets off the all-intellectual character of the young god. For calm modest assurance, and natural unaffected grace, nothing can be finer than this latter. It is an embodying of the intellectual character of man in early youth, before either the imagination or the senses have been permitted to exercise much power over it: and accordingly *the god* is predominant. But I cannot help thinking that there is no more of the god expressed in this figure than naturally and necessarily belongs to man in a certain state and stage of his existence. In fact, I cannot help looking at these two admirable figures as explaining and illustrating each other in a particular sense, and in a sense not usually attached to them,—the one representing man when the intellectual principle predominates, and nearly supersedes the animal one; the other, when the animal principle has gained the supremacy: but each including (as they, under all circumstances, must do) either prophecies or reminiscences of the other. Slight, and even unfinished, as the execution of this picture is, it is one that fixes itself in the memory, and will not be forgotten.

The Bacchanalian Scene, by Nicolo Poussin, is evidently the work of a temperament similar to that which produced the highly classical and poetical picture I have just attempted to describe. The power of conception and expression displayed in both is nearly equal; but the variety of character, the truth of handling, and the rich tone of colour in the scene before us, perhaps, render it (notwithstanding its exceptionable parts) a more valuable example than the other of what the art is capable of effecting. The one is more an effort of pure genius, struck off at a heat, in a moment of inspiration; the other is a noble example of the same genius deliberately doing the behests of high art. It is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms of the admirable truth of the drawing in this picture, the high-wrought expression, and the elaborate finishing. All these characteristics may be strikingly seen in the centre group, consisting of two figures dancing, one of whom is at the same time playing on a pipe, and a third that is kneeling down and drinking from a shallow cup, into which one of the other two keeps pouring wine as he dances. There is a combination—an involution of expression (if I may so say) in this group, that is extraordinary. The action of each figure is involved in, and in some measure dependent on, that of both the others; and accordingly, the expressions are made to blend with and illustrate each other, without in any degree becoming indistinct in themselves. The drinking figure is at the same time endeavouring to prevent the dancing one from pouring too much wine into his cup: while the piping one is at once piping, dancing, and watching the actions of both these: and all three are evidently under the influence of the wine and music in which the whole scene seems to be steeped. There is a mad-headed, tipsy spirit of revelry pervading the whole, which is wonderfully true to that imaginary nature which the scene professes to represent. Poussin's learning, as usual, intrudes itself into this picture; but it may well be forgiven, for the sake of the exquisite painting to which it gives occasion. I allude to the back-ground of the scene. On the right there is a bit of colouring, of flesh, that is equal to any thing of Titian's: the part I refer to cannot be mistaken, on a sight of the picture. For my own part, I am not able to discover a single one of Poussin's faults in

this picture. It is a capital performance, inferior to none of his other works.

Susannah and the Elders, by Ludovico Caracci, is, in point of colouring and design, one of the finest pictures in this Gallery; but, as to its characteristic expression, I cannot help differing in opinion with one whom I willingly allow to be almost always right on these subjects. The Elders are all that they need be; but in the principal figure, the Susannah, I can discover no expression beyond that of the most womanly softness, sweetness, and beauty. The action and attitude indicate a modest and fearful shrinking into herself; but the look conveys nothing of this. The truth is, the painter had an *ideal* of feminine loveliness in his thoughts, which he determined to realize on this occasion; and he could not bring himself to impair this by any expression whatever of adventitious passion. This is one of the most lovely female forms and faces that ever was painted; but it is nothing more.

The Christ in the Garden, by Coreggio, I shall pass over almost unnoticed. It is a celebrated picture, and I dare not call in question the opinion of the world on a point of this kind. But I cannot express an admiration that I do not feel; and, perhaps, the idea I attach to the power of Coreggio's pencil is such as to prevent me from looking on this picture with the same eyes that I might if it were the work of another, or passed under another name.

Neither do I think very highly of Annibal Caracci's St. John in the Wilderness. The colouring is rich and fine, and there is a grandeur and force of style about the landscape part of it; but I doubt if the drawing of the figure is correct; and the expression is not very intelligible.

The Titians are not the most striking or perfect pictures in this collection. There are three; Venus and Adonis, Ganymede, and a Concert. The Venus and Adonis is one of several repetitions of this subject, and I think the finest of three that I have seen, both as to colouring and character. The flood of voluptuous expression that seems to pour from the back of the Venus, and the essence of it that is concentred in her eager look, are very fine; and the intent and exclusive interest that the youthful hunter takes in his projected sport is no less so; the attitudes of both are admirably illustrative of these feelings respectively. In the Ganymede there is great grandeur of expression in the black outspread wings and eager beak of the eagle that is bearing the boy aloft; and the look of the captive is very intense and fine. But the Concert or Music Piece is perhaps more characteristic of Titian's style and power than either of the other pictures. It is light and sketchy in its execution, but full of life, spirit, and effect. For the ear of the imagination this picture has a voice. It "pipes to the spirit ditties of no tone." It is "most musical." The boy in the right-hand corner is the *mouth-piece* of the picture; it is he alone that is in the act of singing; the others are playing, or waiting to catch the moment when it shall be their turn to join in. The girl in the left corner, who is looking out of the picture, seems to be a listener only.

There are two very fine Rubens here. One of them, The Rape of the Sabines, is a splendid specimen of this artist's colouring. It is one wide

flush of various yet harmonious sweetness. Its effect on the eye is like that of a rich harmony on the ear. That appearance of motion, too, in the production of which Rubens so much excelled, is very remarkable in this picture. The different actions seem as it were *going on;* we feel as if we were watching their progress, not merely observing their present state. The costume of the females, consisting of the silks and satins of Rubens's own time, are sufficiently open to criticism; and no doubt they spoil the general effect of the picture, as a work of art appealing to the imagination as well as the senses. But if we would enjoy the operations of genius, we must submit to the freaks in which it will sometimes indulge itself. If Rubens had been compelled to deny himself the use of this anachronism, he would probably not have painted the picture at all; and should we have been better off then?—Assuredly not. If we cannot accept it as a true and classical representation of the scene that it bears the name of, let us receive it as an appeal to the senses alone—and be content. The rich harmony of its colouring, and the spirit of motion that every where pervades it, make it as good a thing to look upon as a bed of garden-flowers blown about by the wind.

I cannot but think that the other picture by this artist is not much more consistent than the above in costume, without being so fine a piece of colouring, or any thing like so rich a composition.

Let us turn now to what is, as a single picture, perhaps, the chief pride and ornament of this collection: I mean, The Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo. This must not only be regarded as the finest work of the master, but as capable of bearing a comparison with the very finest works of other masters of still more distinguished reputation. The vigour and spirit of the design is worthy of Michael Angelo; and perhaps this it is which has given rise to the opinion that he actually did design it—for I believe there are no very satisfactory proofs as to the fact. The figure of Lazarus, in particular, is a perfect and admirable example of the great style, not only in design, but in colouring and expression. The bodily action is that of bursting and escaping from the grave-cloths that bind his limbs—so that every muscle of the frame is in action; and the expression is made up of the wonder and awe that may be supposed to take possession of his mind on waking from the sleep of death, mingled with impatience at finding himself thus imprisoned in the apparel of the tomb. The female figure in the centre (Mary, the sister of Lazarus) is also exceedingly intense and poetical. Solemn wonder and eager anxiety share her fine uplifted countenance between them; but there is no weakness, or incredulity, or fear. Next to these two, the most striking objects are an old man kneeling behind the Saviour—a fine intellectual profile in the back-ground, in a style exactly similar to that of the female figure I have noticed above—and a most extraordinary head immediately behind the Saviour's, and seemingly intended to contrast with that. The draperies in this picture are in the same grand style as the figures, and they include several patches of white in different parts, which give a fine sepulchral effect to the scene; which effect is aided by the solemn gloom that pervades the whole of the background, the sky, &c. Expression—depth and unity of expression, and grandeur of general effect, seem to be the characteristics of this noble composition. In the former of these respects, it

may, perhaps, claim to rank with some of Raphael's very finest works; and certainly, for solemn grandeur of effect, it is surpassed by none.

The only other pictures I shall notice at any length are the Claudes; which, after all, form the grand staple of this collection. And how shall I contrive to speak of these in words that shall express my feelings about them, and yet keep within those sober and subdued limits provided for such occasions?—But I write for those who have either seen these pictures, or intend to see them; and who have also seen enough of Nature to be capable of loving *her* in and through *them:* so that I need not fear. There are no less than five of these exquisite works; four of which are not only first-rate, but, as far as my experience extends, *the* four finest works of their author. I do not envy the judgment of those who can, after a due deliberation on the subject, determine which of these four pictures is the best. It seems to me a kind of impertinence in any one to attempt this—unless it be a picture-dealer. As some one has said of the Scotch Novels, *that* is the best which happens to be before you. Three of these pictures bear a striking resemblance to each other in subject, style, and general effect: being all views of some *ideal* sea-port, with classical buildings on each side, the sea occupying the whole of the centre, and stretching away into the dim distance, with the sun shining full upon it from near the horizon, and ships at anchor, with their bare masts shooting up into the kindling sky, and crossing the light so as to relieve its otherwise too brilliant effect. The fourth is a lovely expanse of country, bounded by scarcely visible hills; with a broad glassy water in the centre, to which the effect of motion is given by breaking it all across by a slight *fall*, and by permitting the eye to trace its source up into the beautiful hills that occupy the left side of the picture: this imaginary effect of motion, and consequently of coolness and freshness, is completed by a mill which is placed in the fore-ground. No one equalled Claude for the *unity* of expression that he contrived to preserve in his pictures. If this mill had been any thing but precisely what it is, it would have ruined the effect of the scene, standing so conspicuously as it does in the centre. But the mill is formed out of what has been the ruin of some classical temple; and to correspond with this, and continue its effect throughout the scene, ruined arches and broken columns are scattered about in the distance here and there, but so dimly seen as scarcely to create a consciousness of their presence: they act, and are intended to act, on the imagination alone. It strikes me that these kind of scenes, when painted by Claude in his best manner, bear exactly that kind of resemblance to similar scenes in Nature, which the *echo* of a musical sound bears to the sound itself; and that they affect us in a similar manner: they have the same exact truth of intonation, if I may use the phrase, added to the same dim, distant, aerial, impalpable effect. Though I think it an impertinence to inquire which is the best of these delicious works, yet there is no harm in determining which one would like best to be the possessor of. And even this would be a puzzling question to decide on, if one actually had the choice. For my own part, I should not choose either of the celebrated *Altieri* pictures—the Landscape with the Mill, and the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba; nor the Embarkation of St. Ursula and the Virgins—which is, I believe, the most general favourite,

and is, indeed, beautiful beyond expression. I should pitch upon the one that hangs in the left corner of the inner room, "making a sunshine in a shady place." And yet, without very well knowing why, unless it be that it pours from every part of it a flood of light and warmth into the very depths of the heart; at once soothing the passions of earth to an unearthly stillness, while it makes the blood seem to dance and sparkle within us to the music of its dancing and sparkling waters. To stand before that picture, is to be happy, whatever one's lot may be; and to leave it, is to leave looking into the very heart and soul of Nature.

That I may not pass over any pictures of the old masters in this choicest of all collections, I will mention that there are two capital landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, one of which in particular (The Sacrifice of Isaac) possesses all his truth, purity, and richness of effect: a portrait of Philip IV. of Spain and his Queen, by Velasquez, which might be mistaken for Vandyke; one picture by Vandyke himself, of which there is an exact repetition by Rubens, which latter has been engraved—unless the engraving has been made from this very picture, and Rubens's name attached to it; a landscape by Cuyp; and finally, an admirable portrait, by Raphael, of Pope Julius II.—I regret being obliged to pass over these capital productions (for they are all first-rate, particularly the last) by merely naming them; but my limits compel me to bring this paper to a close. Before doing which, if I mention Wilkie's "Alehouse Door," it must be less to admire its miraculous truth, than to express a half-regret at finding it here, among these high and solemn effusions of the mighty dead. There is a *place*, as well as "a time," for all things and this is *not* the place for a work, the merit of which (great as it is) depends solely on its developing the lowest and least ideal of the passions, habits, and accidents to which our nature is subject.—I cannot conclude without adding, that the above objection is in no degree applicable to Hogarth's admirable series of The Marriage à la Mode, which are also here, but which it is not part of my plan to notice in detail. Different as these are in object and character from those works of the old masters which I have described, they are no less intellectual than the latter, and scarcely less ideal.

THE GENIUS OF SPAIN.

"Paz con Inglaterra, con todo el mundo Guerra."

On that steep ridge beyond Bayona's hold,
Methought a Giant figure did appear
Sunburnt and rough—he on his limbs did wear
Bright steel and raiment fairer than of old,
But yet uncouth in speech—"I nothing fear
Yon braggart threats," quoth he in accents bold:
"Let recreant France her fine-spun plots unfold,
And come with train Barbarian in her rear,
Croat or Muscovite.—My native pride
Wither'd such hosts, when mightier Captains led:
Cæsar, Napoleon, all with me have sped!
And shall I crouch now Freedom is my bride?
No!—the young offspring of that heavenly bed,
Stand England firm, shall 'gainst the World make head."

December, 1822.

NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS, AND LAS CASES' JOURNAL.*

The very titles of these works supersede the necessity for stating that they are deeply interesting and important. Napoleon now speaks for himself, and speaks directly, though not in the first person. What we have hitherto had in the shape of narratives of his life, or descriptions of his character, may, in some instances, have been authorized by himself; but the seal of his sanction and authority has never been so distinctly stamped on any former work. Here we peruse what has been printed from MSS. written from his own dictation and corrected by his own hand:—a volume of "Memoirs," dictated to General Gourgaud, and a volume of "Historical Miscellanies," dictated to the Count de Montholon, present us with the most momentous elements of history, delivered, and commented upon, by the most illustrious actor in the historic scene. The other work, "Las Cases' Journal," &c. contains a great many records of Napoleon's conversations about political and military events; but what may be called the public history of Napoleon is, upon the whole, more systematically digested in the other publications. Las Cases' book, however, intermingles matter which we believe will be more attractive to the bulk of readers—namely, the personal and private history of the great individual whom our author, of course, knew much more intimately, than either of the English writers who have given us anecdotes of the voyage to St. Helena and of Napoleon's captivity on the rock. As to pure impartiality and perfect credibility, it may be alleged that persons sharing in Napoleon's sufferings were still farther removed from the chance of exhibiting those qualities in their testimony, than even those Englishmen whom the captive fascinated to become his personal admirers. It behoves us, however, to listen to the testimony, such as it is, and then to make our own calculation of the consistency or the improbability of facts alleged and submitted to us. Las Cases' account is peculiarly interesting, because it carries us back to events in Napoleon's last catastrophe preceding the voyage and exile: namely, to his arrival in Paris, when he entered covered with dust from the battle of Waterloo. This writer accordingly supplies a sort of first act to the drama of our modern Prometheus, and he is himself a person in the tragic scene. Whatever curiosity the public may now cherish respecting Napoleon, if it should be an useless feeling of interest, it cannot be a pernicious one. The constitutions of Englishmen are not likely to be inoculated with any dangerous enthusiasm for a dead hero whose character, whether from choice or necessity, was despotic. If our country should ever be pregnant with a hero fated to rule her destinies, she is not likely to have any longings of imagination that shall impress his exact features on the glorious bantling. Admirers among us he, no doubt, has, and some persons think them dangerous and insidious:—certainly they are insidious, for they have so marvellously

* "Memoirs of the History of France during the reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor at Saint Helena to the Generals who shared his captivity; and published from the Original Manuscripts corrected by himself."—Volume I. dictated to General Gourgaud, accompanied by a First Volume of Historical Miscellanies, dictated to the Count de Montholon.

"Mémorial de Sainte Hélène—Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena."—Parts I. and II.

concealed their numbers as to have made it constantly appear, whenever the power of the warrior threatened us, that he had an hundred bitter enemies in the country for one friend. How very few exceptions there were even to the poorest patriots reviling him. The poor, it is true, are from their low habits addicted to dissimulation; but they, at least, affected the pious decorum of believing in the unmixed diabolism of his character; and no vulgar sceptic called in question the Imperial monster's having lain with his own sister and poisoned the sick at Jaffa. Even Ireland resounded with the song of "Oh, the rogue, the thief, Bonaparte! in your distress he will not leave a copper t' ye." After the battle of Leipsic, did not radicals and all rejoice? On that occasion a song was written, (it was believed, at the Admiralty,) commencing, "It's all up with Boney, and the King of Saxony." Yet the rhyme became popular, the only one from the same quarter that ever did; and was chalked by apprentices on the ale-house walls.

It is clear, then, that this belief in the unqualified worthlessness of Bonaparte has fairly served its purpose as a belligerent principle. Two questions now naturally suggest themselves. In the first place, would it threaten us with any frightful political evils, if it were suspected that a single ray of real greatness ever penetrated into the black and unfathomable abyss of his character? In the next place supposing it safe to trust ourselves with truth on the subject, may it not be the fact, that he is a man whose vices we have graven in brass, whilst we have written his virtues on water? On the former head let us be cautious, for there is no falsehood so impertinent as a truth out of season. Even after his commitment to St. Helena, the cloven hoof of his vulgar admirers began to shew itself. If he could have swum to Glasgow or Manchester, there is no saying how many starving weavers might have rallied round him in order to exact reform and a rise of wages. But there is now no chance of his ever encamping on the plains of Peterfield, or the fells of Campsie; for his thread is cut and his web is finished. This is more than some of us timid alarmists ever believed to be possible: it was at one time thought that we should never get rid of him. An honest German once hearing in his own country that he was dead, shook his head and said to his informant, "Bonaparte dead! ah, you don't know him." Now to a certainty, however, he is not only stone dead, but so long dead, that if Dr. Ure were to go to St. Helena with all his Galvanic apparatus, he could not twitch a single feature of his countenance. Let us speak of him, then, at least with self-possession, and not be so long-eared to his accusers as to kick the dead lion. Our oldest women and youngest children are agreed, that though he was a great coward for not killing himself at last, he was the next greatest General in the world after the Duke of Wellington. He can affront our patriotism no more, and, perhaps, though he has done us much evil, he may have been the means of doing us some good. Did he not render us at one time a sublimely devoted, volunteering, and sharp-shooting nation? Has he not afforded us the mystically connected, though seemingly incongruous, pleasure of believing at one and the same time that he neither durst nor could invade us, and yet of arming, and enjoying the imaginary pathos of our own glorious death-bed on our

own native soil? What odes to our Country and orders to our tailors did he not call forth! Already the beloved wives are growing old in our affections whose virgin hearts we won in those plumes, and pantaloons, and martial uniforms, wherewith his menaces occasioned, or at least apologized for, our being arrayed. He has bequeathed to us the glory of having been drilled, without the necessity for self-devotion; and, by dying so civilly, he has left the Bourbons an ample opportunity of testifying their blessed regard for the rights of men, for the independence of nations, and for their ties of gratitude towards ourselves.

Of the two publications before us, we shall first notice Count Las Cases' Journal. The Count justly remarks, that we never commence the perusal of any history, without first wishing to know something of the character of its author. He therefore relates a few facts respecting his own past life. When the French Revolution broke out, Count Las Cases was a lieutenant-de-vaisseau, which corresponded with the rank of a field-officer in the line; but his rank opened the way to high professional prospects. Deprived, however, by the vices of the old political system, of a solid and finished education—being full of aristocratic prejudices, and prompted by his youth to generous resolves, he was among the first to hasten abroad and join the emigrant princes. Having narrowly escaped being landed on the bay of Quiberon, he began to reflect on the horror of his situation. He changed his name, and, becoming a teacher, went through a second course of education, in attempting to assist that of others. After the treaty of Amiens, the amnesty of the First Consul allowed him to enter France, where he found his patrimony disposed of; but he devoted himself to literature, and, under a feigned name, published an historical work, which re-established his fortune. In process of time, he devoted himself to the new Sovereign of France. When the English invaded Flushing, he repaired as a volunteer to the Netherlands. He was nominated to the office of Chamberlain to the Emperor, and obtained a seat in the Council of State. Hence followed several confidential employments that were intrusted to him; and among these were two important missions to Holland and Illyria. At the siege of Paris, in 1814, he commanded a legion which acquired honours by its severe losses. He wished to have joined Napoleon at Fontainebleau, but could not reach him in time, and therefore passed a few months in England. On the Emperor's reappearance in France, he spontaneously repaired to him. He was present at the moment of his second abdication. About the selfishness or disinterestedness of all Las Cases's previous conduct, there may be a question; but from the date of the Emperor's second resignation, it would be hard to deny such a follower the praise of devotedness. He had been a Chamberlain of Napoleon's household, and a member of his Council; yet was his person hardly known to the Emperor: a circumstance this, one would think, which at least bespeaks his subserviency to have been unobtrusive. After the day of Waterloo, the Emperor's fortune was like a sinking ship, that promised more perils than prize-money to those who should cling to it. Yet Las Cases did cling to it. He requested permission to participate his master's fate. "Do you know," said Napoleon, "whither your offer may lead you?" "I care not," said Las Cases; "I have made no calculation about it"—and he lived to write the account of this transaction in St. Helena. Fidelity is a virtue that ennobles even a slave.

Las Cases's book is very desultory, describing in one page the Emperor's disgust at his bad coffee, and in the next page his plans for governing an empire. In a general view, however, the subject-matter may be divided into two heads— viz. that which regards Napoleon's history as an individual and an object of personal sympathy, and that which explains his public conduct and character through the medium of his reported conversations. On the latter subject, as we have already remarked, the Memoirs are more full and methodical than Las Cases's work, so that we shall refer to the latter publication chiefly for its portraiture of Napoleon as a man and as an exile. The following summary of his situation at Rochefort, immediately before his surrender to the English, is given by Las Cases as having been dictated by Napoleon himself:—

"The English squadron was not strong: there were two sloops of war off Bordeaux, they blockaded a French corvette, and gave chace to American vessels which sailed daily in great numbers. At the Isle of Aix we had two frigates well armed; the Vulcan corvette, one of the largest vessels of its class, and a large brig lay in the roads: the whole of this force was blockaded by an English seventy-four of the smallest class, and an indifferent sloop or two. There is not the least doubt that by risking the sacrifice of one or two of our ships, we should have passed; but the senior captain was deficient in resolution, and refused to sail; the second in command was quite determined, and would have made the attempt: the former had probably received secret instructions from Fouché, who already openly betrayed the Emperor, and wanted to give him up. However that may be, there was nothing to be done by sea. The Emperor then landed at the Isle of Aix.

"Had the mission been confided to Admiral Werhuel," said Napoleon, "as was promised on our departure from Paris, it is probable he would have sailed." The officers and crews of both frigates were full of attachment and enthusiasm. The garrison of Aix was composed of fifteen hundred seamen, forming a very fine regiment; the officers were so indignant at the frigate not sailing, that they proposed to fit out two chasse-marées of fifteen tons each. The midshipmen wished to navigate them; but when on the point of putting this plan into execution, it was said there would be great difficulty in gaining the American coast without touching on some point of Spain or Portugal.

Under these circumstances, the Emperor composed a species of council from amongst the individuals of his suite. Here it was represented that we could no longer calculate on the frigates or other armed vessels: that the chasse-marées held out no probable chance of success, and could only lead to capture by the English cruisers in the open sea, or to falling into the hands of the allies. Only two alternatives remained: that of marching towards the interior, once more to try the fate of arms; or that of seeking an asylum in England. To follow up the first, there were fifteen hundred seamen, full of zeal and willing to act; the commandant of the Island was an old officer of the army of Egypt, entirely devoted to Napoleon: the Emperor would have proceeded at the head of these to Rochefort, where the corps would have been increased by the garrison, which was also extremely well disposed. The garrison of La Rochelle, composed of four battalions of federated troops, had offered their services: with these we might then have joined General Clausel, so firmly fixed at the head of the army at Bordeaux, or General Lamarque, who had performed prodigies, with that of La Vendée; both these officers expected and wished to see Napoleon: it would have been exceedingly easy to maintain a civil war in the interior. But Paris was taken, and the Chambers had been dissolved; there were, besides, from five to six hundred thousand of the enemy's troops in France: a civil war could therefore have no other result than leading to the destruction of all these generous men who were attached to Napoleon. This loss would have been severe and irreparable: it would have destroyed the future resources of the nation without,

producing any other advantage than placing the Emperor in a position to treat and obtain stipulations favourable to his interests. But Napoleon had renounced sovereignty; he only wanted a tranquil asylum; he abhorred the thought of seeing all his friends perish to attain so trifling a result; he was equally averse to become the pretext for the provinces being ravaged; and above all, he did not wish to deprive the national party of its truest supports, which would sooner or later re-establish the honour and independence of France. Napoleon's only wish was to live as a private individual in future: America was the most proper place, and that of his choice. But even England, with its positive laws, might also answer; and it appeared, from the nature of my first interview with Captain Maitland, that the latter was empowered to convey the Emperor and suite to England, to be equitably treated. From this moment we were under the protection of British laws; and the people of England were too fond of glory to lose an opportunity which thus presented itself, and that ought to have formed the proudest page of their history. It was therefore resolved to surrender to the English cruisers, as soon as Captain Maitland should positively declare his orders to receive us. On renewing the negotiation, he clearly stated that he had the authority of his Government to receive the Emperor, if he would come on board the Bellerophon, and to convey himself as well as his suite to England. Napoleon went on board, not that he was constrained to it by events, since he could have remained in France; but because he wished to live as a private individual; would no longer meddle with public affairs; and had determined not to embroil those of France. He would, most assuredly, not have adopted this plan, had he suspected the unworthy treatment which was preparing for him, as every body will readily feel convinced. His letter to the Prince Regent fully explains his confidence and persuasion on the subject. Captain Maitland, to whom it was officially communicated, before the Emperor embarked on board his ship, having made no remarks on the above document, had, by this circumstance alone, recognised and sanctioned the sentiments it contained."

When the first rumours of their destination reached the fugitives, "Some person whispered to me," says Las Cases, "that the ships were to receive us in the course of the night and to sail for St. Helena. Never can I portray the effect of these terrible words. A cold sweat overspread my whole frame. Unpitying executioners had seized me; I was torn from all that attached me to life. * * * It was like the struggle of a soul that sought to disengage itself from its earthly habitation. It turned my hair grey.—Fortunately, the crisis was short; and, as it happened, the mind came forth triumphant." The Emperor, however, he says, to whom he read all the newspapers, did not betray any decrease of composure. He would not at first believe that he was to be sent to St. Helena. When Sir Charles Bunbury and Lord Keith came to announce his fate to him, they were admitted alone; and it is known that he protested against the sentence. A day or two afterwards, whilst he was conversing with Las Cases, Madame Bertrand, without having been called, and even without announcing her name, rushed into the cabin, and in a frantic manner intreated Napoleon not to go to St. Helena, nor take her husband with him. But, observing the astonishment, coolness, and calm answer of Napoleon, she ran out as precipitately as she had entered. "The Emperor, still surprised, turned to me and said, 'Can you comprehend all this? is she not mad?' In a moment after she attempted to throw herself overboard." In a subsequent conversation with Las Cases, Napoleon, though calm, seemed affected and absent, and hinted at the facility with which he could escape from existence, and save his friends the sacrifice of following him into banishment.

His friend, of course, opposed the suggestion. "But what shall we do in that desolate place?" said the Emperor. "Sire," said Las Cases, "we will live on the past." "Be it so," rejoined Napoleon: "we will write our memoirs; for occupation is the scythe of Time;" and he reassumed an air of ease, and even gaiety. It is confessed that he betrayed a momentary anger on being informed that he was reduced to the title of General. If his irritation be taxed with weakness, it cannot be said that the act of untitling him displayed magnanimity. The ceremony of taking his purse from him must have been unpleasant even to those who believed it to be necessary for the secure possession of his person. Waving the discussion of that question, we quote our author's description of his mode of living on board the Northumberland. "The Emperor breakfasted in his own cabin at irregular hours. We (his attendants) took our breakfast at ten o'clock, in the French style, while the English continued to breakfast in their own way at eight. The Emperor sent for one of us every morning to know what was going on, the distance run, the state of the wind, and other particulars connected with our progress. He read a great deal; dressed towards four o'clock, and then came into the general cabin: here he played at chess with one of the party. At five o'clock, the Admiral, having come out of his cabin a few minutes before, announced that dinner was ready. It is well known that Napoleon was scarcely ever more than fifteen minutes at his dinner. Here the courses alone occupied from an hour to an hour and a half: this was to him a most serious annoyance, though he never mentioned it; his features, his manner and gestures, always evinced perfect indifference. Neither the new system of cookery, nor the difference or quality of the dishes, ever met with his censure or approbation. He was attended by his two valets, who stood behind his chair. At first the Admiral was in the habit of offering to help the Emperor; but the acknowledgment of Napoleon was expressed so coldly, that this practice was discontinued. The Admiral continued very attentive, but thenceforth only pointed out to the servants what was preferable. They alone attended to these matters, to which the Emperor seemed totally indifferent, neither seeming to seek or notice any thing. He was generally silent, remaining in the midst of conversation as if totally unacquainted with the language, though it was French. If he spoke, it was to ask some technical or scientific question, and to address a few words to those whom the Admiral asked occasionally to dinner. * * * * The Emperor always rose from table long before the rest of the company. The Grand Marshal and I always followed him to the quarter-deck, where I was frequently left alone with him, as General Bertrand had often to attend his wife, who suffered excessively from sea-sickness. * * * * After he had taken eight or nine turns the whole length of the deck, he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway, on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the Emperor's gun." The game of chess, we are farther told, was one of his amusements on the voyage. The Emperor was but an indifferent player. There was one very good chess-player on board, however, whom the Emperor always beat. He was shrewd enough to perceive that the victory was yielded to him from politeness; and winking his eye, asked how it happened that he lost with inferior players, and

always gained with him whom nobody else could beat. The midshipmen, our author says, behaved to Napoleon with a delicacy and respect which touched his feelings. When an unusual bustle occurred on deck, they crowded round him that he might not be incommoded. Early in the voyage, Napoleon began to dictate his memoirs to Las Cases, and thus regularly he employed his mornings on board the Northumberland.

On the 14th of Oct. came in sight of the Island of St. Helena, but they lay-to all night:

"About seventy days after our departure from England, and an hundred and ten after our departure from Paris, we cast anchor about noon (on the 15th.) * * *

"The Emperor, contrary to custom, dressed early and went upon deck; he went forward on the gangway to view the island. We beheld a kind of village surrounded by numerous barren and naked hills towering to the clouds. Every platform, every aperture, the brow of every hill, was planted with cannon. The Emperor viewed the prospect through his glass. I stood behind him. My eyes were constantly fixed on his countenance, in which I could perceive no change; and yet he saw before him, perhaps, his perpetual prison! —perhaps, his grave! . . . . How much, then, remained for me to feel and to witness!

"The Emperor soon left the deck. He desired me to come to him, and we proceeded to our usual occupation.

"The Admiral, who had gone ashore very early, returned about six o'clock, much fatigued. He had been walking about various parts of the island, and at length thought he had found a habitation that would suit us. The place, however, stood in need of repairs which might occupy two months. We had now been confined to our wooden dungeon for nearly three months; and the precise instructions of the ministers were, that we should be detained there until our prison on shore was ready for our reception. The Admiral, to do him justice, was incapable of such barbarity; he informed us, at the same time betraying a sort of inward satisfaction, that he would take upon himself the responsibility of putting us ashore next day."

The first night they were lodged in the inn or hotel of the petty town. Next day the Emperor, accompanied by the Admiral, visited Longwood, the spot intended for his residence, when its habitation should be repaired. Reluctant to return to the inn, where crowds of persons had annoyed him by assembling beneath his windows, Napoleon took up his abode for a time at the pavilion or summer-house attached to the villa of Mr. Balcombe, a merchant of the Island. Already he had become so much interested in his work on his Campaigns of Italy, that he could not suspend it. In none of his campaigns, we are told, perhaps in no situation of his past life, had he been so wretchedly lodged, or subject to so many privations, as at Mr. Balcombe's pavilion. The summer-house had been merely a retreat to which Mr. Balcombe's family were accustomed to retire to take tea and amuse themselves. Whilst his two valets-de-chambre were bustling about to prepare his bed, the Emperor took a fancy to walk a little; but there was no level ground on any side of the pavilion, which was surrounded by huge pieces of stone and rock. "He took my arm," says Las Cases, "and began to converse in a cheerful strain. Night was advancing, profound solitude and undisturbed silence prevailed on every side; I was in this desert *tête-a-tête* and enjoying familiar con-

versation with the man who had ruled the world. What were my feelings!" To our obtuse taste we must own that this old French nobleman often appears to be a very abject admirer of the pomp and circumstance of power—but in this case we cannot but sympathise with his heart being overpowered by the awful contrast in his master's fate, when he compared him thus situated, with the potentate whose presence at the Tuileries had been approached with anxious dread by ambassadors, princes, and even kings. Next morning the remains of yesterday's dinner were brought to Napoleon for breakfast; at which, according to our author, he had neither table-cloth nor plates. He proceeded, however, to his dictation, and afterwards went out to examine his new dominion, in the garden of which he met with Mr. Balcombe's two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, who presented the Emperor with flowers, and overwhelmed him with ridiculous questions. "We have been to a masked ball," said Napoleon, when the girls retired. For several days our diarist still complains of the table remaining without a cloth. The breakfast continued to be brought from town, and consisted of only two or three wretched dishes. Coffee was almost a necessary of life to the Emperor, but here it proved so bad that, on tasting it he thought himself poisoned. "St. Helena," he continues, "is a true Siberia; the only difference is its limited extent, and climate, being warm instead of cold. The Emperor Napoleon now occupies a wretched hovel a few feet square, unprovided with furniture, and without either shutters or curtains to the windows; he is obliged to go out when it is necessary to have this one apartment cleaned. His meals are brought to him from a distance, as if he were a criminal in a dungeon: the bread and wine, water, butter, oil, and other articles, are scarcely fit for use. A bath, which is so necessary to the Emperor's health, is not to be had; and he is deprived of the exercise of riding on horseback." It is clear that the stomachs of the poor exiles were not likely to be disposed to perfect candour in judging of the viands that were set before them; and in judging of coffee, and bread and butter, &c. as in other matters of taste, there is no estimating the force of prejudice. For the honour of England, as far as it is compromised in Napoleon's treatment, we would fain cling to the idea that the picture of his situation is overcharged. When we read, that on tasting the first tolerable cup of coffee that was brought to him, he put his hand upon his stomach and said he felt himself immediately the better for it, one cannot peruse the anecdote without wishing it untrue. Whatever we may think of Napoleon, he was our captive, and a helpless victim at our feet. There is no doubt that if our right to secure his person for the safety of Europe be admitted, the security was not to be trifled with, and to maintain a circumspect system of detention was only acting consistently with the principle. But it is equally clear that it concerned the character of his conquerors to abstain from inflicting a single privation that was unnecessary. We may be much mistaken, but cannot help thinking that a system of perfect and secure detention might have been kept up by means of sentinels on the shore, and by signal-posts over the scanty space of the Island, that would have left him no pretext for saying that the accompaniment of an inspecting officer virtually prohibited him from enjoying the exercise of riding.

Nor do we see on what ground Admiral Cockburn had any right to refuse, for a moment, his remonstrance on the subject of his treatment being forwarded to the British Government. Napoleon spoke in these terms of the conduct of the Sovereigns of Europe towards him:—"I entered their capitals victorious, and, had I cherished such sentiments, what would have become of *them!* They styled me their brother; and I had become so by the choice of the people, the sanction of victory, the character of religion, and the alliances of their policy and their blood. Do they imagine that the good sense of nations is blind to their conduct? What do they expect from it? At all events, make your complaints, gentlemen; let indignant Europe hear them. Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and my character. I must command, or be silent." * *

On the 10th of Dec. the exiles were removed to their newly-finished habitation at Longwood. Past events had created a coolness between the Emperor and the Admiral, but they met on this occasion, and for the present behaved as if reconciled. The place is thus described.

"The difference of the temperature between this place and the valley where we landed, is marked by a variation of at least ten degrees of the English thermometer. Longwood stands on a level height, which is tolerably extensive on the eastern side, and pretty near the coast. Continual, and frequently violent gales, always blowing in the same quarter, sweep the surface of the ground. The sun, though it rarely appears, nevertheless exercises its influence on the atmosphere, which is apt to produce disorders of the liver, if due precaution be not observed. Heavy and sudden falls of rain complete the impossibility of distinguishing any regular season. But there is no regular course of seasons at Longwood. The whole year presents a continuance of wind, clouds, and rain; and the temperature is of that mild and monotonous kind, which, perhaps, after all, is rather conducive to *ennui* than disease. Notwithstanding the abundant rains, the grass rapidly disappears, being either nipped by the wind, or withered by the heat. The water, which is conveyed hither by a conduit, is so unwholesome that the Deputy Governor, when he lived at Longwood, never suffered it to be used in his family until it had been boiled; and we are obliged to do the same. The trees which, at a distance, impart a smiling aspect to the scene, are merely gum-trees—a wretched kind of shrub, affording no shade. On one hand, the horizon is bounded by the vast ocean: but the rest of the scene presents only a mass of huge barren rocks, deep gulfs, and desolate valleys; and in the distance appear the green and misty chain of mountains, above which towers Diana's Peak. In short, Longwood can be pleasing only to the traveller, after the fatigues of a long voyage, for whom the sight of any land is a cheering prospect. Arriving at Saint-Helena on a fine day, he may, perhaps, be struck with the singularity of the objects which suddenly present themselves, and may, perhaps, exclaim, 'How beautiful!' but his visit is momentary; and what pain does not his hasty admiration cause to the unhappy captives who are doomed to pass their lives at Saint-Helena!

"Workmen had been constantly employed for two months in preparing Longwood for our reception; the result of their labours, however, amounted to little. The entrance to the house was through a room which had just been built, and which was intended to answer the double purpose of an antechamber and a dining-room. This apartment led to another, which was made the drawing-room; beyond this was a third room, running in a cross direction and very dark. This was intended to be the depository of the Emperor's maps and books; but it was afterwards converted into the dining-room. The Emperor's chamber opened into this apartment on the right-hand side. This chamber was divided into two equal parts, forming the Emperor's cabinet and sleeping-room: a little external gallery served for a bathing-room.

Opposite the Emperor's chamber, at the other extremity of the building, were the apartments of Madame de Montholon, her husband, and her son, which have since been used as the Emperor's library. Detached from this part of the house, was a little square room on the ground-floor contiguous to the kitchen, which was assigned to me. My son was obliged to enter his room through a trap-door and by the help of a ladder; it was nothing but a loft, and scarcely afforded room for his bed. Our windows and beds were without curtains. The few articles of furniture which were in our apartments had evidently been obtained from the inhabitants of the island, who doubtless readily seized the opportunity of disposing of them to advantage for the sake of supplying themselves with better.

"The Grand Marshal with his wife and children had been left at the distance of two miles behind us, in a place which even here is denominated a *hut* (Hut's-gate). General Gourgaud slept under a tent, as did also the Doctor (Dr. O'Meara of the Northumberland) and the officer commanding our guard, till such time as their apartments should be ready, which the crew of the Northumberland were rapidly preparing.

"We were surrounded by a kind of garden, but, owing to the little attention which we had it in our power to bestow on its cultivation, joined to the want of water and the nature of the climate, it was a garden only by name. In front, and separated from us by a tolerably deep ravine, was encamped the fifty-third regiment, different parties of which were posted on the neighbouring heights.—Such was our new abode."

The situation of the captives was undoubtedly ameliorated, in some respects, by their removal to Longwood; but their complaints every now and then powerfully break out. The spot of Longwood was one of the least healthy on an unhealthy island. Las Cases confesses also that the Emperor's suite were not without their jealousies and divisions among themselves. A common principle had brought them together, but still their companionship was not the result of any personal choice of one another as friends. In the mean time an order arrived from England, that an English officer was to sit at the Emperor's table—in other words, they were to be cut off from the solace of free conversation. We can hardly believe this. Las Cases says the order was evaded only by the Emperor's taking his meals in his own chamber. The Emperor wrote, through Montholon, on the subject of his sentinels, to Admiral Cockburn; he was told that nothing was known about an Emperor in St. Helena, and that the conduct of the British Government towards the exiles would be the admiration of posterity. The gloom of these complaints is very agreeably relieved by some anecdotes which our diarist gives of Napoleon, though they would be insignificant if they regarded a less important personage, or any one placed in less extraordinary circumstances. Altogether he must be allowed to have behaved very well, and we see his force of character breaking out into vivacity at the time when his constitution had begun to sink towards its last decline. One evening, when at cards, the Emperor told Las Cases that Madame Las Cases was certainly at that moment at the Opera: it was Tuesday—it was nine *p. m.* in Paris. "No," said the other, "she is too good a wife to be at the theatre whilst I am here."—"Spoken like a true husband," said the Emperor, "ever confident and credulous." Then turning to General Gourgaud, he joked in the like manner about his mother and sisters: Gourgaud's eyes filled with tears. Napoleon in a moment repressed his pleasantry, and said, "How barbarous I am to sport with such feelings."

In the midst of their rides they used to fix on a regular resting-place in the middle of the valley. There, surrounded by desert rocks, they saw a girl of fifteen or sixteen with a charming countenance; they were captivated by her the first day in her daily and poor costume. Next day she had been at her toilette, and the pretty blossom of the fields appeared only an ordinary garden-flower: nevertheless they always stopped at her dwelling, and she always approached some paces to catch the few sentences which the Emperor either addressed, or caused to be translated, to her as he passed by. The Emperor gave her the name of their Nymph. Dr. Warden, according to Las Cases, has been rather romantic in describing the little incident regarding this girl: Napoleon's admiration of her brought her good fortune. It drew attention to her, and she has since become the wife of a rich East India captain.

Of all the visits that were paid to Napoleon from enthusiastic curiosity, that of the English sailor who twice eluded the obstacles of sentinels and the dangers of severe prohibition, in order to gratify himself with a sight of him, is perhaps the most interesting. Another of our tars found means to approach him, and conveyed, through Las Cases, his good wishes to Napoleon. "The Emperor," he says, "evinced some emotion at the salutation of both of those simple men, so strongly did their countenances, accents, and gestures, bear the stamp of truth." A drunken corporal, who mistook his countersign and met them in one of their rides, gave them a different expression of British courtesy: he levelled his piece and ran up to them out of breath. General Gourgaud collared and endeavoured to secure him, but he effected his escape.—The portion of Las Cases diary which we have hitherto seen comes down no farther than the end of March, 1816*. It contains few more incidents than we have mentioned relative to the personal events of his captivity. Napoleon began to study English. "He had a quick understanding," says our author, "but a very bad memory, and was constantly confounding one thing with another." Another obstacle to his progress (in pronunciation, at least,) was that he would not pronounce the vowels in the English way; he insisted on pronouncing quite at his own discretion, and when a word had passed his lips, he would never give it a different sound. His teacher, Las Cases, found it best to have the prudence and patience to let this pass. What he spoke as English, his tutor confesses, was a new language, intelligible only to themselves; but he says, that Napoleon could make himself understood in writing English. The scene of his tuition might not have been a bad subject for Matthews.

Our diarist not only endeavours to delineate the soul of Napoleon in the reports of his conversation, but gives us, in the volumes before us, something like a formal synopsis of his early life. The uncle of the hero's family, Lucien, the Archdeacon of Ajaccio, seems to have been its principal protector, to have retrieved the state of their affairs, which the imprudence of Napoleon's father had deranged, and to have supplied to them the place of a parent. Napoleon's mother, according to

* Several Parts are yet to follow.

our author, was an uncommonly beautiful and high-spirited woman: she accompanied her husband in the patriotic war of the Corsicans, and followed him, in sight of the field of warfare, whilst she was pregnant with Napoleon. At the age of ten, Napoleon was sent to the military school of Brienne, where the Corsican pronunciation of his name, Napolioné, got him the nickname of "*Straw in the Nose.*" Little Straw in the Nose, however, soon distinguished himself as the best mathematician in the school. At Brienne, Las Cases insists, that, contrary to all the lies and libels which have been published against him, he was in his boyhood mild and gentle: at the age of puberty, Napoleon himself confesses that he became morose and reserved. A decided character he certainly early shewed himself to be. General Pichegru was his quarter-master and tutor in arithmetic at this school. Napoleon afterwards recollected little more about Pichegru, than that he was a tall man with a red face. Pichegru remembered his pupil much better: when he joined the royalists at a distant period, he was asked, if he thought General Bonaparte could be got over to the cause? "No," he replied, "you will lose your time in attempting it I knew him when a boy, and I am certain that his temper is inflexible." In 1783, Napoleon was removed to the military school of Paris, owing to the high opinion which Keralio, one of the visitants of the public schools, entertained of him; though the monks of the Brienne academy proposed detaining him another year, saying, that the lad's education was backward in every thing except mathematics. Las Cases tells us what a prodigy the generality of the Professors of the military school at Paris remembered Napoleon to have been. This was to be expected: they were all naturally anxious to prove that they had possessed discernment, and accordingly the Professor of Belles Lettres declared, that the amplifications in Napoleon's themes were like the flaming granites of a volcano. A heavy German teacher, of the name of Bauer, was so unfortunate as to commit himself beforehand in delivering a contrary opinion: on being told one day that young Napoleon was attending his artillery class, he said, "I am glad he can attend to any thing." Bonaparte had possibly studied German with Mr. Bauer, as he studied English with Mons. Las Cases. Early testimonies of respect for his talents were, however, paid to him by the Abbé Raynal and by General Paoli—the latter of whom used to say, that he "*was one of Plutarch's men.*" Napoleon, on quitting the military school, went to join his regiment at Valence: he was allowed at this time twelve hundred francs a year by his family, and was one of the two individuals in the regiment who could afford to keep a cabriolet. At Valence he was introduced to a Madame du Colombier, whose acquaintance and the introductions to a superior rank of society which it procured him, the Emperor said had a great influence upon his fortune. He conceived an attachment for the daughter, Mademoiselle du Colombier, who was not insensible to his merits. It was the first love of both, and we are informed, that it was that kind of love which might be expected to arise at their age and with their education. "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable," the Emperor used to say; "we contrived little meetings together. I well remember one which took place on a Midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn: it will scarcely be believed that all our hap-

piness consisted in eating cherries together." In 1805, Napoleon, when about to be crowned King of Italy, saw her in his way through Lyons. She was then Madame de Bressieux. He granted a favour which she solicited for her husband, and placed her in the situation of lady of honour to one of his sisters.

At an early age, we are not told the precise date, he gained a prize for an essay given in to the Academy of Lyons. After he became Emperor, Talleyrand presented to him the famous memorial, which he had procured from the archives of the Academy of Lyons. The Emperor threw it into the fire.

"Napoleon was in garrison at Valence when the revolution broke out. At that time it was a point of particular importance to cause the artillery officers to emigrate; and the officers, on their part, were very much divided in opinion. Napoleon, who was imbued with the notions of the age, possessing a natural instinct for great actions, and a passion for national glory, espoused the cause of the revolution; and his example influenced the majority of the regiment. He was an ardent patriot under the Constituent Assembly; but the Legislative Assembly marked a new period in his ideas and opinions.

"He was at Paris on the 21st of June, 1792, and witnessed the insurrection of the people of the Faubourgs, who traversed the garden of the Tuileries, and forced the palace. There were but six thousand men; a mere disorderly mob, whose language and dress proved them to belong to the very lowest class of society.

"Napoleon was also a witness of the events of the 10th of August, in which the assailants were neither higher in rank nor more formidable in number.

"In 1793, Napoleon was in Corsica, where he had a command in the National Guards. He opposed Paoli as soon as he was led to suspect that the veteran, to whom he had hitherto been so much attached, entertained the design of betraying the island to the English. Therefore it is not true, as has been generally reported, that Napoleon, or some of his family, were at one time in England, proposing to raise a Corsican regiment for the English service.

"The English and Paoli subdued the Corsican patriots, and burnt Ajaccio. The house of the Bonapartes was destroyed in the general conflagration, and the family were obliged to fly to the Continent. They fixed their abode at Marseilles, whence Napoleon proceeded to Paris. He arrived just at the moment when the federalists of Marseilles had surrendered Toulon to the English."

The biography of Napoleon soon becomes so intermixed with public affairs that he ceases to be a personal and private object of interest, and comes home to our imaginations solely and entirely as an historical personage. We shall defer noticing some passages in Las Cases which regard his individual character, until we enter on the matter of those Memoirs which bring him forward wholly as a public man. On the whole, we are obliged to Las Cases for an interesting book. It is true that the author, though he thinks himself a great deal more liberal than Englishmen, and though he has shewn himself a disinterestedly devoted man, is an overweening and prostrate admirer of Imperial greatness and military glory. It is true also, that he defends particular acts of Napoleon's career, which admit of no defence: we do not allude to the story of his poisoning the sick at Jaffa, for that point is set at rest and palpably a fable. But the invasion of St. Domingo and the treatment of Toussaint were two bad concerns, the blot of which on Napoleon's memory no dew of panegyric will wash

away. Altogether, however, Las Cases' subject is great, and his account of his master is deeply arresting. He might have spared his reflections on Madame de Staël. A painter once painted a faultless woman, but without a head: Madame de Staël had her faults, but she had both a head and a heart to atone for them. She was any thing in the world but selfish, as Las Cases describes her; and we wish that she were alive at this moment, confident that she would rebuke his calumny, by forgiving it.

The Memoirs commence with Napoleon's first appearance as a general officer at Toulon; he was at that time twenty-four years of age, and even then shewed himself a man born to command. Though only commandant of the artillery, his intelligence took the lead in conducting and consummating the capture of the place. Here his moral, no less than his military courage, was put to the test: the Committee of Public Safety had sent plans and instructions relative to the siege—Bonaparte regarded all their suggestions as useless. The popular societies and all the South of France had become impatient that Toulon was not taken; in Paris itself the Convention was beset with petitions, that the besiegers might be compelled to attack the place more vigorously, and representatives of the people actually arrived to fulfil this charge. It is not true, as the republican prints then pretended, that those representatives joined the besiegers, sword in hand, and contributed to the capture. they arrived only to witness the success of Bonaparte's plan, and were fain to disown a letter of blame which they had written upon the subject. Bonaparte's reputation was now sufficient to shield him against the terrors of a sanguinary executive government, which sent its generals with as little ceremony to the scaffold as to the field. He was made Brigadier-general of artillery, and appointed to the command of that department (the artillery) in the army of Italy. From thence he succeeded to the chief command of the same army. In 1795, he quitted it for a short time, and repaired to Paris: he had been put on the list of generals who were intended to serve in the army of La Vendée; but he refused this appointment, and protested against it.*

The full tide of Bonaparte's glory set in from his Italian campaign in 1796. At the beginning of that year the King of Sardinia, who, from his military and geographical position, had obtained the title of the Porter of the Alps, had fortresses at the openings of all the passes leading into Piedmont. If it had been wished to penetrate into Italy by forcing the Alps, it would have been necessary to gain possession of these fortresses. Now the roads did not allow the carriage of a battering train; besides, the mountains are covered with snow during three quarters of the year—which leaves but little time for besieging these places. A plan was therefore formed for turning all the Alps, and for entering Italy precisely at the point where these high mountains terminate, and where the Apennines begin. In penetrating into Italy in this direction, some hopes might be entertained of separating and inter-

* There is a chasm in the Memoirs dictated to Gourgaud from the end of 1795 down to Bonaparte's return from Egypt in 1799. The engraving of the Maps and Plans having, it appears, prevented the editors from following a chronological order, we return for the present to Las Cases, who gives a full account of the Italian campaign of 1796.

secting the Sardinian and Austrian armies, because from that position Lombardy and Piedmont were both menaced. It was as practicable to march on Milan as on Turin. The Piedmontese were interested in covering Turin, and the Austrians in defending Milan. The French army of Italy was about 30,000 strong, whilst more than 90,000 men were opposed to them. The character of the French troops was excellent; but their cavalry was wretchedly mounted, and they were equally inferior in artillery. There were no means of transporting stores of any kind from the arsenals: all the draught-horses had perished for want. The penury of the French finances was so great, that all the efforts of Government could only furnish 2000 louis in specie to the military chest. An order was issued for all the general officers to receive four louis a-piece. The supply of bread was uncertain; that of meat had long ceased. For means of conveyance, there remained only two hundred mules. It was impossible to think of transporting above twelve pieces of cannon. Bonaparte put the army in motion with the following address to them: "Soldiers! you are naked, ill-fed—much is due to us: there is nothing to pay us with. The patience and courage you have shewn in the midst of these rocks are admirable—but they win you no glory. I come to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world: rich provinces, great cities, will be in your power. There you will have wealth, honour, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, can your courage fail?" These words were addressed to his troops on the 29th of March. On the 28th of April he was within a day's march of Turin; had subdued the Sardinian government, and could thus address his troops—"You have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one stand of colours, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and conquered the richest parts of Piedmont. Your services are equal to those of the Army of Holland and the Rhine. You were in want of every thing, but you have provided every thing. You have gained battles without cannon—passed rivers without bridges—made forced marches without shoes—bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. None but Republican phalanxes could have done so. For this you have the thanks of your country." On the immediately succeeding operations of the French under Bonaparte in Italy, Las Cases is only able to give us the fragments of a chapter. For immediate information on the subject of the Italian campaign of 1797, we refer the reader to that part of the Memoirs which is entitled Vol. I. of the Historical Miscellanies dictated to Count Montholon. Napoleon, according to Las Cases, declared, that he had returned from the campaigns of Italy with but 300,000 francs in his possession. "I might have easily," he said, "carried off ten or twelve millions. I expected on my return to receive some great national reward. Chambord was to have been given me, but the Directory set aside the idea. I had, however, transmitted to France at least fifty millions of francs for the service of the State."

The Expedition to Egypt is fully treated of in the first volume of Napoleon's Historical Miscellanies. Las Cases also enters upon the subject, and, we think, completely sets at rest the question about Napoleon's having either poisoned, or proposed to poison, the sick at Jaffa.

"The most absurd details, the most improbable circumstances, the most ridiculous episodes were invented, to give a colouring to this first falsehood. The story was circulated through Europe; malevolence seized it, and exaggerated its enormity: it was published in every newspaper; recorded in every book: and thenceforward was looked upon as an established fact:—indignation was at its height, and clamour universal. It would have been vain to reason, or to attempt to stem the torrent, or to shew that no proofs of the fact had been adduced, and that the story contradicted itself. It would have been vain to bring forward opposite and incontrovertible evidence—the evidence of those very medical men who were said to have administered, or to have refused to administer, the poison. It would have been vain to expose the unreasonableness of accusing of inhumanity the man, who, but a short time before, had immortalized the hospitals of Jaffa by an act of the sublimest heroism; risking his own safety by solemnly touching the troops infected with the plague, to deceive and soothe the imaginations of the sick men. In vain might it have been urged that the idea of such a crime could not be affixed on him, who, when consulted by the medical officers as to the expediency of burning or merely washing the clothes worn by the invalids, and being reminded of the enormous loss attendant on the former measure, replied:—'Gentlemen, I came here to fix the attention and to recall the interests of Europe to the centre of the ancient world, and not with the view of amassing wealth.' In vain would it have been shewn that there could be no object, no motive whatever for this supposed crime. Had the French General any reason to suspect a design for corrupting his invalids and converting them into reinforcements against himself? Did he hope that this barbarous act would completely rid him of the infection? He might have effected that object equally well by leaving his invalids to be overtaken by the enemy's troops, which would moreover have been the means of spreading the contagion among the latter. It would have been vain to shew that an unfeeling and selfish chief might have freed himself from all embarrassment by merely leaving the unfortunate men behind him: they would have been massacred, it is true; but no one would ever have thought of addressing a reproach to him.

"These and every other argument would have been vain and useless, so powerful and infallible are the effects of falsehood and declamation when the passions of mankind are interested in their propagation. The imaginary crime was repeated by every mouth, was engraven on every heart, and to the common mass of mankind it will, perhaps, for ever continue a positive and incontrovertible fact.

"A circumstance, which will not a little surprise those who have yet to learn how little credit is due to public report, and which will also serve to shew the errors that may creep into history, is that Marshal Bertrand, who was himself with the army in Egypt, (though certainly in a rank which did not enable him to come into immediate contact with the General-in-chief) firmly believed, up to the period of his residence at St. Helena, the story of poison having been administered to sixty invalids. The report was circulated and believed even in our army; therefore, what answer could be given to those who triumphantly asserted, 'It is a fact, I assure you, I have it from officers who served in the French army at the time'? Nevertheless, the whole story is false. I have collected the following facts from the highest source, from the mouth of Napoleon himself.

"1st. That the invalids in question who were infected with the plague, amounted, according to the report made to the General-in-chief, only to *seven* in number.

"2d. That it was not the General-in-chief, but a professional man, who, at the moment of the crisis, proposed the administering of opium.

"3d. That opium was not administered to a single individual.

"4th That the retreat having been effected slowly, a rear-guard was left behind in Jaffa for three days.

"5th. That on the departure of the rear-guard, the invalids were all dead, except one or two, who must have fallen into the hands of the English.

"N. B. Since my return to Paris. having had opportunities of conversing with those whose situation and profession naturally rendered them the first actors in the scene—those whose testimony must be considered as official and authentic, I have had the curiosity to enquire into the most minute details, and the following is the result of my enquiries:—

"'The invalids under the care of the Surgeon-in-chief, that is to say, the wounded, were all, without exception, removed, with the help of the horses belonging to the staff, not excepting even those of the General-in-chief, who proceeded for a considerable distance on foot, like the rest of the army. These, therefore, are quite out of the question.

"'With regard to the rest of the invalids, about twenty in number, who were under the care of the Physician-in chief, and who were in an absolutely desperate condition, totally unfit to be removed, while the enemy was advancing, it is very true that Napoleon asked the Physician-in-chief whether it would not be an act of humanity to administer opium to them. It is also true that the physician replied, his business was to cure, and not to kill; an answer which, as it seems to have reference to an order rather than to a subject of discussion, has, perhaps, furnished a basis on which slander and falsehood might invent and propagate the fabrication which has since been circulated on this subject.

"'Finally, the details which I have been able to collect, afford me the following incontestable results:—

"'1st. That no order was given for the administering of opium to the sick.

"'2d. That there was not at the period in question, in the medicine chest of the army, a single grain of opium for the use of the sick.

"'3d. That even had the order been given, and had there been a supply of opium, temporary and local circumstances, which it would be tedious to enumerate here, would have rendered its execution impossible.

"'The following circumstances have probably helped to occasion, and may, perhaps, in some degree excuse, the mistake of those who have obstinately maintained the truth of the contrary facts. Some of our wounded men, who had been put on board ship, fell into the hands of the English. We had been short of medicines of all kinds in the camp, and we had supplied the deficiency by compositions formed from indigenous trees and plants. The ptisans and other medicines had a horrible taste and appearance. The prisoners, either for the purpose of exciting pity, or from having heard of the opium story, which the nature of the medicines might incline them to believe, told the English that they had miraculously escaped death, having had poison administered to them by their medical officers.' So much for the invalids under the care of the Surgeon-in-chief.

"Now for the others.—'The army unfortunately had, as Apothecary-in-chief, a wretch who had been allowed the use of five camels to convey from Cairo the quantity of medicines necessary for the expedition. This man was base enough to supply himself on his own account, instead of medicines, with sugar, coffee, wine, and other provisions, which he afterwards sold at an enormous profit. On the discovery of the fraud, the indignation of the General-in-chief was without bounds, and the offender was condemned to be shot; but all the medical officers, who were so distinguished for their courage, and whose attentive care had rendered them so dear to the army, implored his pardon, alleging that the honour of the whole body would be compromised by his punishment; and thus the culprit escaped. Some time after, when the English took possession of Cairo, this man joined them, and made common cause with them; but, having attempted to renew some of his old offences, he was condemned to be hanged, and again escaped by slandering the General-in-chief Bonaparte, of whom he invented a multitude of horrible stories, and by representing himself as the identical person who had, by the General's orders, ad-

ministered opium to the soldiers infected with the plague. His pardon was the condition and the reward of his calumnies. This was doubtless the first source whence the story was derived, by those who were not induced to propagate it from malevolent motives.

"Time has, however, fully exposed this absurd calumny, as well as many others which have been applied in the same direction, and that with so great a rapidity, that, on revising my manuscript, I have been surprised at the importance I have attached to the refutation of a charge which no one would now dare to maintain. Still, I thought it best to preserve what I had written, as a testimony of the impression of the moment: and if I have now added some farther details, it is because they happened to lie within my reach, and I thought it important to record them as historical facts.'"

During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, it is well known how much France missed his military genius, and with what rapturous acclamations he was hailed on his return. No one who recollected the sensation produced by his sudden appearance at Frejus, like a spirit welcomed from another world, could be surprised at the celerity and triumph of his subsequent career on his return from Elba. His resumption of power at the former period, was altogether the more wonderful event of the two. He was at the former period still a young man. France, no doubt, required a stronger and regenerated government; but still it required unparalleled boldness, and a popularity among a nation of thirty millions, which not more than one or two individuals have ever obtained in the whole history of the world, to seize on the helm of authority. Though France was divided by factions, yet she still had men of pre-eminent talents either at the head of powerful parties, or singly sufficient to have trampled down any ordinary usurper who should have dared to attempt suppressing party spirit. There was Rœderer, eloquent and trusted for patriotism. There were Barras and Fouché, who had each great influence. There were, besides, a host of formidable politicians— Talleyrand, who alone had sagacity to have guided a kingdom in ordinary circumstances. There were Moreau, Bernadotte, Augereau, and others of high military name; and there was Sieyes, the cunning and reserved, whose talents were so esteemed by Mirabeau, that in a debate on a great subject, he once declared the silence of Sieyes to be a national calamity. It is quite obvious, however, that all these men, who in other circumstances would have been primary combatants for supreme power, dimmed their ineffectual ray, and bowed their heads, to the influence of Bonaparte, from the moment it was supposed that a change in the government was to be expected. He met with them separately; he heard their proposals; he committed himself to none of them. If he could be said to join any thing like a party, it was that of Sieyes; but until the moment that he was ready to strike the blow of usurpation, he kept them all in suspense, till he called them together on the 18th Brumaire, and produced one of the most important revolutions recorded in history. His influence over those around him seemed equally electric and irresistible, whether it put in motion the metaphysics of Sieyes, or the drumsticks that beat the charge on the Council of Five Hundred.

Thus far our limits have permitted only to glance in a desultory manner at the events and characters which are illustrated in these Memoirs. For want of room we must defer our farther consideration of them to a subsequent Number.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.

NO. II.

The Marquis of Stafford's at Cleveland House.

The present paper will be devoted to the above inestimable collection, which forms, upon the whole, perhaps the richest private Gallery in Europe. On entering the handsome hall of Cleveland House, and mounting a short flight of stairs, we find ourselves in the midst of a noble suite of apartments, partly lighted from above, supported by columns, and in every respect admirably adapted for the purpose to which they are chiefly applied.

Before proceeding to notice the principal objects in detail, it may be not amiss to take a general glance at the different departments of this distinguished collection. The grand centre apartment (which is the first you enter) is entirely filled with works of the Italian school—chiefly by the Carracci and Raffaelle. At one end of this apartment, to the left of the entrance, is another large room containing four exquisite Claudes, a few portraits by Titian, and a rich treasury of smaller gems of the cabinet size, and chiefly of the Italian school. To the right of this room is a small ante-room, leading to another large apartment containing two splendid Titians, and a few other large Italian pictures. The small ante-room also contains a few which are among the most exquisite in the collection; particularly a Venus rising from the sea, by Titian. Passing to the opposite end of the centre gallery, we enter a small apartment containing a series of seven grand pictures by Nicolo Poussin, on scripture subjects; and then reach the Flemish department of this collection. There we find a grand Rubens, two almost unrivalled Teniers, Ostades in a rich abundance, some admirable sea-pieces by Vandervelde and Backhuysen, numerous exquisite landscapes by Cuyp, Both, Berghem, Wynants, Wouvermans, &c.* some portraits by Rembrandt, and one of his inimitable cabinet works; in short, a choice and finished selection from the most admired masters of the Flemish and Dutch schools.

Let us now return to the Italian department; beginning our observations in the grand centre gallery—to me the chief point of attraction, if it were only in virtue of three pictures which it contains—I had almost said, *one* alone: I mean the Raffaelles. Numbers 9,* 10, and 46, are, taken as a whole, and with reference to the manner in which they bear upon and illustrate each other, the most valuable and interesting specimens I have ever seen of the easel pictures of this master. The largest of them (No. 9) is a Holy Family, painted in his first manner, the outlines being somewhat dry and hard; but expression (which was the intuitive attribute of this divine painter, and the characteristic of all his works from the first moment that he became one) breathes from every part of this picture, and seems to emanate and stand out from it, like a halo. The mother, without being what is called beautiful, is a model of eloquent sweetness, and quiet majesty. Her profile is turned to the spectator, and she is holding (in her *hand*, not her arms) the infant Saviour, who is springing forward to take some flowers from the hand of Joseph. The child seems, as it were, to float on the air—being sup-

* The numbers refer to corresponding ones attached to the pictures.

ported only by one hand of the mother, and by a light drapery which passes round its body, and also round her neck,—she having one finger twisted in it, to keep it from slipping. The child, for sweet intensity of expression, is a counterpart of the mother; and the picture is altogether a treasure of grace, elegance, and beauty—that beauty which springs from, if indeed it be not identical with, truth. There is a very curious story attached to this picture, which I the rather relate, because I believe it is not generally known, and has not appeared in print at all. The picture, before it came into the possession of the Duke of Orleans (from whose gallery it was purchased by the late Duke of Bridgewater) had, in consequence of a death, become the *joint* property of two persons; who, not being able to agree about either the sale or the possession of it, actually came to the determination of *dividing it between them*; and the picture was cut in half accordingly! On a minute inspection, the join may be traced, passing from the bottom of the picture right through the body of the child, and close to the forehead of the Virgin; which, however, it has fortunately left untouched. This is a fact as truly *french* as can well be conceived. Unlike the story which gave rise to the Judgment of Solomon, I am afraid *neither* of the parties in this case had a sincere and natural love for the object of their so obstinate claim, or they would rather have lost it for ever, than seen it thus sacrificed. However, it so happens that the work was susceptible of repair, without any injury to its general character; and it has thus acquired an adventitious interest and value, which it would not otherwise have possessed.

The next of these Raffaelle's which I shall notice is No. 16, hanging to the left of the foregoing, and in contact with it. It is delightful to see these two lovely works together, and they should never have been separated,—so sweetly do they set off and illustrate each other. This is a Virgin and Child only, and in a style that may, perhaps be considered as at a medium distance between his first and his very finest. But what is remarkable, the virgin and child, in each picture, are the same faces. Though a considerable interval must have elapsed between the painting of each, they must either have been copied from the same model, or the second must have been copied from the first—for no *ideal* in the painter's mind, however vivid and distinct it might have been, could have enabled him to paint, at distant times, two faces at once so highly characteristic, and so identically the same. It is most interesting to see these sister births of the same divine mind, after having traversed Europe separately, now met together, it is to be hoped never to part again. The taste and good feeling of the present noble possessor will probably induce him to make them *one* heir-loom in his family; so that what a happy chance has at last joined, "no man shall put asunder."

The third of these Raffaelle's (No. 10) is probably as pure and perfect a specimen as exists of his very finest manner. In fact, for elegant simplicity of composition, graceful purity and truth of design, and intense sweetness and propriety of expression, this lovely work never has been, and never can be surpassed. The picture is a small upright one, representing a Holy Family in a landscape. In the centre of the foreground is the Virgin, radiant with that delicious beauty which results almost entirely from intellectual causes, and in which mere external form has little share—the beauty of expression. She is holding the arm of the Sa-

viour, who is leaning a little forward to receive the endearments of St. John. The two children are represented of that delightful age when the mind begins to gain an ascendancy, and visibly to transfuse its influence throughout the external frame; accordingly, both are clothed in intellectual attributes appropriate to their different characters: the St. John is bending before the Saviour in an attitude of deep and adoring humility, at the same time lifting up his lips and eyes in token of intense fondness and love, the Saviour is receiving this greeting with the sweet frankness springing from a reciprocal human love, mixed with the mild majesty of a descended God. The nobility of our nature—the godhead that is within us—was never more finely depicted than in this glorious boy: it is the boyhood of him who already felt himself to be the predestined Saviour of the human race—who *felt*, but did not yet *know* himself to be so. I conceive this figure to be fully equal, in its way, to the Apollo Belvedere, and that no other but that is equal to the one before us. The St. John, if not demanding an equal degree of genius to produce it, is no less perfect: it is the living symbol of a *sentiment*, as the other is of an imagination. The Joseph is evidently intended to act a subordinate part in the scene. He has quitted the group in the foreground, and is retiring behind some trees in the left of the picture—casting back a look of reluctant delay. But there is a somewhat scowling expression in this face, which I cannot admire; and, in fact, I cannot believe that Raffaelle placed it there. It may possibly have been the effect of some repair which was rendered necessary by time or accident; though the picture is in the most perfect state that I have ever seen any by the master. I must not fail to remark, that the landscape part of this exquisite work is not unworthy the subject to which it is made subservient. The horizon (as is usual with Raffaelle) is placed very high in the picture; and there is a clearness, a harmony, and a finish about the scene, which his landscapes did not often possess. In particular, the mass of foliage on the left, behind which Joseph is seen retiring, is painted with great depth and force. Before taking a reluctant leave of this picture, I will mention a peculiarity in the colouring of the St. John. Though the children are both nearly of an age, and have been brought up under exactly similar circumstances, yet Raffaelle has given to the flesh of John a tone nearly as deep as that generally used by Poussin—a rich sunburnt tone; while he has painted the Christ in clear bright carnations. This must, perhaps, be regarded as a slight sacrifice of truth to expression and effect; which sacrifice Raffaelle did not scruple to make, when the occasion seemed (as in the present instance) to at least excuse, if not justify it. Commending to the unmingled admiration of the lovers of art, these beautiful emanations of, perhaps, the divinest mind that was ever allied to humanity, I must proceed to notice a few more of the distinguishing features of this department of the collection.

On each side, and immediately above these Raffaelles, hang three splendid specimens of the Carracci: the Descent from the Cross (11) by Ludovico, and St. Gregory with Angels (6), and Danae (7), by Annibale. The Gallery is extremely rich in the productions of these masters; but the foregoing, and the Dream of St. Catharine (25), by Ludovico Carracci, are perhaps the best. The Descent from the Cross is a fine specimen of Ludovico's vigorous design, force of expression, and solemn depth of colouring. The expressions of the Mary and of the

Dead Christ are highly wrought, without being in the least degree exaggerated; and the whole scene is deeply affecting and impressive. The foreshortening of the body of the Saviour is very natural and fine.—St. Gregory (6) by Annibale Carracci, is also in many respects a noble picture. Nothing can be finer than the air, attitude, and general character of the principal figure, who is represented in the centre of the picture, kneeling at his devotions, attended by numerous angels. He seems to kneel upon the air—to be lifted up from the earth by the mere intensity of his prayers and aspirations. But the angels are far from being treated in a corresponding manner. They have little of either delicacy of expression or elevation of character; the designing of them is neither grand nor graceful; and the colouring of the whole of this part of the scene is heavy, monotonous, and singular, without having that supernatural air which is evidently wished to be conveyed by it; it is *un*-natural, without being *super*-natural. This is unquestionably a noble picture, if it were only on account of the head and attitude of the Saint; but it is far from being a faultless one.—The Danae (7), by the same master, is worthy of particular attention, as well on account of what it does *not* accomplish, as of what it does.

The next picture I shall notice in this room is a very singular and valuable one by Titian. It is called in the catalogue, The Three Ages (24); and in the catalogue of the Orleans Gallery, from whence it came, it was designated *La vie humaine.* I question whether either of these titles is appropriate; but I am not prepared to offer one that is more so. In fact, as a single subject, the picture is not very intelligible, unless there is some key to it of which I am not aware. To my mind the value of the work consists chiefly in the force and truth of the separate delineations and expressions, and the general harmony of the colouring—particularly of the landscape part of it, which is incomparably fine. The picture represents, in the left-hand corner, a group of infants, some sleeping and one playing; in the right, a man and woman, apparently abstracted from every thing around them, and dwelling only upon their own and each other's thoughts; and in the centre, at a distance, an aged man is seated, contemplating an emblem of death. These are the three ages—Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age. I think the sleeping infants, in this picture are the finest parts of it. Nothing can exceed the truth and delicacy of the expressions that breathe from their compressed lips and closed eyes, unless it be the exquisite purity and sweetness of the colouring. They go nearer to depict the true character of this age of human life than any thing I have ever seen, except Chantrey's sculpture. The one that is awake is no less charmingly given, and casts a light and life over this portion of the work that it would otherwise want. The pair of lovers, in the opposite corner, are the least striking and intelligible parts of the picture; they have, however, much truth and simplicity of character, without any affectation, and with little of either elegance or grace. The centre figure, Old Age, is exceedingly expressive and fine. It is altogether indistinct in finishing and design; and yet the general character and effect are perfect. Perhaps, after all, "Human Life" is the best name that has yet been, or that can be applied to this singular work; for, in this view of it, there is an air of solemn mystery shed, as it were undesignedly, over the whole, that at once stirs and perplexes the

imagination, without in any degree satisfying it. It carries us out of ourselves, as if for the purpose of shewing us ourselves; and yet places us in a scene where the forgotten Past and the unknown Future are so strangely blended together, that the Present becomes obliterated or changed, and we know not even what we are, still less what we have been or shall be. If I clearly know what *gusto* is (of which I am by no means certain, for I hold it to be a matter of sentiment entirely, altogether undefinable, and, moreover, a wholly unconscious quality on the part of the artist who is capable of exercising or producing it), it is to be found in this picture, both in the general and particular expressions, and in the colouring. The landscape part, in particular, is full of it.

In the right-hand corner of this room there is an admirable cabinet picture (26) by Domenichino, filled with rich and various character and expression, and displaying a grandeur of style that he has not surpassed in his larger works. Every part of it is finished like a miniature, and yet every part bears the spirit and the force of a happy sketch. The expression of the Saviour, sinking to the earth beneath the weight of indignities—his mere body yielding to them, but his spirit bearing up against them with a mild yet firm patience—is very fine. Among the other figures, all of which are capital, is one of an old man in a skull-cap, which is admirably natural and true.

There is a picture in this room, by Salvator Rosa, (41) which claims particular attention, on account of its being strikingly *un*characteristic of that singular artist's style. It is a landscape, with water, figures, &c. as clear and soft, as airy, graceful, and elegant, as some of Claude's; and yet it has "that within" which immediately bespeaks the hand of Salvator. It is very interesting, as well as instructive, to see a man of genius thus quitting for a moment his chosen and favourite path, and striking into a directly opposite one. This has scarcely ever been done without at once aggrandising our notions of genius, and extending our insight into art. Though this work is, in its general style and detail, altogether different from Salvator's, yet it is such a one as none but himself could have produced; for every part of it is instinct with that suggestive and imaginative character which no landscapes but his possessed in an equal degree.

But I must hasten from this part of the collection, or I shall linger in it till the space I am enabled to allot to the whole is exhausted. I cannot, however, quit this room without noticing one little picture, which would perhaps generally be passed over, but which seems to me to present a striking example of the truly *creative* power of genius—of its facility in falsifying the maxim of "Ex nihilo nihil fit:" I mean the Mule, by Correggio (100). The picture consists of a laden mule and two miller's men, seen in a small oblong landscape. Let the reader tax his imagination to invest a scene like this with any thing approaching to grandeur of expression:—he cannot do it; if he can even unvulgarize it (which is difficult), the utmost he can do is to make it call up pleasing associations connected with rural life. Let him now look at this curious work, and say if the artist has not thrown the spirit of his genius into every part of it, and thus invested it with an air of power and grandeur which no opposite associations can destroy. This little picture is, in fact, as evidently a work of high genius as any thing

Correggio ever painted. It is said to have been done for the sign of a little Inn, where the artist had contracted a debt that he could not otherwise pay; but I believe there is no very good proof of the authenticity of this story. The work, however, whatever may have been its origin, is most curious and interesting. It formed part of the selection from the old masters, which was exhibited at the British Gallery last season.

Passing from this central part of the Gallery to the inner rooms at the west end of it, we find ourselves first in a large square apartment, chiefly filled with the choicest cabinet gems of the Italian school, and also enriched with four exquisite Claude's—three of them about the usual size of his best pictures, and one much smaller. If this latter (39) is the most carefully and curiously finished of these, perhaps the one representing Moses and the Burning Bush (50) is the most valuable and characteristic. With the exception of the historical part, which occupies one corner only, and is one of those interpolations which Claude was either so fond of, or, what is more likely, was so often obliged to introduce, in compliment to the want of taste of the public for whom he painted—with this exception, nothing can be more elegant, tender, and delightful than the landscape before us—nothing more easy, sweet, and natural. The high tree in the centre is a model in its kind, for truth and richness of effect.—The Apulian Shepherd (43) is not so good. It is less soft, airy, and graceful, and the figures are wretched.—No. 58, the view of a Bay, with dark columns on one side and trees on the other—the sea stretching out to the horizon in the centre, and the sun shining on it—is a charming specimen of this numerous class of his works.—This last picture is surrounded by smaller gems, of the first class, for the beauty of their character and the perfection of their preservation. I can only mention a small Virgin and Child (8) by Raffaelle, exquisite for its grace, elegance, and sweetness, and not unworthy to hang near the one I have described before; a rich piece of sunny colouring, by Correggio, (No. 55); and one of Leonardo da Vinci's female heads, probably a study, but for truth, depth, and intensity, reminding me of that unrivalled head of Mona Lisa, by the same artist, now at the Louvre. In this room we also find some admirable portraits,—in particular a very spirited one by Il Morone, of a Jesuit (254), and a capital one (57) by Old Palma, of a Doge of Venice. This latter breathes forth an air of grand repose; and strongly reminds one of Raphael's noble portrait of Pope Julius II. in Mr. Angerstein's collection. There are numerous other works in this room which are well worthy particular notice and attention; but I am compelled to pass on to matter even still more attractive,—only mentioning the names of a few, and commending them to the student's especial admiration, viz. a grand stormy landscape, by Gaspar Poussin (299)—an exquisite infant Christ sleeping on his cross (36), by Guido—a small, but fine and curious specimen of Albert Durer (63)—the Vision of St. Francis (67), by A. Carracci—the same subject, by Domenichino (64)—and a fine Adoration of the Magi, by P. da Cortona (38).

Passing out of this rich cabinet of gems, through an ante-room, into another large apartment similar to the one we are leaving, we stand before two of the finest pictures in the world, in their particular class: I mean the Diana and Actæon, and the Diana and Calisto, by

Titian. As appeals to the simple sensations of the human mind, by means of the external attributes of natural objects—as rich, eloquent, and harmonious pieces of colouring—these pictures have probably never been surpassed, even by Titian himself. Certainly, in England we have nothing else that can compare with them, in this particular respect. And if it should be admitted, as perhaps it may, that it is as pieces of *colouring* alone that these works are valuable, it must be regarded as the mere *cant* of criticism to attempt to depreciate them on this account, or to pretend that they are only *partially* admirable because the design and the expression of them are not equal to the colouring. They were never intended to be so, any more than the play of Romeo and Juliet was intended to excite the same sensations as that of Hamlet was, or this latter as Macbeth. To unite the highest possible perfection of design, expression, and colouring, in one work, so that each of them shall produce the strongest effect of which it is capable, is, perhaps, physically as well as morally impossible; and it would not be desirable if it were possible. We can only enjoy fully, and to their utmost extent, one set of sensations at a time. This is the constitution of our nature; and if we attempt to alter or improve upon it, we shall at best lose in one way what we gain in another: but the chances are, that, in taxing our faculties beyond their power, we shall be losers altogether. The cup can but be full; and let it be remembered that the last drop which causes it to run over displaces considerably more than its own bulk. Applying this to the admirable works before us, if the expressions and forms of which the subjects are susceptible, had been as fine in *their* way as the colouring is in *its* way, the pictures would not have affected us so powerfully as they now do, and consequently would not have been so valuable. This is of course supposing that the perfection of expression and form is to be found elsewhere. If it were not, the case might be different; though I scarcely think it would. I do not deny that the beauty of expression is of a higher kind than that of colouring: but I doubt whether, in a grand work consisting of various parts, (like these in question) the highest degree of the two kinds of beauty can be advantageously united. What but this doubt, or a certainty on the subject, prevented Titian from uniting them? For that he was capable of so doing, few will deny who are acquainted with his best works. What is the Pietro Martire but one piece of expression—not only in the faces and forms, but in the clouds, the trees, the very stones of the ground? What can be finer in the way of expression, what more intense and poetical, than some parts of those admirable works forming what is called the Titian Room, at Blenheim? What are his portraits, but expression itself? I cannot doubt that Titian expected and intended the predominant effect of these pictures to arise from their colouring, just as he intended expression to be the chief ingredient in the Pietro Martire; and he constructed the different works accordingly. The one moves and delights us on the same principle that a finely acted tragedy does, and the others affect us nearly as a splendid autumn sunset does; and if the one set of impressions are more valuable than the other, it is simply because they are more permanent. In fact, their want of permanence is the chief characteristic of those impressions which appeal to the senses alone,—as those arising from colours do. But I am far from admitting

that this evanescence diminishes their value. It is absolutely impossible to *remember* the smell of a rose, or the sound of an Æolian harp; but do we not long for these, and recur to them more than we should otherwise do, on that very account? For my own part, I declare, that though I am able, generally speaking, to recall at will any picture I have once seen that made a great impression on me, and can see it as vividly and distinctly as if it were actually before me, yet of these pictures by Titian, which I stood gazing on for an hour last week, now that I am absent from them I have no more recollection as to their details than if I had never seen them: I do not even recollect the attitude of a single figure, except the principal one in each picture,—and this probably on account of these particular figures being chiefly remarkable for their expression, and *not* their colouring. And yet I never saw any pictures that I have so strong a desire to see again and again. I feel that this subject is susceptible of a very clear and interesting developement; but I dare not trust myself to go farther into it here, or I shall exhaust my space before I have noticed half the first-rate works in this princely collection. I must therefore take leave of these two charming pictures, by recommending them to the admiration of the lover of Art, and the study of the artist, as two of the most rich, glowing, mellow, and harmonious pieces of colouring that ever proceeded from the pencil.—There are two other very fine pictures in this room, which are worthy of a much more detailed notice than I can afford them: these are, the Woman taken in Adultery, by Pordenone, and a Holy Family, in a fine landscape, by Old Palma.

Returning to the small ante-room through which we passed into this chamber, we find a few works of very singular, and indeed first-rate excellence. Let those who doubt the power of Titian to mix the highest degree of expression with the highest perfection of colouring, when it suited his views so to do, look at the Venus rising from the Sea (94). It is a most exquisite picture, possessing that wonderful truth in the expression of the flesh, which no one else but him ever gave in an equal degree. The character, too, of the whole figure, floating and undulating in every part, like the element of which it is born, is altogether delightful and appropriate.—Underneath this picture hangs an admirable example of Vandyke's portraits (189), as fresh and blooming in colour and as free in touch as Rubens, but with more truth and firmness, as well as more delicacy and nature.

To the right of the last picture, a little above, hangs a delightful head by Guido (28). It is a Madonna—full of a sweet divinity, added to a graceful yet touching air of humanity, which are to be found united in but few works from any other hand than his. Guido's Madonnas are unlike all other heads that we see, either actual or ideal; and the character they represent requires that this should be the case. They blend natural and supernatural attributes, the looks of heaven and of earth, so delicately together, that while both are apparent, neither predominates; or rather, both are so distinguished that we may make either predominate, just as the mood in which we contemplate them requires. There is a great deal of talk about "ideal beauty," but with very little meaning in it. Perhaps the beautiful Madonnas of Guido have more of the "ideal" in them than any thing else in Art—more of something that belongs not to the earth—more of "the light

that never was on sea or land." And this is the only kind of beauty that claims the name of ideal.—One of the most curious and elaborate pictures in this collection is the Last Judgment, by L. Bassano, (86) also in this room. Among the innumerable figures which this small picture contains, many are understood to be portraits, which are assigned places in the scene corresponding with the estimation in which they were held by the painter. Though not without gross faults in the design and detail of many parts of it, this is a work of very great merit, considering the extraordinary difficulties that have been overcome in it. The upper part of the picture, in particular, is very finely managed.—The last work I shall notice in the Italian portion of this collection is is most charming one by Parmegiano, Cupid cutting his Bow (16). It is in a small inner-room, or passage, leading out of the centre gallery. For airy grace, and rich and harmonious sweetness, both of expression and colouring, this picture might have been painted by Correggio: but there is a lofty freedom of manner, and a decision of outline, together with an antique and poetical character, which Correggio was apt to sacrifice to something less poetical perhaps, if not less imaginative. Nothing was ever more deliciously bland and captivating than the air and attitude of this lovely boy. There are two antique statues, now in the British Museum, each of which in a striking degree resembles this picture in attitude and expression, and in the age of the Cupid. Each is a single figure of Cupid bending his bow; and one or other of them had probably been seen by Parmegiano before he painted this work. It evidently became a favourite subject with him; for there are several repetitions of it in different galleries of Europe. The two heads which are introduced at the bottom of the picture, of a laughing and a weeping child, are, in my estimation, any thing but an improvement to the picture. They disturb that unity of effect which results from the principal figure when looked at by itself.

At the east end of the central department of the Gallery is a room containing the celebrated series of the Seven Sacraments, by Nicolo Poussin, from the Orleans Gallery. These are unquestionably a very valuable and complete set of pictures; but it was not by painting such pictures as these that Poussin acquired and deserved that reputation which places him among the first of the old masters, in the first class of Art. If we forget that Poussin belonged to the French school, it is in virtue of his Deluge, at the Louvre, his Education of Bacchus, at Dulwich, his Bacchanalian Scene, at Mr. Angerstein's, his Orion, &c. These proclaim him a great painter; while those before us, as well as many others of the same class that I have seen, only bespeak him a painter of great pictures. I do not by any means desire to depreciate the larger works of Poussin; of which these perhaps offer some of the very best specimens extant. But I think that he should never have painted large works at all. His genius required confinement, and seemed to delight in it, both with respect to size and subject. He had so trained it to tread in the steps of the antique, that it felt at home no where else; he had so accustomed it to move in fetters, that it could move in them with more ease and grace, as well as more spirit, than when free. Give Poussin a simple subject requiring a unity of effect, a very limited number of figures, and a small space, and he could do wonders; but give him an acre of canvass, a crowd of figures, and a

subject at once complicated and common-place, and he was but a better sort of common-place painter. His Moses striking the Rock, which I neglected to notice, in the grand centre gallery, is much finer than either of these, both in colouring and expression. There are, indeed, some very admirable parts in it, particularly a child that seems to be drinking with its *mind* as well as its mouth.

We now arrive at the Dutch and Flemish department of the Gallery. The most conspicuous object here is one of Rubens's grand allegorical works, Peace and War (137). A distinguished living critic, speaking of Spenser, at once answers and deprecates all objections to allegory, by saying, "If we do not meddle with the allegory, it will not meddle with us."* Applying this to Rubens's pictures, (and it is at all events as applicable in the one case as the other,) nothing more can be said. If we are not to meddle with the allegory of the work before us, there is no denying that it is a vigorous and spirited representation of certain human and other forms, and a gorgeous, glowing, and harmonious mass of colouring. Moreover it includes portraits of the painter and his family; which, to be sure, "do not meddle with us" any more than the allegory,—otherwise we might fairly take exception at their too frequent occurrence under similar circumstances. The two grand works by this master, which I had occasion to notice last month, and the one now before us, have each contained portraits of the painter, and two or three of his wives and children. This is, perhaps, "something too much," even in Sir Peter Paul Rubens; in almost any one else it had been a mere impertinence.—The two principal Teniers in this collection (198 and 182) are worthy of all admiration, whether for their infinite variety and truth of character, their exquisite freedom and spirit of touch, or their unrivalled clearness of colouring.—The Ostades are also peculiarly choice and fine. I can only refer generally to the rich cluster of them that hangs on the right-hand side of the largest room belonging to this department. Among these, the Courtship (179) is perhaps the best.

In the Landscape department of this school we meet with some delicious pieces, each of them full of the peculiar manner of its author; for all the Flemish landscape-painters are mannerists—except, perhaps, Hobbima, whose manner is that of Nature alone. As I have already occupied more than the space that can usually be devoted to these papers, I am compelled to defer my notice of the characteristics of this class of painters till a future number. In the mean time I must content myself with pointing out a few specimens of their respective styles. Cuyp's large picture (142), the Landing of Prince Maurice at Dort, is a singular example of this artist's power of steeping his scenes in sunshine. There are several others by Cuyp, in two or three of his different styles; but I think not one of his very first-rate pictures. By Both here are several most exquisite works, in his sweetest and richest manner; but most of them are small. I ought not to particularize any of these; for they are all delightful. By P. Wouvermans we have several rich gems. Nothing can be more charming in their way than 226, 227, and 228: the last, in particular, is a most sweet composition, as sweetly coloured.

Here are several of Wynants' best works: in particular four hang-

* Hazlitt's Lectures on the Literature of the age of Elizabeth.

ing nearly together (213, 215, 217, 219). The landscape with tower, figures, &c. (217) is very rich in all the qualities of his style. Here is also one most exquisite picture by Berghem—the best that I remember to have seen; combining the warmth of Both, and the brightness of Wynants, with all his own sharpness and sweetness. Hobbima has but two pictures here, and those not among his best. No. 139 is, however, a very pretty little example of his purely natural manner.

Passing over silently (as I am now compelled to do), but not on that account the less admiringly, numerous other rich and valuable specimens of the Flemish school in all its departments, I shall close this paper by noticing Rembrandt's Samuel and Hannah, as it is called (193). The female head in this picture, is perhaps one of Rembrandt's most extraordinary and successful efforts in this way. It is of a miniature size, but touched with that wonderful force and spirit which is so conspicuous and effective in his larger works; and yet, whether looked at close, or at a distance, it has all the effect of a highly-finished miniature. The light (which is concentrated on the face of the old female) is put on in such a way as to make it, in a great degree, cast its own shadows—if I may so speak. The paint of which it is composed is nearly all white, but so laid on as to form of itself the wrinkles and inequalities; just as the skin and flesh do by their sinkings and risings. It is, in fact, more like a piece of delicate modelling in clay, than a smooth surface receiving all its effects from different shades and tints of colour. Though as a composition—as a piece of general effect—this picture is of course not to be compared in value with Mr. Angerstein's wonderful picture by the same artist, yet, as a single head, it is, I think, finer than any one in that work. Indeed, as a single *effect*, regarded with reference to the apparently disproportionate means used to produce it, this head may, perhaps, be looked upon as one of the finest things in painting.

I now reluctantly take leave of this noble Collection; lamenting the inadequacy of the account which my confined space, as well as abilities, have enabled me to give of it; but hoping that I may be not without some future opportunity of doing it—or, I should rather say, doing my own feelings respecting it—more justice.

SONNET.

Tal, che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole — PETR.

There is a mood, to madness near allied,
  When visions of the past—that will not rest—
  And thoughts long banish'd—feelings long supprest—
Gush on the heart, in wild o'erwhelming tide—
Objects of unforgotten hope or pride,
  The scenes we loved, the friends we valued best,
  Tumultuous thronging thick upon the breast,
Live o'er again,—and she for whom we sigh'd,
Perhaps now cold, uprises from the tomb;
  Her look—her eyes—her voice—her melting tone,
  Her bounding form—perchance from childhood known,
Revive in all their beauty—all their bloom—
Visions of bliss that faintly light the mind,
But, shifting, leave a scorching trace behind!

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. 17.

General Rules for attaining long Life.

THERE dwelt in ancient times on the Palus Mæotis, a barbarous people, called the Alani, whose god was a naked sword, which they set up in the ground and worshipped, and whose greatest glory and happiness consisted in slaughtering their fellow-creatures, and employing their skins for horse-covers. This brutal nation was, as far as I can recollect, the only one that considered it ignominious to die of old age. This maxim, nevertheless, seems to have identified itself with the character of martial nations, the members of which are anxious to die for their country; and it may be viewed in a milder light where it loses all that is rude and barbarous, and appears in the rank of real heroic virtue. It is truly absurd to regard natural death, that is to say, the only way in which men can die of old age, as ignominious: but still it is a real virtue to sacrifice one's life for the public weal; a virtue in which the ancient heroes and philosophers were great, and in which those of modern times are mostly very little. The more effeminate and luxurious a nation becomes, and the more it is depraved by indulgence and voluptuousness, so much the more it dreads death and is attached to life. In vain would you show the debauchee the lustre of immortality that must surround his name, if he sacrifice his life for his fellow-citizens and his country. To no purpose would you promise him the pure joys of heaven, and the everlasting glories on which his soul will feast itself. He would rather be utterly forgotten from the present moment, and renounce a future state altogether, than give up a single year of his voluptuous life. Between these two extremes the wise will choose a middle course. We must not hold life so lightly as to throw it away, neither ought death to appear so terrible as to make us hesitate to surrender it, when important occasions demand the sacrifice.

Such are my sentiments, though I am a physician, and a physician ought always to espouse the cause of life. The duty of a physician extends no farther than to take care that life be not lost till natural necessity or higher purposes require it. For this reason we combat the diseases which carry off men before they have attained the natural term of life; but not to render our patients immortal: just as we should pay the most assiduous attention to a sick general, without being offended if, after his recovery, he should go forth and seek honour or death in the turmoil of battle. Besides, a physician is best qualified to determine the real value of life, and to form a comparison of the advantages and inconveniencies of age, with the degree of attachment or indifference to long life, which deserves to be termed, not only a duty but a real benefit to mankind. For, how melancholy is that life, every moment of which is embittered by the fear of losing it!—and how grievous that death, which a hopeful youth draws upon himself by culpable neglect! Old age is subject to a thousand inconveniencies. It is a lingering death, which causes us to survive ourselves, and deprives the world of the melancholy pleasure of tenderly deploring our loss. The death of one, who, in his best years, sacrifices himself for the State, is a peal of thunder that shakes all who hear it: and how grateful to his spirit must be the heart-felt sorrows of all on his account! It is evident

from the expressions of Horace that he prefeired the early death of Achilles, far above the melancholy immortality conferred by Aurora on Tithonus:

> Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
> Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.

I am well aware, however, that all this imposes on no man the obligation to die a moment sooner than his destiny calls him, and that an old man ought not to grieve because he survives those who would have done him the honour to deplore his early end. So right and proper as I esteem it in every one, not to set too high a value on life, and not to fear death; so little can I find fault with him who is solicitous to attain advanced age, even though he has but little honour and enjoyment to expect from it: for one of the first laws of nature enjoins the love and preservation of life; and it is the interest of the State itself that men should not be too careless on this point. The enemies of religion are frequently told, that no power on earth would be strong enough to restrain the wicked without the fear of a future state, which is promised by religion. In like manner we may argue in opposition to those who preach up the contempt of life, that not one individual in the world would enjoy more peace and safety, if the wicked had not some regard for their lives and some horror of death. I can therefore have no scruple to show my readers the way to attain longevity, without in any manner injuring either themselves or the State. I am not an apostle of voluptuousness; I desire of my readers nothing more, than that life shall be dear and death not terrible to them. I shall now tell them how they must act to preserve life as long as possible, without falling into the absurdities of the alchemists, to which I shall presently advert.

The way to long life is, like that to everlasting happiness, arduous and difficult. There are many rules that are disagreeable, to be observed; and these even it is useless to observe, unless a person be descended from healthy parents and have brought into the world with him a sound constitution. I will suppose that this is the case; and then the first care of him who desires to attain old age must be, in early youth not to waste or exhaust his energies in any way whatever. With this view he must avoid too severe bodily exertion, by which he will either bring on himself infirmities or premature age. I can never see but with pain, how the common people keep young children to laborious employments to which their strength is inadequate. Young colts are spared and not set to work till they have attained a certain age, when their strength is proportionate to the labour required of them; because their owners know from experience that they are spoiled, and become prematurely old and unserviceable, unless this indulgence be allowed them. It is most unreasonable that we should spare children less than horses; for though they are not so dear as those animals, yet they are of far greater importance to the State; and parents ought not to forget, that their children are part of themselves though existing independently of them, and that it is therefore their duty to be as tender of them as of their own persons.

All too lively sensations, the too free use of the senses, violent passions, excesses of every kind, by whatever name they may be called, severe exertion of the mental faculties, assiduous study, deep medita-

tion, and nocturnal vigils, consume the vital spirits, weaken the powers, and bring on premature old age. Indolence and total inactivity, either of the corporeal or mental energies, are nevertheless equally to be avoided. Bacon has well expressed this where he says—"the vital spirits must not be left to stagnate till they clog up their vessels; neither ought they to be wasted or so expended as to injure those vessels." Experience confirms incontestably the truth of this doctrine. It is proverbial, that children remarkable for precocity of intellect or acquirements die prematurely. Boerhaave knew a boy who was a miracle of erudition, but scarcely attained his fifteenth year. Another learned youth, who passed night and day in study, died in his nineteenth year without any previous illness, merely of premature age. Debauchery, not war, put an end to the life of Alexander the Great in the flower of manhood. Most of those who have exceeded the term of human longevity, were thoughtless, easy, insensible persons, who were in no hurry with the labour to which poverty doomed them, and strangers to all kinds of excesses. Such as have cultivated the sciences merely for their amusement, and opened their hearts only to the gentler passions, have in consequence attained advanced age. "Look you," says a writer of the last century, "at the old dames, who have lost all their teeth. let them relate to you their course of life, and they will tell you how merry they were in their youth: you will find that their anger dwells rather in the tongue than in the heart. These have enjoyed favourable gales, and have reached the haven where they would never have arrived either with a total calm, or with violent tempests. Whoever wishes to become old, must endeavour to resemble them in this point."

Go through the whole catalogue of excesses in pleasure, and you will find that they have precipitated their votaries into a premature grave. Boerhaave justly observed, that few who are intemperate in the use of wine, brandy, and other spiritous liquors, survive the age of fifty. With these votaries of Bacchus, the votaries of Venus proceed *pari passu;* and immediately after them come the immoderate eaters. Plato and Socrates grew old upon very frugal fare; and Maimonides, the Arabian physician, says, that it is necessary to avoid overloading the stomach with too much food: for though a person might take the most wholesome aliments, yet if he were to take too much of them, he could not remain in good health. Bread and water are an admirable diet for those who would rival Methusalem in longevity; and fasting itself is an excellent promoter of their views.

A regular way of life, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, is absolutely requisite for those who would flatter themselves with the hope of living to be old. They must live in a free, serene, and healthy air. That of high mountains is best suited to this object. In mountainous countries you meet with persons verging upon a century and a half, though living in poverty and subsisting on the coarsest fare. How much temperance in eating and drinking contributes to the attainment of old age, I shall have occasion to show hereafter by a variety of examples.

In respect to bodily exercise, I have already observed that it must be moderate, otherwise it will tend to abridge life. In this point, then, the system of life of those who wish to be old, differs a little from

that of the persons who merely desire to enjoy bodily strength and health in their best years. The object of the latter is promoted by violent exercise, for fatigues harden the body, but they also render the fibres rigid before the time, and too rapidly exhaust the vital spirits, the principle of life.

A due alternation of sleep and watching is an essential maxim for those who desire longevity. If you sleep too much, you collect a superabundance of juices; for sleep feeds the body more, if any thing, than alimentary substances. It is an indispensable rule for such as wish for long life, that they keep the body as nearly as possible of equal weight. Now, by rest it soon becomes heavier, and by fatigues it is rendered lighter. Both militate against the hope of long life.

Of the labours of the mind and of the passions I have already treated; and as to the natural evacuations, they must be constantly kept up, but on no account too strongly excited by the use of frequent or powerful medicines. "No cathartics are necessary," says Boerhaave; "for there are people of eighty who have never taken any, and yet have always kept their bodies in a proper state." The same remark applies to all artificial evacuations, to blood-letting, perspiration, and the like.

To attain advanced age, a man must enjoy uninterrupted health, for all diseases gnaw at the germ of life. If then the rules for regulating our mode of life in general enable us to avoid diseases, it follows of course, that we must observe all these rules if we would attain advanced age. It is most commonly the case, that people care too little about the future, to submit for the sake of it to the observance of so many rules: and yet there is no other way of becoming old than this. How, for instance, can a man expect to live long, if he injures the viscera, or suffers his juices to be tainted by a corruption which exposes him to a thousand dangers in his mortal pilgrimage! Boerhaave relates a remarkable instance in elucidation of this truth. A young man of a distinguished family, and of a melancholy temperament, fancied, without any cause, that the effects of youthful indiscretions were still lurking in his constitution. So strong was his conviction on this subject, that all the arguments of his physicians could not persuade him to the contrary. At length he found one—and why should he not meet with such a man?—who coincided in his opinion, and prescribed salivation. He submitted twice to this process, and after this cure of his imaginary disease, lived without ailment till his eightieth year, though none of his family had ever attained an advanced age. By this operation all the juices are cleansed, and whatever of impurity they contain is expelled from the system. Bacon first discovered that such a purification of the juices contributes greatly t longevity. He observes, that those medicines which consume all the juices of the body promote long life, if the viscera be but strong enough to concoct new and healthy juices from the new salutary aliments; otherwise, it would certainly be better to have bad juices than none at all.

Such are the most important points to be observed, by those who desire to attain an advanced age. There are few people who pursue this course, and most of those who are found there have struck into it by accident, or been driven thither by necessity. A very small number indeed voluntarily choose this way, which keeps them aloof from the gratifications and indulgences of early life. It must not, however, be

imagined, that those who continue to be the slaves of their passions, are indifferent to length of life, or have voluntarily renounced the hope of enjoying it. This is far from being the case. The more pleasure we find in life, the more ardently we desire its prolongation. No man is more unwilling to die prematurely than the debauchee; none sighs more anxiously for length of years; none feels a greater horror of death, than he who knows not how to die well, which art consists solely in the consciousness of having lived well. As, however, the direct road to life is too dull and too arduous to such a person, he seeks the means of immortality in secret things, and hopes to find it in absurdities. Helmontius flattered himself with the expectation of discovering it by extracting the *ens primum* from the cedar of Mount Lebanon; because, forsooth, as the cedar is an almost imperishable tree, its juice or spirit must contain the essence of immortality! Paracelsus sought it in the herb of lung-wort, which was said to expel all bad juices from the body. Many others, equally silly, imagined that it was possible to extract from gold a *spiritus rector*, which would be a re[illegible] for all diseases and a medium of immortality. Artephius caused a youth to be killed, and, as we are told, extracted from his blood the magnet of the human spirit, by means of which he attained a great age, and after he had become weary of life, laid himself down of his own accord in the grave, but not without taking along with him some of this volatile spirit in a bottle, to which he occasionally smells, merely to protract his life, which has now lasted upward of a thousand years. Others again have sought the means of immortality in animals; and the stag, on account of its longevity, has had the honour of being preferred by those fools, who fancied themselves possessed of the greatest wisdom. In short, there is nothing so ridiculous that has not been tried as a preservative against death; because the devisers of these experiments forgot that the human body is a machine, which, though it may have gone correctly for a long time, yet gradually decays, till at last its powers become completely exhausted. Is it, then, any wonder that not a single individual, out of all those who have invented elixirs of life and immortality, should have survived the ordinary age of man?

THE HOUR-GLASS.

(From the Latin of Amalfi.)

The dust that here, with motion true,
  In silence tells the waning hour,
Once glowed with vital heat, and knew
  The pride of honour, wealth, and power—
Was one, who, lost in pleasure's maze,
  Relentless beauty's charms admired;
He saw, but withered in the gaze,
  And in a fatal flame expired.
Still in this glass his ashes move,
  Proclaiming to each pining breast,
That he, who knows the pangs of Love,
  May never, never, hope for rest! L.

MUSICAL WIVES.

"Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantatoribus." HORACE.

OH, that unfortunate walk by the river-side! But for that ill-fated excursion I might have enjoyed connubial happiness, of which there is now, alas! but little hope. Let me not, however, be mistaken. No whiskered officer of dragoons parading the beautiful promenade at Richmond, while music melted on the waves, and the setting sun threw its glowing light through the arches of the bridge upon the wooded hill beyond, has whispered soft nonsense in my lady's ear, and so possessed my imagination with the phantasmas of the green-eyed monster. No, I speak of a water-side stroll enacted some four or five thousand years ago by the Egyptian Mercury, the Hermes Trismegistus, or "thrice illustrious," who, wandering forth to enjoy the cool breezes of evening upon the banks of the Nile, after its periodical overflowing, and gazing intently on the ascending moon, struck his foot against the shell of a tortoise which had been left by the retiring flood, and was astonished at hearing a melodious sound. Stooping down to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon, he found that the flesh having been dried and wasted by the burning sun, nothing but the nerves and cartilages remained, which being braced and contracted by the heat, had become sonorous; and the idea of a lyre instantly started into his imagination. Constructing the instrument in the form of a tortoise, he strung it with the dried sinews of dead animals:—such, according to Apollodorus, was the origin of music; and this ominous ramble of the moon-gazing "thrice illustrious" was, consequently, the source of all my conjugal infelicity.

This is the age for accomplishments; but in the education of our females it may be doubted whether they be not too openly and exclusively invested with those graces and attractions which may best qualify them for the matrimonial market—as a certain schoolmistress advertised "to get up young ladies for the India department." In music this seems more especially perceptible. Tibullus could not now exclaim, "Ah! nimium faciles aurem præbere puellæ," for a modern damsel, instead of lending her own ear, is more prone to exclaim with Antony, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me *your* ears," and sits herself down to a harpsichord to play *con amore*—for a husband. Brilliant fingers have superseded brilliant eyes; execution is performed by octaves not ogles; and hearts are literally carried by a *coup de main*. Holding a wax light instead of a torch, Hymen takes his post beside a book of canzonets;—Cupid bestriding the keys, with one foot upon a Flat, the other upon a Natural, takes a Sharp for his arrow, which he aims at the ear, not the heart, of his victim, and of course the greatest asses present the readiest and most open mark. It is painful to enroll oneself in this asinine brotherhood, yet candour obliges me to confess, that I suffered myself to be tamely caught by the auricular appendage, and led up to the hymeneal *halter*. My wife sang sweetly, played divinely, had brilliancy without noise, expression without affectation, science without pedantry, and many other things without many other things—at least every body said so. I received the congratulations of my friends, and was the happiest of men for the full period of —a whole honeymoon.

Stradella, as all the world knows, saved his life by playing a tune to

the bravos who were hired to assassinate him: but we are now become so much more musical, that I verily believe I should incur the fate which he avoided, were I even to attempt setting limits to the passion. What a dictionary of quotations should I draw down upon my devoted head! "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast"—and "The man that hath not music in his soul, &c." and a thousand others would be spouted forth against me, while I should in vain contend that I was deprecating the abuse, not the use of an art; that I might love any given pursuit without having a rage for it; and that however partial I may be to sweet voices, or sweet wines, I have no ambition to be sung to death, or smothered in a butt of malmsey. Alas! those who have ears for music have none for reason. After the first bustle of visiting, introductions, singing, playing, and admiration, I naturally concluded that we should subside into a little domestic quiet and self-possession, when I might calmly prosecute my studies, and enjoy my own fireside; but my wife's notions of enjoyment were so far from harmonizing with mine, that I found a *da capo* had commenced, and I was condemned to run through the same round of melodious misery. Since then, I have been in vain expecting a finale: "the cry is still they come;" fiddlers, singers, masters, and amateurs, besiege my house, and there is no end to my wife's parties, or my remonstrances. I find I have married a musician who perpetually reminds me of Dr. Pangloss's distinction between a concert and a consort. Accustomed to admiration, she cannot live without it, and her home becomes insipid, unless it is crowded with listeners and flatterers, and converted into an arena for display. I have no voice in my own house, because my wife has so much, and every body keeps time in it so rigorously, that I cannot find any for my own occupations. From morning to night I am distracted with harmony—my head seems to be a thoroughfare for crotchets, quavers, and semiquavers—a common sewer, into which is disgorged a perpetual stream of noise, under every possible variety which the modulation of air can produce. Even in my sleep I have a constant singing in my head; the nerves of my brain, like an Æolian harp, vibrate of themselves; and if I dream, it is of the jarring, scraping, and tuning, of ten thousand instruments.

Man has been defined, by physiologists, as a featherless biped; but I have been sometimes struck with the capricious contrast between the human and the winged subject. In peacocks, pheasants, and all the gallinaceous tribe, it is the male who is dressed out in gorgeous colours and fine feathers, while the female is as plain and unadorned as a quakeress. Singing-birds are all small, the blackbird being the largest; there is no beaked Billington; and it is the gentleman who tunes his pipe while the domestic lady sits brooding over her eggs. Mine broods over nothing but the harpsichord, and my "callow nestlings of domestic bliss" are rondos, sonatas, and canzonettas. How can I expect her to be a good housekeeper, in any sense of the word? That left hand, so conversant in thorough-bass, would you desecrate it with a roll of tradesmen's bills? those dexter fingers, such volant summoners of sound, would you condemn them to a thimble and needle, or require them to handle any keys but those of the instrument? and that voice, "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," would you have the heart to bid it scold her servants and add up accounts?—None but a Goth or a Vandal would dream of such degradations, and yet I am ashamed to confess how much

of a barbarian I am become. "The piece which your wife is about to play, is extremely difficult," said a friend the other night. "I wish to God it was impossible," was my reply; and shortly after I exclaimed, in the midst of a most complicated fugue—"sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus," to the great scandal of all the bystanders, the casting of angry glances from the performers, the holding up of forefingers, and the general exclamation of "Hush!"—My guests are fonder of music than I am; a great many walk away into another room to play cards or chat during the performance of any favourite piece, but they invariably return when it is finished, to cry "Bravo! charming! beautiful! divine!—Whose composition is that? Do *pray* oblige us with it once more."

Let none but the rich man aspire to the possession of a musical wife, for he must expect to pay for the luxury in proportion to its annoyance; a computation which renders it extravagant indeed. If ever a Congress of Sovereigns find themselves assembled in my pocket, they are presently dispersed for benefit tickets and subscription concerts. One meeting is no sooner over than another is announced; singers are never out of breath, fiddlers' arms never ache, my wife's tarantula is never cured, her fingers are never out of her harpsichord, and mine never out of my purse. The "No Song no Supper" of former days is now converted into "no Dinner no Song," for my table is beleaguered two or three times a week with a whole irruption of hungry harmonists, who commit grievous havock upon fish, flesh, and poultry, and cultivate the decanter as if they were drinking for a voice. At first I had no conception that a song could ever emerge from such a superincumbent mass of viands, deeming it as improbable an event as that the giants should upheave from beneath Mount Pelion, or that the bottom shelf of a tavern-larder should warble one of Moore's melodies. I found a malicious pleasure in believing, that even the ghost of a voice was laid, when lo!—with no other conjuration than a preliminary "Hem," these ventripotent melodists called up from the Red Sea of my port and claret, all their buried swells, shakes, and cadences, as loud, clear, and lively, as ever they existed before dinner!

But the crowning misery, the master mischief of the musico-mania, is the converting my dwelling into an opera-house or common hotel, for the benefit concert of some squalling Italian, when hundreds of utter strangers, upon the strength of their guinea tickets, stare me out of countenance in my own abode, hustling, elbowing, and pinioning me up into a corner where I can see and hear nothing, or compelling me to take my stand half-way down stairs with a cold wind blowing upon my back, and some gaping vulgarian treading upon my toes in front. This I hold to be so degrading, as well as offensive a proceeding, that I should never submit to be a personal witness of the outrage, but for certain considerations which I hardly know how to mention to "ears polite." Suffice it to say, that I find it necessary to look, as well as listen upon these occasions, for among my visitants I have had amateurs of other things than music; gentlemen, who have learned the new art of fingering, without the assistance of the chiroplast; shrewd conveyancers, who can make a transfer from a chimney piece to a pocket in a demi-semiquaver. I accuse nobody—the whole six hundred at my last invasion were, doubtless, "all honourable men," though I had not the honour of knowing them; and the phenomena

I am about to relate, are unquestionably attributable to the music. We know what magical effects it produced among the ancients—

Orpheus and old Amphion play'd
Strange tunes to entertain our sires,
Enlivening stocks and stones, 'tis said;
But then we know they had their *Lyres.*

I firmly believe that the walls of Thebes built themselves to the tune of "The Freemasons' March," and that tigers and kids, lambs and lions, raised themselves upon their hind legs and waltzed lovingly together, when Orpheus sang to Chiron; for I have witnessed enchantments in my own house, not a whit less miraculous. A small antique Apollo, that stood upon a bracket in my drawing-room, although he had but one leg, has hopped clean away, probably imagining, from the concord of sweet sounds, that he was regaining his favourite Parnassus. By what arrangement of muscles Mercury could ply the wings attached to his cap, I could never comprehend, but it is obvious that he possesses the power, for a little bronze image of that god has flown away from my chimney-piece. This, however, may be the pious abduction of some one who recognised his appropriate deity, and so bore him off in triumph. A beautiful nymph skipping has jumped from my writing-table, and eloped from the paternal roof. If the gentleman with whom she has taken refuge will return her to her disconsolate owner, he may retain the rope for his own use. Philip the Fifth of Spain fell once into such a fit of low spirits, that for several months he refused to be shaved, until the soothing sweetness of Farinelli's strains induced him to submit his chin to the razor with great cheerfulness and resolution. Well, I had a large medal of this monarch in his bearded state, which must have recognised, in some of my Italian warblers, such approximation to Farinelli's notes, that it has rolled itself away for the purpose, probably, of undergoing another capillary excision. Enquiries have been made at the barbers' and perfumers' shops in the neighbourhood, which, from their number of blocks and heads without brains, ought to know something of musical matters; but I can gain no tidings of the fugitive. An Egyptian Scarabæus in blue onyx, animated by some lively tune, not only crept from under a glass case, but crawled fairly out of my hall door at the last concert. Should any of my musical visitants have been mounted on its back, like Arion on his dolphin, and an accident have occurred from their crossing the street amid the rush of carriages, I sincerely hope the poor beetle has escaped unhurt. That a Parisian shepherdess in bisquit should take French leave of my mantelpiece, is perhaps natural, and may be attributed to love of home rather than of music; nor is it wonderful that a gold box with Thieves vinegar should abscond, for the present possessor establishes his claim to the perfume by keeping its case:—but I cannot comprehend how a verd-antique pitcher with one ear, and that one hermetically sealed, should be so fascinated as to run off with one of my melodists, and thus deprive me at once of "my friend and pitcher;" nor why so apparently phlegmatic and discreet an inmate as a silver candlestick, should become a "Fanatico per la Musica," and walk off to encounter more melting strains than those to which it was nightly subjected in the performance of its duty.

My wife remarks with great originality and shrewdness, that things cannot go without hands.—Not even harpsichords, I replied; and yet they are constantly going. However, I am a recognised amateur, and of course bound to like music, whatever effects it produces; though I confess I should be better pleased if every visitant were compelled to give a concert in return, by which arrangement our moveables might justify their name, and after performing the tour of our circle, return to their original quarters. At all events I am an inveterate amateur, and therefore I exclaim *con amore*, and with infinite bitterness—Hail to that bewitching art, which lightens our bosoms as well as our brackets, eases us of our cares and candlesticks, imperceptibly steals away our vexations and valuables, and clears at the same moment our minds and our mantelpieces! H.

AN INVOCATION.

O THOU undying Spirit of poetry!
Spirit, or nymph, or muse,—laurell'd,—bright-eyed,—
Haunter of those green regions where of old
Apollo held his court the summer long!
O by what name holy and chaste, yet warm
As suits my adoration, and not shames
Thy purity, may I invoke thee now?

Now, as I speak unto thee, the bleak winds
Of the last dying winter wail around,
And from the inner heaven the clouded moon
Is reappearing: for a time distress'd
By streaming torrents and the driving hail,
She hid her head eclipsed, sending abroad
A tremulous glance which dyed the vapour's edge
With beauty: but, behold! she comes again,
Unclouded, and serene, and like a queen
Sailing along the skies magnificent.

Great Dian! if on some orb nigh to thee,
Where spirits watch, or languish, or rejoice,
Or some still'd planet which hath earn'd its rest,
(Golden security!) a muse abide,—
Bid her arise and quit her radiant home:
And thou, far-loitering spirit, heed my song,
Whether upon the wind from star to star
Thou ridest triumphing, or art thyself
A sound,—no more; or haply some fine power
Incorporate with each living element,
And shadow'd out in human shape by man,
Fond of adoring things himself hath made,—
Whate'er thou art, essence or visible form,
I invocate thee, and by every spell
The poet knows, compel thee, if I may,
To prompt and heighten my great argument. B. C.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Poet and the Alchymist.

AUTHORS of modern date are wealthy fellows ;—
'Tis but to snip his locks they follow
Now the golden-hair'd Apollo.—
Invoking Plutus to puff up the bellows
Of inspiration, they distill
The rhimes and novels which cajole us,
Not from the Heliconian rill,
But from the waters of Pactolus.

Before this golden age of writers,
A Grub-street Garreteer existed,
One of the regular inditers
Of odes and poems to be twisted
Into encomiastic verses,
For patrons who have heavy purses.—
Besides the Bellman's rhymes, he had
Others to let, both gay and sad,
All ticketed from A to Izzard ;
And living by his wits, I need not add,
The rogue was lean as any lizard.

Like a ropemaker's were his ways;
For still one line upon another
He spun, and like his hempen brother,
Kept going backwards all his days.

Hard by his attic lived a Chymist,
Or Alchymist, who had a mighty
Faith in the Elixir Vitæ ;
And though unflatter'd by the dimmest
Glimpses of success, kept groping
And grubbing in his dark vocation,
Stupidly hoping,
To find the art of changing metals,
And guineas coin from pans and kettles,
By mystery of transmutation.

Our starving Poet took occasion
To seek this conjuror's abode,
Not with encomiastic ode,
Or laudatory dedication,
But with an offer to impart,
For twenty pounds, the secret art,
Which should procure, without the pain
Of metals, chymistry, and fire,
What he so long had sought in vain,
And gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried
To the philosopher's sanctorum,
Who, somewhat sublimized and flurried,
Out of his chemical decorum,
Crow'd, caper'd, giggled, seem'd to spurn his
Crucibles, retort, and furnace,
And cried, as he secured the door,
And carefully put to the shutter,
" Now, now, the secret I implore ;
For God's sake, speak, discover, utter !"

With grave and solemn look, the poet
Cried—" List—Oh, list ! for thus I shew it :—

Let this plain truth those ingrates strike,
Who still, though bless'd, new blessings crave,
That we may all have what we like,
Simply by liking what we have!"

The Astronomical Alderman.

The pedant or scholastikos became
The butt of all the Grecian jokes;—
With us, poor Paddy bears the blame
Of blunders made by other folks;
Though we have certain civic sages
Term'd Aldermen, who perpetrate
Bulls as legitimate and great,
As any that the classic pages
Of old Hierocles can shew,
Or Mr. Miller's, commonly call'd Joe.

One of these turtle-eating men,
Not much excelling in his spelling,
When ridicule he meant to brave,
Said he was more PH. than N.
Meaning thereby, more *phool* than *nave*,
Though they who knew our cunning Thraso,
Pronounced it flattery to say so.—
His civic brethren to express
His "double double toil and trouble,"
And bustling noisy emptiness,
Had christen'd him Sir Hubble Bubble.

This wight ventripotent was dining
Once at the Grocers' Hall, and lining
With calipee and calipash
That tomb omnivorous—his paunch,
Then on the haunch
Inflicting many a horrid gash,
When, having swallow'd six or seven
Pounds, he fell into a mood
Of such supreme beatitude
That it reminded him of Heaven,
And he began with mighty *bonhommie*
To talk astronomy.
"Sir," he exclaim'd between his bumpers,
"Copernicus and Tycho Brahe,
And all those chaps have had their day,
They've written monstrous lies, Sir,—thumpers!—
Move round the sun?—it's talking treason;
The earth stands still—it stands to reason
Round as a globe?—stuff—humbug—fable!
It's a flat sphere, like this here table,
And the sun overhangs this sphere,
Ay—just like that there chandelier."

"But," quoth his neighbour, "when the sun
From East to West his course has run,
How comes it that he shows his face
Next morning in his former place?"

"Ho! there's a pretty question truly,"
Replied our wight with an unruly
Burst of laughter and delight,
So much his triumph seem'd to please him,
'Why, blockhead, he goes back at night,
And that's the reason no one sees him."

PROJECTS AND PROJECTORS.

"Nil admirari."

THERE are few persons who are more obnoxious to general ridicule than Projectors. The world seems ever well disposed to enjoy a broad grin at the schemes, and a hearty laugh at the failures, of those who, having the sphere of their vision extended a few yards farther from their nasal organ than their prosing, plodding consociates, are enterprising enough to venture beyond the pale of tangibilities, and seek honour and renown in the boundless field of unachieved discovery.—"*That is impossible*," is a favourite phrase of the vulgar. Such folks have a microcosm of their own, which they people with realities, collected from the narrow circle of individual observation; and whether its limits are confined to a yard, or extend to a mile, they hold all without its circle to be fiction: like the islanders of whom we read, who deem their petty spot of earth to comprise the universe, and all beyond it to be sky and ocean. And yet, let me ask these sappers and miners of aerial castles,--Whose hobby-horses have done so much service to mankind? Where would have been our gas-lights and steam-engines; our navigable canals and iron railways; our machines and inventions, the magic potency of which gives wings to the winds and impetus to the waves,—binds the elements in subjection, and places the powers of nature at the disposal of man;—had that glorious spirit of research, which animates the bosoms of the speculative, been quenched by the sarcasms of ignorance? ...... The comforts, the conveniences, the elegances of life--all that gives zest to enjoyment, and charms to existence, are attributable to that spirit, which, in despite of the clamours of prejudice, and the sneers of the knowing, marches onwards with unconquerable perseverance, in full conviction of triumphant success. But for such minds, the world would have remained in its primitive barbarism: science would never have exceeded its nonage; knowledge, confined by the leaden gravity of ignorance, would never have emerged from its prison-house; the arts of civilized life would have yet been undiscovered; and that "godlike spring of action," the human intellect, would for aye have grovelled beneath the iron sway of bigotry and superstition. Out upon the heartless merriment that would crush by its ridicule the longings after hidden knowledge, which lead to such glorious results! Had man ever been content with "things as they are," plodding the same dull road with incurious satisfaction, Time would have grown grey in ignorance: deaf, blind, and stupid, he would never have raised his eyes to Heaven, to discover the glorious phenomena of the stars, nor directed them to Earth, to develope the latent treasures concealed in her bosom; the caves of ocean would have yet been unfathomed, the mysteries of the deep unexplored; and each petty aborigine, in quiescent barbarism, would have formed no wish for intercourse beyond his own paltry community. Man would have felt no care for aught but "meat, clothes, and fire:" thus remaining a fit companion for the brutes by which he was surrounded; and holding all in common with them but the profitless prerogative of speech.

Every attempter at a new discovery, however apparently or really absurd, is, in a degree, the benefactor of his species. Had the an-

cients been incited to search after the Philosopher's Stone, or the Infallible Elixir, our knowledge of chemistry, on which we now pride ourselves, would centuries back have been discovered, and the aggregate of universal amelioration, arising from the extension of knowledge, astonishingly augmented. Time has evinced the achievement of apparent impossibilities. The Marquis of Worcester was laughed at for his Century of Inventions, yet every day furnishes fresh proof of their feasibility. Who is there that does not remember the jokes and sarcasms levelled at Winsor, when he first promulgated his scheme of lighting London with gas? Yet who that indulged in thus ridiculing what he could not comprehend, does not blush at the recollection? Time, I repeat, has proved, and is ever proving, that what appears physically impossible to the narrow capacity of the million, receives that complexion merely from their ignorance of principles. It is daily controverting all our prejudices, and driving us from one strong hold of scepticism to another; reconciling apparent contradictions, compassing assumed impossibilities; and evincing the presumption of our judgment. Apparent absurdities have been so often converted into absolute matters of fact, that we should hesitate now at discouraging the well-known projects of the academicians of Lagoda, were they put forth with becoming solemnity in the form of a "Proposal." Extracting sun-beams from cucumbers, may not be altogether visionary; and as to converting saw-dust into deal-boards, an American paper, not many months ago, trumpeted forth its absolute accomplishment. Another of these Laputan speculations has also been realized,—the substitution of the spider for the silkworm. In the early part of the last century, Bon, a native of Languedoc, succeeded in weaving a pair of silk stockings and a pair of gloves from spiders' threads; and Reaumur, who was deputed by the Royal Academy of Paris to inquire into the matter, confirmed the possibility by actual experiment; though he deemed it scarcely worth the trouble, because Messieurs Spiders, being averse to association, fell to and devoured each other; so that, out of two hundred in a cell, in a little time one or two only would be found alive: added to which, two hundred and eighty of them would only equal the product of one silkworm; and it would require 663,555 spiders to produce a pound of silk.

Flesh and blood have been proved incombustible, since the challenge of the anti-pyrist to bake himself in an oven with a shoulder of mutton; men have walked on the water, and sailed in the air; and Astley's Antipodeans have shewn us, that to strut about with the head downwards is no longer a miracle. Who would ever think of "teaching the young *idea* how to *shoot*," by military manœuvres; and of drilling the human mind into the mysteries of learning by mechanical motions? Yet we see nothing wonderful in all this, now it is achieved; though, had such a project been broached in the reign of our British Solomon, the projector would have had a fair chance of being roasted for a wizard.

Though we are grown wise enough to ridicule the working of wonders by any other than natural means; though we have discarded magic and witchcraft, with all their trumpery, from our creed; there is no reason for doubting the possibility of achieving, by the operations of nature, all they were ever said to have achieved; and thus, although

I am convinced that no inhabitant of the other world, in pity to my wants, would pay me a visit to point out hidden treasure; and I can scarcely expect the luck of that Duke of Burgundy, who, whenever he dreamt of concealed riches, was sure to find them; I yet know that fortunes have been made as suddenly by the natural course of events. The lottery, for instance, though the game be a desperate one, and the chances of gaining frightfully remote, has raised many to sudden and unexpected opulence; and this is doubtless a safer and perhaps a surer method of conjuring up riches, than pulling an old house about your ears in search of buried coin, at the bidding of a spectre who appears in a vision, as was lately achieved by a notable dreamer. I should have little faith, too, in a voyage to the moon performed by magic or on the back of Mahomet's donkey; but I know that Bishop Wilkins, of theoretical notoriety, has very learnedly and scientifically evinced that such a scheme is practicable. Like a true philosopher, he has honestly stated every difficulty, and then overcome it by logical and mathematical reasoning. He proves that if a man can by any artifice or invention raise himself twenty miles above the ground, there is little doubt of his being able to reach the planet, although it is nearly 180,000 miles from the earth, because, beyond that height, the regions of air may be traversed as easily as walking on the ground! for *nihil grave est in suo loco:* there is no gravity in an object, when it is so far removed from the sphere to which it belongs as to be out of the reach of its influence. That he *can* raise himself to this attitude, he manifests by a variety of inventions, but he shortens the journey at once by proposing the plan of a brother bishop, who conceiving that swallows, cuckoos, and nightingales, take periodical voyages to the moon, thinks it would be no difficult matter to construct a machine, by which those birds might be made to convey a man thither outright at the beginning of winter, and return with him at the end of the spring! The trifling obstacles of eating, drinking, and sleeping, he readily overcomes. As to the first, he thinks it possible that a man may live upon air; thus assenting to an old Platonic theory, that there is in some part of the universe a place where men may be nourished by the air they breathe; and none more likely than the fields of ether, where they may gorge on chameleon diet to repletion. For sleeping, what pillow so soft as a cloud? "Can we desire," he asks, "a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves *firmly and safely* as in our chambers?" Here then is a well-digested plan, learnedly argued, scientifically proved, and seriously set forth; clearly shewing, that a voyage to the moon, so far from being a subject for ridicule, is a demonstrable fact. The erudite projector does not cajole his readers by promising to spirit them thither on a broomstick, or on the back of an enchanted horse. He neither has recourse to the Clavigero of Don Quixote, nor the wooden steed of the Arabian Nights; but satisfactorily proves, by geometrical, astronomical, and mathematical calculation, that the thing is practicable to whoever chooses to attempt it. Strange! that no one has yet been sufficiently enterprising to undertake so useful a journey! That neither the spirit of discovery nor of avarice, which has incited men to "tempt the dangerous deep," dive into the bowels of the earth, and explore perilous and unhealthy regions, has glowed with sufficient fervour in the bosoms of the daring, to inspirit them to such an achievement!

What beneficial results might we not expect from an intercourse between the inhabitants of the two worlds! And how pleasant to travel from one globe to the other, on the wings of the wind, exempt from the extortion of innkeepers, the dread of accidents, the attacks of robbers, and all the hazards of land and ocean; setting hunger and thirst at defiance, with an aerial table ever spread before us, at which we may banquet upon ambrosia, quaff the pure element from the clouds, and revel in the luxuriance of ether! No more need Malthus afflict himself and the world with the fearful anticipation of the earth not being large enough to hold us: the superabundant population may be *flighted off* to the lunar regions, to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with the spheres, and enter into reciprocal schemes for the mutual advantage of both planets.

I should be loth to enter a house on fire in my night-gown, with no other protection than a talisman in my pocket; and should deem a fire-bucket a better safeguard than Solomon's seal; but if the aforesaid gown had been dipped in Mr. Cook's antiphlogistic solution, and I had washed my hands and face *à la Gualdulh*, I have no doubt I should be able to march in among the burning embers with becoming confidence. Had I lived, too, in the reign of King James the First, and a lady had assured me that she could preserve a round of beef, so as to be fit for the table a century thence, I should have very piously concluded that she had dealings with the devil; and might have probably been loyal enough to denounce her for a witch; but, living as I do in the nineteenth century, I know very well that the possibility of effecting such a miracle by a chemical process has been clearly demonstrated; and scepticism vanishes before the simple evidence of truth. Matter-of-fact is rapidly triumphing over all our prejudices, serving ejectments on our disbelief, and giving us daily reason for distrusting the testimony of our senses. When we see carriages travelling without horses, and ships ploughing the ocean without sails; when we observe the union of two liquids producing the element of fire, and water frozen without the intervention of cold; when buildings are transported from one place to another without separating the materials*; we need no longer give magic alone the credit of working miracles; and may well suspend our judgment, ere we limit the sphere of possibilities. Q. Q. Q.

---

* The Journal of North Brabant for 1819, gives an account of the complete removal of a windmill, over a space of 5520 feet, effected in twelve days! No part of the enormous mass was disarranged, and even a glass filled with water, and placed in the gallery, suffered no agitation, although the mill advanced each day the distance of 460 feet A house, attached to the mill, constructed chiefly of stone, was also removed in the same manner in five days. The engineer who directed the operation was M. Homberger d'Osterwick.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. IV.

Mr. Saurin.

"But where's La-Writ?
Where's your sufficient lawyer?"
The Little French Lawyer,
BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

MR. SAURIN is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who followed the duties of his pious but humble calling in the north of Ireland. His grandfather was a French Protestant, who, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz, sought an asylum in Ireland. He is said to have belonged to the family of the celebrated preacher of his name. Mr. Saurin was educated in the University of Dublin. It does not appear that he was distinguished by any signal proficiency, either in literature or in science. A collegiate reputation is not a necessary precursor to professional success. He was called to the Bar in the year 1780. His progress was slow, and for thirteen years he remained almost unknown. Conscious of his secret merits, he was not disheartened, and employed that interval in accumulating the stores of legal knowledge. He had few qualities, indeed, which were calculated to bring him into instantaneous notice. He wrought his way with an obscure diligence, and, indeed, it was necessary that he should attain the light by a long process of exfodation. To this day, there is too frequent an exhibition of boisterous ability at the Irish Bar; but in the olden time, the qualifications of a lawyer were measured in a great degree by his powers of vociferation. Mr. Saurin was imperfectly versed in the stentorian logic which prevailed in the roar of Irish *Nisi prius*; neither had he the matchless imperturbability of front, to which the late Lord Clonmel was indebted for his brazen coronet; but his substantial deserts were sure to appear at last. If he could not fly, he had the strength and the tenacity requisite to climb. His rivals were engaged in the pursuit of political distinction and oratorical renown; all his labours, as well as his predilections, were confined to his profession. While others were indulging in legislative meditations, he was buried in the common law. An acute observer would have seen in his unostentatious assiduity the omen of a tardy but secure success. A splendid intellect will, in all likelihood, ascend to permanent eminence, but the odds of good fortune are in favour of the less conspicuous faculties. Plunket and Saurin have risen to an equality in professional distinction; but, when they both commenced their career, upon a sober calculation, the chances would have been found, I think, upon the side of the latter. Like the slow camel and the Arabian courser, both may be fitted to the desert; and, although the more aspiring and fleeter spirit may traverse in a shorter period the waste of hardships and discouragement which lies between it and success, while, with all its swiftness and alacrity, it requires an occasional relief from some external source of refreshment and of hope: yet, bearing its restoratives in itself, the more slow and persevering mind pursues its progress with an unabated constancy, and often leaves its more rapid but less enduring competitor drooping far behind, and exhausted by the labours of its desolate and arid course.

After many years of disappointment, perhaps, but not of despondency, Mr. Saurin's name began to be whispered in the Hall. The little busi-

ness with which he had been intrusted was discharged with such efficiency, that he gradually acquired a reputation for practical utility among the attorneys of the north. Many traits of the Scotch character are observable in the Presbyterian colony which was established in that part of Ireland; and their mutuality of support is among the honourable peculiarities which mark their origin from that patriotic and self-sustaining people. They may be said to advance under a testudo. It is remarked at the Irish bar, that a northern attorney seldom employs a southern advocate. Mr. Saurin, though descended from a Gallic progenitor, had, I believe, some auspicious mixture of Caledonian blood (with a French face, he has a good deal of the Scotchman in his character); and that circumstance, together with the locality of his birth, gave him claims to the patronage of the attorneys of his circuit. Those arbiters of fortune recognised his merits. It was soon perceived by these sagacious persons, that a good argument is more valuable than a flower of speech, and that the lawyer who nonsuits the plaintiff is as efficacious as the advocate who draws tears from the jury. Mr. Saurin's habits of despatch were also a signal recommendation. To this day, under the pressure of various occupancy, he is distinguished for a regularity and promptitude, which are not often to be found among the attributes of the leading members of the Irish Bar. Most, indeed, of their more eminent advocates are "illustrious diners out." It is provoking to see the fortunes of men hanging in miserable suspense upon their convivial procrastinations. Mr. Saurin still presents an exemplary contrast to these dilatory habits: and it is greatly creditable to him that he should persevere, from a sense of duty, in a practice which was originally adopted as a means of success. The first occasion on which he appears to have grown into general notice, was afforded at a contested election. At that period, which was about sixteen years after he had been called to the bar, a lawyer at an Irish election was almost a gladiator by profession; his pistols were the chief implements of reasoning to which he thought it necessary to resort. "Ratio ultima," the motto which the great Frederick caused to be engraven upon his cannon, would not have been an inappropriate designation of the conclusive arguments which were then so much in use in Hibernian dialectics. I am not aware, that Mr. Saurin was ever accounted an eminent professor in this school of logic: upon this occasion, however, he distinguished himself by qualifications very distinct from the barbarous accomplishments which bring intellect and dulness to such a disastrous level. His extensive and applicable knowledge, his dispassionate perspicuity, and minute precision, won him a concurrence of applause. He became known upon his circuit, and his fame soon after extended itself to the metropolis. His progress was as swiftly accelerated as it had previously been slow: every occasion on which he was employed furnished a new vent to his accumulated information. He was at length fairly launched; and when once detached from the heavy incumbrances in which he had been involved, he made a rapid and conspicuous way; and it was soon perceived that he could carry more sail than gilded galliots which had started upon the full flood of popularity before him. He soon passed them by, and rode at last in that security which most of them were never destined to attain.

In the year 1798, Mr. Saurin was at the head of his profession, and was not only eminent for his talents, but added to their influence the weight of a high moral estimation. The political disasters of the country furnished evidence of the high respect in which he was held by the members of his own body. The Rebellion broke out, and the genius of loyalty martialized the various classes of the community. The good citizens of Dublin were submitted to a somewhat fantastic metamorphosis: the Gilpins of the metropolis, to the delighted wonder of their wives and daughters, were travestied into scarlet, and strutted, in grim importance and ferocious security, in the uneasy accoutrements of a bloodless warfare. The love of glory became contagious, and the attorneys, solicitors, and six-clerks, felt the intense novelty of its charms. The Bar could not fail to participate in the ecstasy of patriotism: the boast of Cicero became inverted in this access of forensic soldiership, and every Drances, "loud in debate and bold in peaceful council," was suddenly transformed into a warrior. The "toged counsel" exhibited a spectacle at once ludicrous and lamentable;—Justice was stripped of her august ceremony and her reverend forms, and joining in this grand political masquerade, attired herself in the garb, and feebly imitated the aspect of Bellona. The ordinary business of the courts of law was discharged by barristers in regimentals;—the plume nodded over the green spectacle—the bag was transmuted into the cartridge-pouch—the flowing and full-bottomed wig was exchanged for the casque;—the chest, which years of study had bent into a professional stoop, was straightened in a stiff imprisonment of red;—the flexible neck, which had been stretched in the distension of vituperative harangue, was enclosed in a high and rigid collar. The disputatious and dingy features of every minute and withered sophist were swollen into an unnatural bigness and burliness of look;—the strut of the mercenary Hessian, who realized the *beau ideal* of martial ferocity, was mimicked in the slouching gait which had been acquired by years of unoccupied perambulation in the Hall;—limbs, habituated to yielding silk, were locked in buff;—the *reveillé* superseded the shrill voice of the crier—the disquisitions of pleaders were "horribly stuffed with epithets of war;"—the bayonet lay beside the pen, and the musquet was collateral to the brief. Yet, with all this innovation upon their ordinary habits, the Bar could not pass all at once into a total desuetude of their more natural tendencies, and exhibited a relapse into their professional predilections in the choice of their leader. The athletic nobleness of figure for which Mr. Magrath, for instance, is conspicuous, did not obtain their suffrages: a grenadier proportion of fame, and a physical pre-eminence of height, were not the merits which decided their preference; they chose Mr. Saurin for his intellectual stature; and in selecting a gentleman, in whom I am at a loss to discover one glance of the "*coup d'œil militaire*," and whose aspect is among the most unsoldierlike I have ever witnessed, they offered him an honourable testimony of the great esteem in which he was held by his profession. He was thus, in some degree, recognised as the head of the body to which he belonged. His conduct, as chief of the lawyer's corps, was patriotic and discreet. He manifested none of those religious antipathies by which he has been since unhappily distinguished;—he had no share, either in the infliction of, or the equivalent connivance at

that system of inquisitorial excruciation, which, on whosesoever head the guilt ought to lie, did unquestionably exist.* His hands do not smell of blood; and though a series of unhappy incident has since thrown him into the arms of the Orange faction, to which he has been rather driven by the rash rancour of his antagonists, than allured through the genuine tendencies of his nature, in that period of civil commotion he discountenanced the excesses of the party who now claim him as their own. With all his present Toryism, he appears to have been then a Whig; and the republican tinge of his opinions was brought out in the great event which succeeded the rebellion, and to which the government was aware that it would inevitably lead. If they did not kindle, they allowed the fire to rage on; and they thought, and perhaps with justice, that it would furnish a lurid light by which the rents and chasms in the ruinous and ill-constructed fabric of the Irish Legislature would be more widely exposed. To repair such a crazy and rotten building, many think, was impossible. It was necessary that it should be thrown down,—but the name of country (and there is a charm even in a name) has been buried in the fall.

The union was proposed, and Mr. Saurin threw himself into an indignant opposition to the measure, which he considered fatal to Ireland. He called the Bar together; and upon his motion, a resolution was passed by a great majority, protesting against the merging of the country in the imperial amalgamation. He was elected a member of the House of Commons, and his appearance in that profligate convention was hailed by Mr. Grattan, who set the highest value upon his accession to the national cause. Of eloquence there was already a redundant supply. Genius abounded in the ranks of the patriots—they were ardent, devoted, and inspired. Mr. Saurin reinforced them with his more Spartan qualities. Grave and sincere, regarded as a great constitutional lawyer—the peculiar representative of his own profession—a true, but unimpassioned lover of his country, and as likely to consult her permanent interests as to cherish a romantic attachment to her dignity—he rose in the House of Commons, attended with a great concurrence of impressive circumstance. He addressed himself to great principles, and took his ground upon the broad foundations of legislative right. His more splendid allies rushed among the ranks of their adversaries and dealt their sweeping invective about them; while Saurin, in an iron and somewhat rusty armour, and wielding more massive and ponderous weapons, stood like a sturdy sentinel before the gates of the constitution. Simple and elementary positions were enforced by him with a strenuous conviction of their truth. He denied the right of the legislature to alienate its sacred trust. He insisted that it would amount to a forfeiture of that estate which was derived from, and held under the people in whom the reversion must perpetually remain; that they were bound to consult the will of the majority of the nation, and that the will of that majority was the foundation of all law. Generous sentiments, uttered with honest fervency, are important constituents of eloquence; and Mr. Saurin acquired the fame of a distinguished speaker. His language was not flowing or abundant—there was no soaring in his

* Mr. Saurin, during the rebellion, has been seen to strike a drummer of his corps for wearing an orange cockade.

thought, nor majesty in his elocution; but he was clear and manly: there was a plain vigour about him. Thought started through his diction; it wanted roundness and colour, but it was muscular and strong. It was not "pinguitudine nitescens." If it were deficient in bloom and fulness, it had not a greasy and plethoric gloss, it derived advantages from the absence of decoration, for its nakedness became the simplicity of primitive truth. Mr. Saurin obtained a well-merited popularity. His efforts were strenuous and unremitted; but what could they avail? The minister had an easy task to perform:—there was, at first, a show of coyness in the prostitute venality of the majority of the House; it only required an increased ardour of solicitation, and a more fervent pressure of the "itching palm." No man understood the arts of parliamentary seduction better than Lord Castlereagh. He succeeded to the full extent of his undertaking, and raised himself to the highest point of ambition to which a subject can aspire. But those who had listened to his blandishments, found, in the emptiness of title, and in the baseness of pecuniary reward, an inadequate compensation for the loss of personal consequence which they eventually sustained. In place of the reciprocal advantages which they might have imparted and received, by spending their fortunes in the metropolis of their own country, such among them as are now exported in the capacity of representatives from Ireland are lost in utter insignificance. Instead of occupying the magnificent mansions which are now falling into decay, they are domiciliated in second stories of the lanes and alleys in the vicinity of St. Stephen's. They may be seen every evening at Bellamy's digesting their solitary meal, until "the whipper in" has aroused them to the only purpose for which their existence is recognised; or in the House itself, verifying the prophetic description of Curran, by "sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister." The case is still worse with the anomalous nobility of the Irish Peer. There is a sorry mockery in the title, which is almost a badge, as it is a product, of his disgrace. He bears it as the snail does the painted shell elaborated from its slime. His family are scarcely admitted among the aristocracy, and, when admitted, it is only to be scorned. It requires the nicest exercise of subtle stratagem, and the suppression of every feeling of pride, on the part of an Irish lady, to effect her way into the great patrician *coteries*. The scene which Miss Edgeworth has so admirably described at the saloon of the Opera-house, in which the Irish countess solicits the haughty recognition of the English duchess, is of nightly recurrence. Even great talents are not exempted from this spirit of national depreciation. Mr. Grattan himself never enjoyed the full dignity which ought, in every country, to have been an *appanage* to his genius. As to Lord Clare, he died of a broken heart. The Duke of Bedford crushed the plebeian peer with a single tread. What, then, must be the case with the inferior class of Irish senators; and how must they repine at the suicidal act with which, in their madness, they were tempted to annihilate their existence!

I have dwelt upon the results of the Union, as it affected individual importance, because Mr. Saurin appears to have been sensible of them, and to have acted upon that sense. He has never since that event set his foot upon the English shore. He was well aware that he should disappear in the modern Babylon; and with the worldly sagacity by

which he is characterised, when his country lost her national importance, he preferred to the lacqueying of the English aristocracy the enjoyment of such provincial influence as may be still obtained in Ireland. Mr. Plunket resigned the situation of attorney-general in 1807. It was offered to Mr. Saurin, who accepted it. This office is, perhaps, the most powerful in Ireland: it is attended with great patronage, emolument, and authority. The attorney-general appoints the judges of the land, and nominates to those multitudinous places with which the government has succeeded in subduing the naturally democratic tendencies of the Bar. Every measure in any way connected with the administration of justice originates with him. In England, the attorney-general is consulted upon the law. In Ireland he is almost the law itself: he not only approves, but he directs. The personal character of Mr. Saurin gave him an additional sway. He gained a great individual ascendancy over the mind of the Lord Chancellor. In the Castle Cabinet, he was almost supreme; and his authority was the more readily submitted to, as it was exercised without being displayed. He was speedily furnished with much melancholy occasion to put his power into action. The Catholic Board assumed a burlesque attitude of defiance; the press became every day more violent; the newspapers were tissues of libels, in the legal sense of the word, for they were envenomed with the most deleterious truth. Prosecutions were instituted and conducted by Mr. Saurin: an ebullition of popular resentment was the result, and reciprocal animosity was engendered out of mutual recrimination. The orators were furious upon one hand, and Mr. Saurin became enraged upon the other. His real character was disclosed in the collision. He was abused, I admit, and vilified. The foulest accusations were emptied, from their aerial abodes, by pamphleteers, upon his head. The authors of the garret discharged their vituperations upon him. It was natural that he should get into bad odour: but wedded as he was to the public interests, he should have borne these aspersions of the popular anger with a more Socratic temper; unhappily, however, he was infected by this shrewish spirit, and took to scolding. In his public speeches a weak virulence and spite were manifested, which, in such a man, was deeply to be deplored. Much of the blame ought, perhaps, to attach to those who baited him into fury; and it is not greatly to be regretted that many of them were gored and tossed in this ferocious contest. The original charges brought against him were unjust; but the vehemence with which they were retorted, as well as repelled, divested them, in some degree, of their calumnious quality, and exemplified their truth. Mr. Saurin should have recollected, that he had at one time given utterance to language nearly as intemperate himself, and had laid down the same principles with a view to a distinct application. He had harangued upon the will of the majority, and he forgot that it was constituted by the Papists. On a sudden he was converted, from a previous neutrality, into the most violent opponent of Roman Catholic emancipation. I entertain little doubt that his hostility was fully as personal as it was constitutional. There appears to be a great inconsistency between his horror of the Union and of the Catholics. They are as seven to one in the immense population of Ireland; and when they are debased by political disqualification, it can only be justified upon the ground that it promotes the interests of the Empire.

But Mr. Saurin discarded the idea of making a sacrifice of Ireland to Imperial considerations, when the benefits of the Union were pointed out. I fear, also, that he wants magnanimity and that his antipathies are influenced, in part, by his domestic recollections. His ancestors were persecuted in France, but his gratitude to the country in which they found a refuge, should have suppressed any inclination to retaliate upon the religion of the majority of its people. I shall not expatiate upon the various incidents which distinguished this period of forensic turmoil. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Saurin obtained verdicts of condemnation. But his high character and his peace of mind were affected by his ignominious success. He grew into an object of national distaste. His own personal dispositions, which are naturally kind and good, were materially deteriorated. Every man at the Bar, with liberal opinions on the Catholic question, was regarded by him with dislike. A single popular sentiment was a disqualification for place. But let me turn from the less favourable points of his character. This censure should be qualified by large commendation. His patronage was confined to his party, but it was honourably exercised. Those whom he advanced were able and honest men. The sources of justice were never vitiated by any unworthy preferences upon his part. Neither did he lavish emolument on his own family. In the list of pensioners the name of Saurin does not often bear attestation to his power. I should add to his other merits, his unaffected modesty. He has always been easy, accessible, and simple. He had none of the "morgue aristocratique," nor the least touch of official superciliousness on his brow.

Mr. Saurin, as Attorney-general, may be said to have governed Ireland for fifteen years; but, at the moment when he seemed to have taken the firmest stand upon the height of his authority, he was precipitated to the ground. The Grenvilles joined the minister. It was stipulated that Plunket should be restored to his former office. Mr. Saurin was offered the place of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which in a fit of splenetic vexation he had the folly to refuse. The new local government did not give him a moment for repentance, and he was thrown at once from the summit of his power. There was not a single intervening circumstance to break his precipitous descent, and he was stunned, if not shattered, in the fall. He might, however, have expected it; he had no political connexions to sustain him. He is married, indeed, to a sister of the Marquis of Thomond; but that alliance was a feeble obstacle to the movement of a great party. His official friends immolated him to exigency; but they would have sacrificed him to convenience. The only man in power, perhaps, who personally lamented his ill-usage, was Lord Manners; and even his Lordship was aware, for six months before, of the intended change, and never disclosed it to him in their diurnal walks to the Hall of the Four Courts. This suppression Mr. Saurin afterwards resented; but, upon a declaration from his friend that he was influenced by a regard for his feelings, they were reconciled. He did not choose to warn him, at the banquet, of the sword that he saw suspended over his head.

He is now plain Mr. Saurin again, and he bears this reverse with a great deal of apparent, and some real fortitude. When he was first deprived of his office, I watched him in the Hall. The public eye was

upon him; and the consciousness of general observation in calamity inflicts peculiar pain. The joyous alacrity of Plunket was less a matter of comment than the resigned demeanour of his fallen rival. Richard was as much gazed at as Bolingbroke. It was said by most of those who saw him, that he looked as cheerful as ever. In fact, he looked more cheerful, and that appeared to me to give evidence of the constraint which he put upon himself. There was a forced hilarity about him—he wore an alertness and vivacity, which were not made for his temperament;—his genuine smile is flexible and easy; but upon this occasion it lingered with a mechanical procrastination upon the lips, which shewed that it did not take its origin at the heart. There was also too ready a proffer of the hand to his old friends, who gave him a warm but a silent squeeze. I thought him a subject for study, and followed him into the Court of Chancery. He discharged his business with more than his accustomed diligence and skill;—but when his part was done, and he bent his head over a huge brief, the pages of which he seemed to turn without a consciousness of their contents, I have heard him heave at intervals a low sigh. When he returned again to the Hall, I have observed him in a moment of professional leisure while he was busied with his own solitary thoughts, and I could perceive a gradual languor stealing over the melancholy mirth which he had been personating before. His figure, too, was bent and depressed, as he walked back to the Court of Chancery; and before he passed through the green curtains which divide it from the Hall, I have seen him pause for an instant, and throw a look at the King's Bench. It was momentary, but too full of expression to be casual, and seemed to unite in its despondency a deep sense of the wrong which he had sustained from his friends, and the more painful injury which he had inflicted upon himself.

If Rembrandt were living in our times, he should paint a portrait of Saurin: his countenance and deportment would afford an appropriate subject to the shadowy pencil of that great artist. There should be no gradual melting of colours into each other—there should be no softness of touch, and no nice variety of hue; there should be no sky—no flowers—no drapery—no marble: but a grave and sober minded man should stand upon the canvass, with the greater proportion of his figure in opacity and shadow, and with a strong line of light breaking through a monastic window upon his corrugated brow. His countenance is less serene than tranquil; it has much deliberate consideration, but little depth or wisdom; its whole expression is peculiarly quiet and subdued. His eye is black and wily, and glitters under the mass of a rugged and shaggy eye-brow. There is a certain sweetness in its glance, somewhat at variance with the general indications of character which are conveyed in his look. His forehead is thoughtful, but neither bold nor lofty. It is furrowed by long study and recent care. There is a want of intellectual elevation in his aspect, but he has a cautious shrewdness and a discriminating perspicacity. With much affability and good-nature about the mouth; in the play of its minuter expression, a sedate and permanent vindictiveness may readily be found. His features are broad and deeply founded, but they are not blunt; without being destitute of proportion, they are not finished with delicacy or point. His dress is like his manners, perfectly plain, and

remarkable for its neat propriety. He is wholly free from vulgarity, and quite denuded of accomplishment He is of the middle size, and his frame, like his mind, is compact and well knit together. There is an intimation of slowness and suspicion in his movements, and the spirit of caution seems to regulate his gait. He has nothing of the Catilinarian walk, and it might be readily conjectured that he was not destined for a conspirator. His whole demeanour bespeaks neither dignity nor meanness. There is no fraud about him ; but there is a disguise of his emotions which borders upon guile. His passions are violent, and are rather covered than suppressed : they have little effect upon his exterior—the iron stove scarcely glows with the intensity of its internal fire. He looks altogether a worldly and sagacious man—sly, cunning, and considerate—not ungenerous, but by no means exalted—with some sentiment, and no sensibility : kind in his impulses, and warped by involuntary prejudice : gifted with the power of dissembling his own feelings, rather than of assuming the character of other men : more acute than comprehensive, and subtle than refined : a man of point and of detail : no adventurer, either in conduct or speculation : a lover of usage, and an enemy to innovation : perfectly simple and unaffected : one who can bear adversity well and prosperity still better : a little downcast in ill-fortune, and not at all supercilious in success : something of a republican by nature, but fashioned by circumstances into a tory : moral, but not pious : decent, but not devout : honourable, but not chivalrous : affectionate, but not tender : a man who could go far to serve a friend, and a good way to hurt a foe : and, take him for all in all, an useful and estimable member of society.

I have mentioned his French origin, and it is legibly expressed in his lineaments and hue. In other countries, one national physiognomy prevails through the mass of the people. In every district and in every class we meet with a single character of face. But in Ireland, the imperfect grafting of colonization is easily perceived, in the great variety of countenance which is every where to be found : the notches are easily discerned upon the original stock. The Dane of Kildare is known by his erect form, his sanded complexion, his blue and independent eye, and the fairness of his rich and flowing hair. The Spaniard in the west, shews among the dominions of Mr. Martin, his swarthy features and his black Andalusian eye. A Presbyterian church in the north, exhibits a quadrangular breadth of jaw-bone, and a shrewd sagacity of look in its calculating and moral congregation, which the best Baillie in Glasgow would not disown. Upon the southern mountain and in the morass, the wild and haggard face of the aboriginal Irishman is thrust upon the traveller, through the aperture in his habitation of mud which pays the double debt of a chimney and a door. His red and strongly curled hair, his angry and courageous eye, his short and blunted features, thrown at hazard into his countenance, and that fantastic compound of intrepidity and cunning, of daring and of treachery, of generosity and of falsehood, of fierceness and of humour, and of absurdity and genius, which is conveyed in his expression, is not inappropriately discovered in the midst of crags and bogs, and through the medium of smoke. When he descends into the city, this barbarian of art, (for he has been made so by the landlord and the law—nature never intended him to be so,) presents a singular contrast to the

high forehead, the regular features, and the pure complexion of the English settler.—To revert to Mr. Saurin, (from whom I ought not, perhaps, to have deviated so far), there is still greater distinctness, as should be the case, from their proximity to their source, in the descendants from the French Protestants who obtained an asylum in Ireland. The Huguenot is stamped upon them; I can read in their faces not only the relics of their country, but of their religion. They are not only Frenchmen in colour, but Calvinists in expression. They are serious, grave, and almost sombre, and have even a shade of fanaticism diffused over the worldliness by which they are practically characterised. Mr. Saurin is no fanatic; on the contrary, I believe that his only test of the true religion, is the law of the land. He does not belong to the "Saint party," nor is he known by the sanctimonious avidity by which that pious and rapacious body is distinguished at the Irish Bar. Still there is a touch of John Calvin upon him, and he looks the fac-simile of an old Protestant professor of logic whom I remember to have seen in one of the colleges at Nismes.

I have enlarged upon the figure and aspect of this eminent Barrister, because they intimate much of his mind. In his capacity as an advocate in a court of equity, he deserves great encomium. He is not a great case-lawyer. He is not like Serjeant Lefroy, an ambulatory index of discordant names; he is stored with knowledge: principle is not merely deposited in his memory, but inlaid and tesselated in his mind: it enters into his habitual thinking. No man is better versed in the art of putting facts: he brings with a peculiar felicity and skill the favourable parts of his client's case into prominence, and shews still greater acuteness in suppressing or glossing over whatever may be prejudicial to his interests. He invests the most hopeless, and I will even add, the most dishonest cause, with a most deceitful plausibility—and the total absence of all effort, and the ease and apparent sincerity of his manner, give him at times a superiority even to Plunket himself, who, by the energy into which he is hurried at moments by his more ardent and eloquent temperament, creates a suspicion that it must be a bad cause which requires so much display of power. In hearing the latter, you are perpetually thinking of him and his faculties; in hearing Saurin, you remember nothing but the cause—he disappears in the facts. Saurin also shews singular tact in the management of the Court. The Lord Chancellor is actually bewildered by Plunket: it his from his Lordship's premises that he argues against him; he entangles him in a net of sophistry wrought out of his own suggestion. This is not very agreeable to human vanity, and Chancellors are men. Saurin, on the other hand, accommodates himself to every view of the Court. He gently and insensibly conducts his Lordship to a conclusion—Plunket precipitates him into it at once. But Lord Manners struggles hard upon the brink, and often escapes from his grasp. In this facility of adaptation to the previous opinions and character of the judge whom he addresses, I consider Saurin as perhaps the most useful advocate in the Court of Chancery—at the same time, in reach of thought, variety of attribute, versatility of resource, and power of diction, he is far inferior to his distinguished successor in office. But Plunket is a senator and a statesman, and Saurin is a lawyer—not a mere one indeed; but the legal faculty is greatly predo-

minant in his mind. His leisure has never been dedicated to the acquisition of scientific knowledge, nor has he sought a relaxation from his severer occupations in the softness of the politer arts. His earliest tastes and predilections were always in coincidence with his profession. Free from all literary addiction, he not only did not listen to, but never heard the solicitations of the Muse. Men with the strongest passion for higher and more elegant enjoyments have frequently repressed that tendency, from a fear that it might lead them from the pursuit of more substantial objects. But it was not necessary that Mr. Saurin should stop his ears against the voice of the syren—he was born deaf to her enchantments. I believe that this was a sort of good fortune in his nature. Literary accomplishments are often of prejudice, and very seldom of any utility at the Bar. The profession itself may occasionally afford a respite from its more rigid avocations and invite of its own accord to a temporary deviation from its more dreary pursuits. There are moments in which a familiarity with the great models of eloquence and of high thinking may be converted into use. But a lawyer like Mr. Saurin will think, and wisely perhaps, that the acquisition of the embellishing faculties is seldom attended with a sufficiently frequent opportunity for their display, to compensate for the dangers of the deviation which they require from the straight-forward road to professional eminence, and will pursue his progress, like the American traveller, who, in journeying through his vast prairies, passes, without regard, the fertile landscapes which occasionally lie adjacent to his way, and never turns from his track for the sake of the rich fruits and the refreshing springs of those romantic recesses, which, however delicious they may appear, may bewilder him in a wilderness of sweets, and lead him for ever astray from the final object of his destination.

ON AN AMETHYST, PRESENTED BY LELIA.

O! beauteous are the angel-forms that rise,
In snowy marble, o'er the warrior's grave;—
And beauteously smiles ocean, when it lies
With evening's blushes tinging its calm wave.
And, far more beautiful, the meteor's flight,
Flashing around its rosy radiance, seems:—
Yet, pure as angels—calm as ocean—bright
As meteors—are this lucid gem's sweet beams.—
And can those heavenly sculptures charm, the while
We think beneath them lie the cankering dead?
Or can we trust that tranquil ocean's smile?
Or love the meteor-light, so quickly fled?
All are illusive!—and art thou like them,
Pure, smiling, radiant Lelia?—no; thou art the gem! C. I.

ANTIQUITY AND POSTERITY.

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.
SHAKSPEARE.

I INTENDED to have addressed this essay to Posterity, but I recollected the sarcasm levelled against the French author who dedicated an ode to the same personage—that it would never reach its destination; besides, I may enquire with the Irishman, "What has Posterity ever done for us?" and why should we throw away good advice, which will be probably unheard by the party for whom it is intended, and will be certainly unmerited? As to Antiquity—the stream of time is the only one that cannot be navigated both ways; there is no steam-boat that can work against wind and tide, and carry a passenger or a letter back to the fountain-head of events, or even to the last landmark that we passed in our voyage to the great ocean of Eternity. To say the truth, I have no respect whatever for that solemn bugbear, that shadowy quack, yclept Antiquity, whom I have always contemplated as a very grave impostor and reverend humbug (begging pardon for such a conjunction of phrases): and as to the good old times, of which every body talks so much and knows so little, which, like the horizon, keep flying farther backwards as we attempt to approach them, I suspect that if we could once pounce upon them and subject them to our inspection, we should find them to be the very worst times possible. The golden age is as much a fable as the golden fleece, or, if reducible to some rude elements of truth, they would not be much more magnificent than the celebrated Argonautic prize, which, divested of its poetical embellishments, was nothing more than an old sheepskin stretched across the river Phasis, to catch the particles of ore rolled down by its waters. This cant is regularly transmitted from generation to generation, and may be traced back to the revival of literature*; so that if there be any truth in the tradition, this past millennium must have flourished in the dark ages, and have expired without leaving a record of its existence. It is flattering to human pride to indulge in reveries of former happiness and perfection, because they infer a probability of their future recurrence; hence it is, that, not content with assigning a higher moral stature to our ancestors, we cling to the belief of their gigantic proportions, despite of the evidence of history, of skeletons, and of Egyptians embalmed many centuries before our æra, who must have been a very diminutive race, unless they have shrunk terribly in the pickling.

Bacon has exposed the egregious mistake, which, by confounding the world's duration with the successions of men, induces us to call those the old times in which the oldest writers and legislators flourished, and leads us by analogy to attribute to the world's infancy and inexperience that reverence which we properly feel for the wisdom of individual age.

* Horace bewailed the human declension of his time, and, prophesying its continuance, anticipated that his contemporaries were "mox daturos progeniem vitiosiorem." The learned Poggio, who was so instrumental in the revival of leterts, noticing the prevalence of the same conceit in his days, says,—"Nature always preserves a certain degree of motion, and it is the same in human nature. To pretend that the world is perpetually getting worse, is a declamation unsupported by any historical examination of different ages."

The times in which we live are in reality the oldest; and if mere antiquity deserve our homage, let us pay it to the existing generation, for we are the real Simon Pures, and the ancients were but the sucklings and children of the world's growth. If wisdom were occasionally ordained out of their mouths, we possess it superadded to our own, with all the experience of the intervening ages. They were the raw youngsters, and we are the true Nestors. We show deference to the matured sagacity of the man, not to the crude attempts of the schoolboy: why then are we to reverence those collections of men, who, in the pupilage of time, were deemed miracles of precocity if they advanced beyond their A B C? All our impressions upon this subject are but so many mischievous prejudices, which, if we could reduce them to action, would compel the moral world to go backward instead of forward; and we must totally reverse the usual operation of our minds, if we would render proper justice to ourselves and to Antiquity. Nothing can be more ephemeral than our individual existence; but we are the constituents of an immortal community—the deciduous leaves of an imperishable trunk; for though generations pass away, the British public is perennial. We are the identical gentlemen to whom our ancestors have made so many pathetic appeals and apostrophes under the name of Posterity; and we are moreover the worshipful personages destined to be hereafter revered, and regretted, and eulogized, under the respectable designation of "our wise Ancestors." Let us then hold up our heads, for we stand between two mighty congregations, the past and the future, and our measure remains to be fairly taken. Whatever we contribute to the general stock of wisdom, we shall bequeath in addition to that which we have inherited; and if we are disposed to pride ourselves on the possession of a greater store than was enjoyed by our ancestors, we may learn humility from reflecting, that our successors will in the same proportion be still richer than ourselves. We have only, therefore, to assign to Posterity that gravity, and experience, and wisdom, which we ignorantly impute to the raw, boyish simpleton, Antiquity, and the two candidates for our favour will receive the fair award of their respective merits.

But I have a terrible crow to pick with this latter personage, Signor Antiquity, as a mighty stalking-horse on which knaves and bigots invariably mount when they want to ride over the timid and the credulous. We never hear so much palaver about the time-hallowed institutions and approved wisdom of our Ancestors, as when attempts are made to remove some staring monument of their folly. Sir Matthew Hale, that great luminary of law, after having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, took occasion to sneer at the rash innovators who were then advocating a repeal of that statute; and falling on his knees, thanked God for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments handed down to us by our venerable forefathers. Bacon, who was so far beyond his age in all matters of science, was not less credulous than the weakest of his contemporaries, and published very minute directions for guarding against witches, under which imputation many scores of wretched old women were burnt in the reign of that sapient Demonologist James the First. The worthy Druids, who sacrificed human victims to their idols, were "our illustrious Ancestors;" and if required to select instances from more mo-

dern and civilized times, I would point to those of "our enlightened forefathers," who wasted their lives and fortunes in seeking the Elixir Vitæ and Philosopher's Stone—who practised torture upon suspected criminals—who believed in the efficacy of the King's touch for curing the Evil, and transmitted to us many other practices of barbarism and ignorance, which have become happily exploded, though not without great difficulty and opposition. Nay, have not we ourselves, who are fated to be the sage and revered progenitors of future canters, seen a Spanish army fighting for the restoration of the Inquisition and despotism? Have we not in our own country witnessed the existence of the Slave Trade, and heard the denunciations of its supporters against those who would subvert "the glorious institutions handed down to us?" Have we not moreover living believers in Joanna Southcote, and metallic tractors, and animal magnetism, and fortune-tellers, and the efficacy of the Sinking Fund, and the danger of Popery, and innumerable other phantasms and delusions which poor Posterity will be bound to adopt as gospel, if the seal of time is to be always acknowledged as the signet of truth?

The lawyers of all ages are generally among the blind advocates of Antiquity. As a body, I believe them to have made incalculable advances in respectability and principle since the days of James the First, who, on receiving the great seal which Bacon had been compelled to resign for his manifold corruptions, exclaimed—"Now, by my saul, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this, for as to my lawyers I think they be all knaves:"—but in expansion of intellect, in capacity for enlarged views, or perception of abstract truth, I apprehend them to be still far behind the age in which they live. Certain trades invariably injure the organ of bodily sight, and the law seems to be a profession which has a strong tendency to contract and debilitate the mental pupil. Its disciples are so accustomed to look with other people's eyes, that they lose the use of their own; because precedent is omnipotent in the Courts, they think it must be infallible in the world. They study acts of parliament, commentaries, cases, arguments, dicta of judges, and receive their fiat with such implicit deference, that they cannot, or dare not, find their way out of the maze to look for any thing so simple and elemental as truth. Habituated to follow the bark of the leading hounds, they cannot recognise the game even if it crosses their path; or, if this simile be deemed too canine, I would respectfully hint that they worship the priests and the shrine too much to have any reverence left for the goddess. They argue with examples, not reasons, and adduce what people thought centuries ago, not what they ought to think now. They have deputed their faculties to Blackstone and other sages—they speak judgments, but use none, and generally go astray if left to the guidance of their original sagacity, as horses, if they miss their driver, will run their heads against a post or a wall. What they have spent their lives to learn, they would not willingly unlearn: you may prove that it is cruel, or false, or pernicious, which they will not gainsay, for these are points which they have not studied; but they silence you with one triumphant argument—it is law; a declaration which they usually wind up with the established flourish about hallowed institutions and approved wisdom, and so forth. I describe the influence of their studies upon

the profession in general, and need not offer my testimony to the honourable and splendid exceptions which it has furnished in all times, and in none more signally than our own.

Bibliomania is an amusing illustration of this blind idolatry for whatever is ancient; though I will venture to assert that no good book, since the invention of printing, ever became scarce, and that in an immense majority of cases rarity is in exact proportion to worthlessness. The old types, and binding, and decorations, might be adored, as savages worship idols for their barbarism and ugliness; but when they ventured upon the experiment of reprinting some of these treasures of antiquity, the bubble burst at once. The Archaica and Heliconia induced people to read what they had hitherto only thought of buying, and they then discovered upon what gross trash and woeful rubbish they had wasted their precious guineas.

While we are lavishing the affections of our hearts and purses upon that egregious dotard, Antiquity, we evince towards our lineal, legitimate descendant, Posterity, a most scurvy and unpaternal disregard, although the poor creature has done nothing to merit such treatment. We bequeath him books enough, indeed, to complete his education, though most of them will be probably moth-eaten, or obsolete, before he is breeched; but in the olden time it was customary to provide him with ready-made houses, and churches, and palaces, none of which can he hope to inherit from the present generation.—Our houses regularly fall in before the leases; our churches will never come down to him, unless it be their roofs; and as to our thatched palaces, and others in imitation of Chinese Pagodas, and Moorish Alhambras, being fortunately as bad in construction as they are in taste, even we ourselves may hope to witness the decadence of these flimsy gewgaws. Waterloo-bridge is almost the only structure which seems likely to descend to the great unborn heir of the present community; and if we have enabled him to keep his head above water in one sense, we have rendered it almost impossible in another, by tying about his unbegotten neck, the tremendous millstone of the national debt. Now I have very grave and compunctious doubts whether the social compact confers upon us any right to commit this doubly-noxious injustice. Individuals are not responsible for the debts of their parents,—why should a collection of individuals be so? Why should I, or you, tax-paying reader, be at this moment putting our hands in our pockets to defray the charges of all the mad wars waged since the time of our revolution, when the perverse folly of "our sage ancestors" first discovered the secret of the Funding System?—What authority have we to mortgage the flesh, and bones, and sweat of many generations, to gratify the insane pugnaciousness or extravagance of one?—what charter empowers us to discount futurity for blood-money? O fatal discovery, which torments whole ages with war, and its successors with debt, thus spreading misery over a surface of centuries! If the Holy Alliance would really merit the title of benefactors of the human race, let them invite the whole of Europe to join them in a solemn compact and agreement that every nation shall hereafter fight its own battles, and pay for its own wars; and they will have done more in one day for the maintenance of perpetual peace than they will now effect in a hundred Congresses.—Let them proclaim a public

universal law, absolving our successors from all responsibility, legal or moral, for the hostilities of their forefathers; and they will not only have conferred a signal blessing upon the present generation, but have performed a great act of justice towards that ill-used gentleman, who has been subjected to such a series of ante-natal inflictions—poor Mr. Posterity.

H.

THE BARD'S SONG TO HIS DAUGHTER.

O Daughter dear, my darling child,
  Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
  And wreathed with Spring my wintry age,—
Through thee a second prospect opes
  Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
  Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
  Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
  And bidst me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
  Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face, my lineaments shall show,
  And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute,
  This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
  Some stanza by thy Sire composed,
To friends around thou may'st impart
  A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
  Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
  Scenes shared with him who lies in earth,
The cheerful page, the lively song,
  The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh,
  That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fix'd and thoughtful eye
  The half unconscious tears may roll;—

Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
  Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine,
  The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
  Can only be by tears exprest,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
  While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

H.

ON VAMPYRISM.

> "Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,
> Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent." OVID.

VOLTAIRE was astonished that, in the eighteenth century, people should believe in vampyres; and that the doctors of the Sorbonne should give their *imprimatur* to a dissertation on these unpleasant personages. The philosopher of Ferney would scarcely have experienced less surprise had he lived to see them introduced into popular novels, represented as figuring at the drawing-room, shining in fashionable assemblies, favourites with the ladies, and this not alone in barbarous London, but forming the delight and admiration of elegant audien[illegible] in the superlatively polished capital of his own country. Indeed [illegible]ng, [illegible]bbish success among our refined and delicately-nerved ne[illegible] nitely surpassed what they have met with among [illegible]nd purses upo[illegible] not aware that many of our dramatists have hither[illegible]r lin[illegible] to draw tears from the pathetic amours of these interesting bloodsuckers—that "source of sympathetic tears has been only sparingly unlocked"—and except the strange history of the "leaden-eyed" vampyre Lord Ruthven, which the circumstances attending its composition principally contributed to force into the hands of all the lovers of the marvellous, we are not aware that the "Broucolaca" has hitherto become a favourite in the English closet. But at Paris he has been received with rapturous applause at almost all the spectacles, from the Odeon to the Porte St. Martin; all the presses of the Palais Royal have for the last two years been employed in celebrating, and describing, and speculating on him and his adventures, and in putting forth perpetual *nouveautés* on all the cognate topics—"Infernal Dictionaries"—"Demoniana"—"Ombres Sanglantes"—"Diable peint par lui-même," &c. &c. Where are the descendants of the Encyclopædists and the worshippers of the goddess Reason, when Parisian readers and audiences are running mad after "*loups-garoux*" and "*apparitions nocturnes*," "*cadavres mobiles*," &c., all "*puisées dans les sources réelles*"? Thirty years ago, what bookseller in the Palais Royal would have risked the conflagration of his whole stock by exposing for sale any of these superstitious treasures drawn from sacred legends and monkish impositions? The revulsion has indeed been somewhat sudden, and does not tend to remove prevalent impressions on the instability of Parisian sentiments and opinions. From believing in the eternal sleep of death, and persecuting every one who hinted a suspicion unfavourable to the absolute supremacy of matter, it is rather a rapid bound to the study of demonolatry, and a lively interest in apparitions and spectres of all sorts.

If *we* are disposed to partake any interest in these subjects, it may, perhaps, be forgiven to *us* who have never professed ourselves votaries of Diderot and Bayle. We call our readers to witness, we have never said a syllable derogatory to the ghost of Mrs. Veal, or General Clavering, or any other respectable individual of spiritual memory. We have, therefore, a fair right, without inconsistency or fickleness, to say a few words on the subject of that most appalling of the whole *corps demoniaque*, the Vampyre. The belief in the existence of vampyres is one of the most extraordinary and most revolting superstitions which ever disturbed the brains of any semi-barbarous people. It is the

most frightful embodying of the principle of evil, the most terrific incarnation of the bad demon, which ignorance and fanaticism ever suggested to the weak and the deluded. It displays superstition in its grossest and most unrelieved horrors.—Other creatures of fanatical creation have a mixture of good and bad in their composition—their mischief is sometimes distinguished by sportiveness and mingled with good humour—they are malicious, but not malignant—and the lightness and triviality of their spite against human nature is often united with an airiness of movement and a spirituality of character which render them amusing, and often highly poetical.—Puck, Will-o'-th'-wisp, the Bogles, the Ogres, the Nixies, and *id genus omne*, if they are to be considered as emanations of the Evil principle, are at least inspired with much drollery and only a small portion of his gall and malignity;— Th[illegible]lky and splenetic persons, but there is a certain im- p[illegible] An[illegible] which prevents their becoming very terrific;—the Lamiæ a[illegible] Thro[illegible]æ of the ancients were, indeed, horrid creations—but the latter were mere shadows, which takes off much of their monstrosity—but the Vampyre is a corporeal creature of blood and unquenchable blood-thirst—a ravenous corpse, who rises in body and soul from his grave for the sole purpose of glutting his sanguinary appetite with the life-blood of those whose blood stagnates in his own veins. He is endowed with an incorruptible frame, to prey on the lives of his kindred and his friends—he reappears among them from the world of the tomb, not to tell its secrets of joy or of woe, not to invite or to warn by the testimony of his experience, but to appal and assassinate those who were dearest to him on earth—and this, not for the gratification of revenge or any *human* feeling, which, however depraved, might find something common with it in human nature, but to banquet a monstrous thirst acquired in the tomb, and which, though he walks in human form and human lineaments, has swallowed up every human motive in its brutal ferocity. The corporeal grossness, the substantiality "palpable to feeling as to sight," of this monster of superstition, renders it singularly terrific, and lays hold on the mind with a sense of shuddering and sanguinary horror which belongs to few of the aërial demons of imagination, however ghastly or malignant. Fancy, (for such tricks will flit across the fancy of the least superstitious)—fancy your friend with whom you are walking arm-in-arm, or your mistress on whose bosom your head reposes, a spirit—a Gnome or an Undine—or any mere spirit—the idea is startling; if pursued it may lead an active imagination to a disagreeable sense of the possibility of happiness being an imposition, and pleasure "an unreal mockery,"—but it is not overpoweringly painful;—but let the idea of your companion or your mistress being a Vampyre cross the brain—the blood would run chill, and every sense be oppressed by the bare supposition, childish and absurd as it would be felt to be—

——"'twould shake the disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

We remember once spending two days at Brighton at the same hotel with a renowned old money-lender. The man was lean and stooping,—dressed in rusty black—with grey hairs that inspired no respect—a dull large grey eye "without *speculation*," (unless, perhaps, at the look

of a post-obit)—hollow cheeks, a vulture nose, and a blotchy truculent sort of complexion, which, with long clawy hands, made up a character of most uninviting appearance. He was quite alone—prowled about a great deal with a quiet creeping step—spoke little—read the papers—and never took above two meals in a day, which, indeed, he seemed to order more for form than any thing else, as his daily consumption certainly could not extend to two ounces. There was altogether something repulsive to sympathy about this old Shylock; and whether or not from any involuntary associations connected with his known profession (which certainly of itself might entitle him to succeed to the distinction of the monks, whom Voltaire called the modern vampyres), or more, as we believe, from his *red hollow* cheeks, *adunc* nose, and small appetite for *butchers' meat*, we wrote this man down in our imagination a Vampyre. We involuntarily avoided meeting him, and felt much disposed to think that his nightly abode was in the burying-ground of St. James, or St. Martin, and that he was only at Brighton on a foraging excursion, not in quest of title-deeds and annuity-bonds, but of the richer dainties which the assemblage of youth of both sexes might afford to a being of his presumed propensities. Our acquaintance with vampyres at that period was but slight—had we then known all we have since learnt of them, we should infallibly have given information at the Pavilion of the suspicious *vampyrio-fœnerator*, and have taken a place in the Dart with all possible speed. Not long after this circumstance, we (yes *we*, the magnificent *we*) were at a ball in London, and, with a modest resignation of our collective dignity, were forming not a whole quadrille, but, *one* in a quadrille together with a young lady of a mind and person both exquisitely poetical. She complained of being fatigued, saying, as she sat down on a sofa, "I was up half last night."—"Were you dancing?" was the reply. "No! I was reading Calmet on Vampyres with my brother!!"—Calmet on Vampyres, in such a scene of brilliance, and beauty, and innocent and splendid enjoyment! Calmet on Vampyres perused by the midnight lamp by those pure and lovely eyes of the blue of sixteen summers! What a contrast of images!—The book was bought and read.

Next to the famous Mississippi scheme of Law, Vampyrism appears to have become the ruling mania in France and in Europe. From the year 1730 to 1735 vampyres formed the general topic of argument and speculation. Pamphlets were published on them—the journals continually detailed fresh prodigies achieved by them—the philosophers scoffed at them—sovereigns sent officers and commissioners to enquire into their terrific proceedings. Hungary, Poland, Silesia, Bohemia, and Moravia, were the favourite scenes of their appearance and exploits. The people of these countries, sunk in the most abject ignorance, and living in a condition and on a coarse food little above the brutes, placed implicit faith in these wonders. A vampyre haunted and tormented almost every village. Deceased fathers and mothers, who had reposed for years in their graves, appeared again at their dwellings—knocked at the doors, sat down to table in silence, ate little or nothing, sometimes nodded significantly at some unfortunate relation in token of their approaching death, struck them on the back, or sprang on their bellies or throats, and sucked draughts of blood from their veins. In general, however, this last consummation of vampyrism was left as an inference from

the other facts—and the statement was, that certain men or women of the village grew pale, and gradually wasted away—young girls in the flower of health lost the roses of their cheeks, and sank into rapid and premature decay—then an apparition of some deceased individual was seen, and suspicion instantly fixed on him or her as the cause. The grave of the apparition was resorted to—where the corpse was invariably found fresh and well-preserved—the eyes open, or only half-closed—the face vermilion-coloured—the hair and nails long—the limbs supple and unstiffened—and the heart beating. Nothing more was necessary to fix on the body the crime of vampyrism, and to attach to it the guilt of having drained the streams of life from all the pale youths and hectic maidens in the vicinity. Some judicial forms of proceeding were, however, often observed before proceeding to inflict the last penalty of justice on the offender. Witnesses were examined as to the facts alleged—the corpse was drawn from its grave, and handled and inspected; and if the blood was found fluid in the veins, the members supple, and the flesh free from putrescence, a conviction of vampyrism passed—the executioner proceeded to amputate the head, extract the heart, or sometimes to drive a stake through it, or a nail through the temples, and then the body was burnt and its ashes dispersed to the winds. Burning was found the only infallible mode of divorcing the spirit from the frame of these pertinacious corpses. Impalement of the heart, which had been long considered to be the means of fixing evil and vagrant spirits to the tomb, and which, in the case of suicides, our own law has somewhat barbarously retained from the days of superstition, was often ineffectual. A herdsman of Blow, near Kadam, in Bohemia, on undergoing this ceremony, laughed at the executioners, and returned them many thanks for giving him a stake to defend himself against the dogs. The same night he arose to his nocturnal meal, and suffocated more persons than he had ever attacked before his impalement. He was at last exhumed and carried out of the village. On being again pierced with stakes he cried out most lustily—sent forth blood of a brilliant erubescence—and was at last finally quelled by being burnt to cinders. This fact, with many other similar narratives, is related in a work called "Magia Posthuma," by Charles Ferdinand Schertz, dedicated to Prince Charles of Lorraine, Bishop of Olmutz, and printed at Olmutz in 1706. The Rev. Père Dom. Augustin Calmet, Abbé de Senones (Abbey, as Voltaire insinuates, of 100,000 *livres de rente*) quotes, in his grand treatise on apparitions and vampyres, an extraordinary case of vampyrism detailed in the Glaneur Hollandois, No. XVIII.—In a canton of Hungary, near the famous Tockay, and between the river Teisse and Transylvania, the people called the Heiduques were possessed by a firm conviction of the powers of vampyres. About 1727 a certain Heiduque, an inhabitant of Medreiga, named Arnold Paul, was crushed to death under a load of hay. Thirty days afterwards four persons of the village died suddenly with all the symptoms indicative of death by vampyrism. The people, puzzled and eager to discover the vampyre delinquent, at last recollected that Arnold Paul had often related how, in the environs of Cassova, on the frontiers of Turkish Servia, he had been tormented and worried by a Turkish vampyre. This, according to the fundamental laws of vampyrism, should have converted Arnold into a vam-

pyre in his grave; for all the [illegible] ho are *pass*[illegible] vampyres on e[illegible]h, invariably become vampyres *active* when they [illegible]end to the tomb. Arnold Paul had, however, always stated that [illegible] had preserved himself from contagion from the attacks of the [illegible]urkish vampyre by eating some of the earth of his grave and b[illegible] embrocating himself with his blood. These precautions appeared, however, to be fruitless, for the inhabitants of Medreiga, on opening his tomb forty days after his death, found upon him all the undoubted indices of an arch-vampyre—his corpse ruddy, his nails elongated, his veins swelling with a sanguinary tide which oozed from his pores and covered his shroud and winding-sheet. The hadagni or bailiff of the place, "qui etoit un homme expert dans le vampirisme," proceeded to impale Vampyre Arnold through the heart; on which he sent forth horrid cries with all the energy of a living subject. His head was then cut off and his body burnt. Similar execution was then performed on the four deceased persons, the supposed victims of Vamp[illegible] Arnold's attacks, and the Heiduques fancied themselves in safety from these terrific persecutors.—Five years afterwards, however, the same fatal prodigies reappeared. During the space of three months, seventeen persons of different ages and sexes died with all the old diagnostics—some without any visible malady—others after several days of languor and atrophy.—Amongst others a girl named Stanoska, daughter of the Heiduque Stotuitzo, went one night to rest in perfect health, but woke in the middle of the night shrieking and trembling violently—she asserted, that the son of the Heiduque Millo, who had died nine weeks before, had attacked her in her sleep and had nearly strangled her with his grasp. Heiduque Millo's son was instantly charged with vampyrism. The magistrates, physicians, and surgeons of the commune repaired to his grave, and found his body with all the usual characteristics of animation and imputrescence, but they were at a loss to understand from what channel he had derived his faculties. At last it was discovered that the exusted vampyre Arnold Paul had strangled, not only the four deceased persons, but also a number of cattle, whose flesh had been plentifully eaten by Millo's son and other villagers. This discovery threw the Heiduques into fresh consternation, and afforded a horrid prospect of an indefinite renewal of the horrors of vampyrism. It was resolved to open the tombs of all those who had been buried since the flesh of the cattle had been consumed. Among forty corpses, seventeen were found with all the indubitable characteristics of confirmed vampyres. The bodies were speedily decapitated, the hearts impaled, and the members burnt, and their ashes cast into the river Teisse. The Abbé Dom. Calmet enquired into these facts, and found them all judicially authenticated by local authorities, and attested by the officers of the Imperial garrisons, the surgeon-majors of the regiments, and the principal inhabitants of the district. The *procès verbal* of the whole proceedings was sent in January 1735 to the Imperial Council of War at Vienna, who had established a military commission to enquire into the facts. "Procès verbaux" and "juridical authentications" certainly are high-sounding things—but a sceptical critic has pretended, with a degree of malice prepense against the Vampyrarchy which we ourselves are far from applauding, that his Imperial Majesty's surgeons-major and coun-



sellors of war might perchance be deceived in some respects; and admitting a great deal of what they attest to be true, that Vampyrism is not a necessary inference from it—that Miss Stanoska was only a young lady of weak health and head, and strong imagination, who dreamt that young Mr. Millo appeared to her in the night, and laid hold on her more rudely than was becoming in a deceased person, which frightened her into fits, and occasioned her death in a few days—that though she professed to be sucked, yet she could not shew the wound, or the "dente labris notam" of the Vampyre—that no person ever caught a vampyre in the fact of his sanguinary osculations—and that, in this case, no purple aperture was exhibited, on any of the individual throats, which the connoisseurs assert is the sure trace of the vampyre's embrace—that as for the fresh and vermilion corpses, allowing for the common exaggeration of two-thirds in the length of the period since their burial, their preservation might be easily accounted for, by certain antiseptic qualities in the soil, similar to those which, in the abbatial vaults at Toulouse and in other places, have preserved corpses from putrefaction for many years—that Alexander, according to Plutarch, and Hector, according to Homer, were preserved incorrupt many days after death:

> Nor dogs, nor vultures, have thy Hector rent,
> But whole he lies neglected in the tent;
> This the *twelfth* evening since he rested there,
> Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air,
> All fresh he lies with every living grace, &c. &c. ILIAD. XXIV.

and that the growing of the hair and nails might be accounted for on the principles of *vegetation* alone, independently of animal vitality. Reasonings of this sort, however, by no means either satisfied the poor Hungarians and Poles, or the physicians and metaphysicians of Germany and Sclavonia. The universities rang with the names of Stanoska and Arnold Paul; and while the book-stalls every day sent forth "Cogitationes de Vampiriis," "Dissertationes de masticatione mortuorum," &c. the church-yards of Sclavonia every day vomited forth fresh bloodsuckers to confound or support their theories. At Warsaw, a priest having ordered a bridle of a saddler, died before it was completed. A few days afterwards he appeared on horseback, clad in the costume in which priests are buried, and demanded his bridle of the saddler.—"But you are dead," Monsieur le Curé," said the man,—"I shall soon let you know the contrary," replied the reverend father, striking him a slight blow. The priest rode home to his grave, and, in a few days, the poor saddler was a corpse.—Sometimes the people ate bread steeped in the blood of a vampyre; and at the impalement, a white handkerchief was sometimes dipped in his blood, and handed round to the multitude to suck as a preservative against future attacks. A device resorted to in Walachia, in order to detect suspected vampyres, has something in it singularly wild and poetical. The people would place a virgin youth, about the age of puberty, on a horse as yet "insolitus blando labori," of a jet black colour, without a speck of white. The boy rode the horse about a suspected burying-ground; and over all the graves; and when the animal stopped short, and snorted, and refused, in spite of whip and spur, to set foot on any particular grave, it was an unerring indication that a vampyre lay within. The people immediately opened the tomb,

and in general found it occupied by a fresh and well-fed corpse, stretched out like a person in a blooming and profound sleep.

The exploits of the Hungarian Vampyres are, for the most part, performed by male heroes, and are characterized by an extravagant coarseness and brutality, which is wild without being poetical. Many and various are the theories which have been started by the hagiologists to account for and explain so much of the extraordinary facts of vampyrism, the truth of which, it has been supposed, could not be denied. The Benedictine Abbé Dom Calmet appears to have satisfied himself on every point, except the manner by which the vampyre escapes from his tomb without deranging the soil, and enters through doors and windows without opening or breaking them. This stumbling-block he cannot get over. Either the resuscitation of these bodies, says the Abbé, must be the work of the Deity, of the angels, of the soul of the deceased, or of the evil demon. That the Deity cannot be the instrument is proved by the horrid purposes for which the vampyre appears—and how can the angels, or the soul, or the demon, rarify and subtilize gross corporeal substances, so as to make them penetrate the earth like air or water, pass through keyholes, stone walls, and casements?—even taking it for granted, that their power would extend to make the corpse walk, speak, eat with a good appetite, and preserve its fresh looks. The only instance directly against Dom Calmet, where the vampyre has been caught *in articulo resurgendi*, is one stated before one of the many Vampyre special commissions appointed by the Bishop of Olmutz, at the beginning of the last century. The village of Liebava being infested, an Hungarian placed himself on the top of the church tower, and just before midnight (from midday to midnight are the vampyres' ordinary dinner-hours) saw the well-known vampyre issue from a tomb, and, leaving his winding-sheet, proceed on his rounds. The Hungarian descended and took away the linen—which threw the vampyre into great fury on his return, and the Hungarian told him to ascend the tower and recover it. The vampyre mounted the ladder—but the Hungarian gave him a blow on the head which hurled him down to the church-yard, and descended and cut off his head with a hatchet; and although he was neither burnt nor impaled, the vampyre seems to have retired from practice, and was never more heard of. Here is a vampyre caught in the fact of emerging from earth without the assistance either of spade or pickaxe—and the story of the Ghole, in the Arabian Nights, affords a case of one taken *in flagranti delicto*. It is, in fact, but fair to say, in justice to the vampyres, that the Abbé Calmet is rather a suspicious witness against them. His faith is unbounded and unshrinking, as to all the apparitions of the Romish Church—all the visions of St. Dunstan and St. Antony—he never doubts that St. Stanislaus raised a Polish gentleman from the grave, to prove to the king that the good saint had paid him for an estate which he had purchased without paying—but he has a slight grudge against the vampyres, on account of their near relationship to, and probably their lineal descent from the impultrescent excommunicated bodies of the *Greek* church. At the same time he goes to the enquiry with an evident inclination for a miracle if it could be made out—whether Greek or Roman, it would be equally a point gained against the encyclopedists and

the philosophers;—but if the vampyres could be made nothing of, why then, in one respect, *tant mieux*—a new argument would be supplied against the alleged powers of Greek excommunication. The Greek priests, it is well known, from early periods of their schism with Rome, asserted that the divine authority of their bishops was manifested by the fact of the persons who died under their sentence of excommunication resisting the decomposing influences of death; while the Latin church could not prevent its excommunicates from mouldering into dust, which, according to the ancient and modern Greeks, was so essential to the repose and happiness of the spirit, and which made them attach so much importance to burial rites.

> Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
> Transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.* VIRGIL.
>
> ———tali tua membra sepulchro,
> Talibus exuram Stygio cum carmine sylvis
> *Ut nullos cantata magos exaudiat umbra.* LUCAN.

And this, we apprehend, is the real source of the Vampyre superstition. Hence the Vroucolaca of modern Greece, the real progenitor of the Vampyre of Sclavonia—who, it is to be observed, has hitherto confined his sanguinary proceedings to the countries within the pale of the Greek church and those nearly adjacent to it. Tournefort relates, that in all the Archipelago the people firmly believed that it was only in the Greek church that excommunication preserved the body entire and unputrified. Some ascribed it to the force of the bishop's sentence—others thought that the devil entered into the body of the excommunicate, and reanimated him, so that he became an evil spirit incarnate. Add to this the prevalent superstition that the dead ate and drank in their graves, that they devoured their own flesh and burial-clothes for want of better food, and that all the viands and wines placed on the bier, and in fact consumed by the priests, were really the nourishment of the dead—and a very slight and easy transition would conduct a superstitious face to the full belief in the demoniacal and hungry corpse sallying forth from the tomb, and satisfying at once its malignity and its appetite, by preying on the flesh and blood of the living. Tournefort was present at the exhumation, impalement, and burning of a Vroucolaca in the island of Mycone, who had broken the windows and the bones, and drained the bottles and the veins of half the inhabitants of the island. For many days the people were in continual consternation, and numbers left their abodes and the island—masses were said—holy-water showered about in torrents—the nine days were passed, and still the Vroucolaca was every night at fresh mischief—the tenth day mass was said in the chapel where the unfortunate corpse lay—but to no avail—owing, as the priests afterwards discovered, to the negligence of not extracting the heart before the expulsory mass was said. Had the heart been first extracted and a mass instantly said, before the devil could have returned into possession, the people were convinced his Infernal Majesty's entry would have been barred, and the nuisance put an end to. The corpse was then exhumed, the town butcher took out the heart, and declared that the entrails were still warm. The putrid stench of the corpse obliged them to burn frankincense, which produced an amalgamation of fumes that laid hold of the people's senses, and helped to inflame their ima-

ginations. Vroucolaca! Vroucolaca! echoed through the cloisters an' aisles. The poor corpse was impaled with swords in all directions, till a learned Albanian appeared and told the people they were all fools for using Christian swords, since the cross of the hilt had the effect of pinning the demon more firmly in the body, instead of expelling him, and that the only sword for the purpose was the straight Turkish scymetar. The people would not wait for the experiment, but, with one accord, determined on burning the body entire. This was accordingly done on the point of the island of St. George—and the people then defied the devil to find a niche in which to quarter himself, and made songs in celebration of their triumph.

Ricaut, in his history of the Greek Church, relates, on the authority of a Candiote Caloyer, a history of a young man of the island of Milos, excommunicated for a crime committed in the Morea, and who was interred in a remote and unconsecrated ground. The islanders were terrified every night by the horrid apparitions and disorders attributed to the corpse—which on opening the tomb was found, as usual, fresh and flowing with blood. The priests determined to dismember the corpse, and to boil it in wine—a profanation of the grape which, we suspect, the descendants of the priests of Lyæus would hardly in fact have executed, however they might urge the people to open their cellars for the pious occasion. The young man's relations begged for delay, in order to send to Constantinople for an absolution from the Patriarch. In the interim the corpse was placed in the church, and masses were said night and day for its repose. One day, as the Caloyer Sophronus was reading the service, a sudden crash was heard to issue from the bier—and on opening it, the body was found mouldered and decomposed, exactly like a corpse deceased for seven years. The messenger arrived with the absolution—and on enquiry it was found that the Patriarch's signature had been affixed at the precise moment when the dissolution of the corpse produced the report in the coffin!!!

The Vampyre, then, we take to be originally a creature of the superstition of the Greek church—a monster generated from the persuasion of the wonderful efficacies ascribed by the Greek priests to the excommunication of their bishops, and perhaps inheriting some of his horrid characteristics from some of the traditionary monsters of the ancient Greek mythology. The beautiful and bloody Lamiæ of Libya, of Suidas and Diodorus Siculus, who enticed children to devour them, and whom Horace (de arte Poetica, 340) most properly excludes from the legitimate dramatis personæ of a poet—as he would unquestionably have done the Vampyre, had he lived in his reign—resemble the Gholes and Vampyres in their hominivorous propensities; and the horrid vulture-beaked Strygis, whose wings,

"Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas,"

Ovid makes Medea cast into her cauldron, not only comes nearer to the blood-suckers of Greece and of Hungary, but became a well-known demon of the middle ages, whom the Lombards and Germans frequently saw and burnt in the shape of suspected and mysterious males and females, among other sorcerers and magicians. A capitulary of Charlemagne on this subject is very curious; enacting that "if any person, deceived by the Devil, should believe, after the manner of the Pagans, that any man or woman was a *Strygis* or *Stryx*, and was

given to eat men, and for this cause should burn such person, or *should give such person's flesh to be eaten*, or should *eat such flesh*, such man or woman should be capitally punished"—*Capit. Car. Mag. pro part. Saxon.*—so that it appears from this law (penned with a precision which the members of St. Stephen's might sometimes emulate with advantage) that it was in those days the fashion not only to believe in men-eaters, but occasionally to visit them with the *lex talionis*, and to eat them in their turn. D.

ON KOSCIUSKO.

A sacred grief sublime and bright
Descends o'er Kosciusko's bier:
It mourns not that his soul of light,
No more confined in mortal night,
Has sought its native sphere;
The hallowed tear that glistens there,
By purest loftiest feelings given,
Flows more from triumph than despair,
And falls like dew from heaven!

Thus oft around the setting sun
Soft showers attend his parting ray,
And sinking now his journey done,
His matchless course to evening run—
They weep his closing day.
Who hath not watch'd his light decline,
Till sad, yet holy feelings rise?
Although he sets again to shine,
More glorious, in more cloudless skies.

As proudly shone thy evening ray,
As in that contest bright and brief,
When patriots hail'd thy noontide day,
And own'd thee as their chief!
Thou wert the radiant morning-star,
Which bright to hapless Poland rose,
The leader of her patriot war,
The sharer of her woes!

What though no earthly triumphs grace
The spot where thou hast ta'en thy sleep;
Yet Glory points thy resting-place,
And thither Freedom turns to weep.
The pompous arch, the column's boast,
Though rich with all the sculptor's art,
Shall soon in time's dark sweep be lost;
But thou survivest in the heart,
And bright thy dwelling still shall be
Within the page of Liberty.

And o'er the turf where sleeps the brave
Such sweet and holy drops are shed—
Who would not fill a Patriot's grave,
To share them with the dead?
The laurel, and the oaken bough,
Above the meaner great may bloom,
And trophies due to Freedom's brow
May shade Oppression's tomb;—
But Glory's smile hath shed on thee
The light of immortality! A.

DINNER COMPANY TO LET.—A CARD.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer respectfully invite the attention of the dinner-giving department of the metropolis, to the following candid statement of facts.

It happens in London, every day, that gentlemen mount to sudden wealth by Spanish bonds, fluctuations of English stock, death of distant relations, and what not. When this event occurs, a carriage is bespoken, the ladies go to the Soho Bazaar, the father takes a house in Baker-street or Connaught-place, and the sons get blackballed at all the new clubs in the environs of the Haymarket. Yet still something is wanting. Like the Greek or Persian king (Messrs. Clack and Caterer will not be precise as to the nation) who pined to death in the midst of plenty, gentlemen thus jumping into high-life, from the abysses of Lower Thames-street and Saint Mary Axe, lament the lack of good *dinner company*. If they rely upon coffee-house society, their silver spoons are in jeopardy; and if they invite their own relations, they are ruined: nobody will come twice to such society. An uncle with an unpowdered pigtail, who prates of pepper and pimento: an aunt in a brown silk gown, who drinks every body's health; a son from Stockwell, who is silent when he ought to talk, accompanied by a wife, who talks when she ought to be silent, compose a species of society which may do very well at Kensington or Camden-town, but which, Messrs. Clack and Caterer confidently predict, can never take root west of Temple-bar. The consequence is that gentlemen thus circumstanced must "cut" their own relations, or nobody else will "come again." Singers may be hired at so much a-head: every body knows, to an odd sixpence, the price of "Non nobis, Domine," "Hail, Star of Brunswick," Glorious Apollo," and "Scots wha ha." Good set speakers for charity dinners may also be obtained, by inquiry at the bar of the tavern. These latter go through the routine of duty with a vast deal of decorum. They call the attention of the company in a particular manner to the present charity, leaving a blank for its name. They ascribe half of its success to the worthy treasurer, and the other half to the noble chairman, whose health they conclude with proposing, with three times three: and the accuracy of their ear enables them to cry "hip, hip, hip," nine times, interlarded at the third and sixth close with a hurrah! aided by a sharp yell which Messrs. Clack and Caterer have never been able to distinguish from the yelp of a trodden lapdog. All this is very well in its way, and it is not the wish of the advertisers to disparage such doings. Far from it; "live and let live" is their maxim. Many gentlemen by practice qualify themselves for public speakers; but good private-dinner company is still a desideratum.

Impressed with this truth, Messrs. Clack and Caterer, at a considerable expense, have provided, at their manufactory in Leicester-square, a choice assortment of good diners *out*, of various prices, who, in clean white waistcoats, and at the shortest notice, will attend to enliven any dull gentleman's dull dinner-table. Messrs. Clack and Caterer are possessed of three silver-toned young barristers, who have their way to make in Lincoln's Inn. These gentlemen respectively and anxiously enquire after the health of any married lady's little Charlotte; ask when she last heard from Hastings; think they never saw curtains better hung in the whole course of their lives; tenderly caress the poodle that occupies the

hearth-rug; and should its front teeth meet in their forefinger, will, for an additional trifle, exclaim, "Pretty little fellow! I don't wonder he's such a favourite." Messrs. Clack and Caterer are also provided with two unbeneficed clergymen, who have guaranteed a short grace, and undertake not to eat of the second course. These gentlemen tell a choice collection of good jokes, with a rigid abstinence from Joe Miller. They have various common-places at hand, which they can throw in when conversation flags. The one of them remarks that London begins to look dull in September, and that Waterloo-place is a great improvement; and the other observes, that Elliston has much beautified Drury-lane, and that Kean's voice is apt to fail him in the fifth act. This kind of talk is not brilliant, but it wears well, and never provokes animosity.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg also to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that they have laid in a couple of quadrillers and three pair of parasites; who take children upon their knees in spite of tamarinds and Guava jelly; cut turbot into choice parallelograms; pat plain children on the head, and assure their mamma that their hair is not red but auburn; never meddle with the two long-necked bottles on the table; address half of their conversation to the lady of the house, and the other half to any deaf gentleman on their other side, who tilts his ear in the hollow of his hand. Should either of these personages be so far forgetful of his duty as to contradict a county member, introduce agricultural distress, or prove the cause of the present low prices; wonder what happened at Verona, or who wrote the Scotch novels; gentlemen are requested to write "bore" upon his back with a piece of chalk (which the butler had better be provided with), and then to return the offender to the advertisers, when the money will be paid back, deducting coach-hire. Cheap goods rarely turn out well. Some dinner-giving gentlemen have hired diners out at an inferior price; and what was lately the consequence at a Baronet's in Portland-place?—A Birmingham article of this sort entered the drawing-room with a hackney straw adhering to one stocking, and a pedicular ladder ascending the other. He drank twice of champagne; called for beer; had never heard that the opera opened without Angrisani; wondered why Miss Paton and Braham did not sing together (forgetting that all Great Russell-street and a part of the Piazza yawned between them); spilt red wine on the tablecloth, and tried to rectify the error by a smear of salt and Madeira; left the fish-cruets as bare as the pitchers of the Belides; and committed various other errors, which Messrs. Clack and Caterer scorn to enumerate. All this proceeds from not going to the best shops and paying accordingly.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg likewise to acquaint a liberal and candid public, that they have an unexceptionable assortment of three-day visitors, who go by the stage to villas from Saturday to Monday. These out-of-towners know all about Webb Hall and the drill-plough: take a hand at whist; never beat their host at billiards; have no objection to go to church; and are ready to look at improvements on being provided with thick shoes. If up hill, or through a copse of the party's own planting, a small additional sum will be required. For further particulars enquire at the warehouse in Leicester-square. If Messrs. Clack and Caterer give satisfaction, it is all they require; money is no object. Letters, post-paid, will be duly attended to.

ON MORELLI*.

He was the first that for fair Italy
Drew out his sword and shouted—Liberty!—
He was the last to sheath it—he did pray,
In young devotion that deserved its sway—
In tears and joyance he did pray to go
With his few plighted hands against the foe,
That he might stem them in the mountain pass,
And give his country one Leonidas!

They will'd it not, and the enchainers came
To spurn—to stab—not life, poor life—but name;
They took his sword, and scorning still to fly
He turned and braved the spoiler eye to eye—
He stayed alone with tyranny—to die.
Leaning upon a rush—a king's—slave's oath—
That any breath might snap—convenience—sloth—
Its master's word or whisper, smile or frown—
A furbished sceptre or a new-gilt crown—
Leaning on this he fell—the true—the brave,
The trusting—the betrayed—into his grave!

They chain'd him first upon their dungeon-floor,
And twice unseen the summer passed him o'er—
And then, in mocking leisure and cold mirth,
They spilt his fresh life on the peaceful earth.

Slave of the slaves, who, down into thy land
That once was freedom's record, the hot brand
Of searing shame have stamp'd!—O recreant son
Of heroes Time doth pause to smile upon!—
Betrayer of thy children—cozening sire—
Cold-hearted perjurer and trembling liar!—
King thou art not—I seek thy name—but this
Applied to thee the scouting world would hiss—
Whate'er thou art—whate'er thy title won,
Hearken—and take a freeman's malison!—
—'May that young blood, exhaling first on high
In God's and man's indignant memory,
With its own nature, sign, and purpose red,
Become a fixed cloud above thy head,
And be a frown o'er all thy days, until
It bursts at last to deluge thee in ill!'—

* Ce jeune homme, Morelli, osait aspirer à une grande renommé. Il osa seul avec cent vingt cheveaux de son régiment commencer cette révolution qui donna pour peu de temps la liberté à sa patrie." * *

" Quand tout fût perdu, Morelli tacha de se retrancher dans les défiles de Monteforte, où la révolution avait éclaté. Mais le gouvernement avait déjà tout cédé à l'ennemi." * *

" Ce jeune sous-lieutenant fut le seul officier qui osa tenter par lui-même une résistance nationale quand les officiers supérieurs quittaient le pays de tout côté." * *

THE TANNER'S WIDOW.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. HAMLET.

MR. and Mrs. Pitman would have been the best assorted and happiest couple in all Leighton-Buzzard,—in fact, they might have successfully claimed the Dunmow flitch of bacon,—but for certain natural differences of temper, habits, and pursuits; and their perpetual squabbles on the subject of dress, housekeeping, amusements, and all that regarded pecuniary disbursements. He stoutly determined not to die a beggar, she as readily declared that she would not live like one, and both kept their words. It certainly did not become a thriving tanner's wife, as she very justly observed, to go draggling about in rags and rubbish; but then it was equally unseemly, as he very pertinently rejoined, to flaunt through the town in scarlet velvet pelisses that set all the place in a blaze, and wear such a variety of plume-crowned bonnets, that more people went to church to look at her single head, than to mark the three into which the clergyman regularly divided his Cerberus sermons. Whether this was the fault of the lady, the congregation, or the Reverend Mr. Snuffleton, he did not presume to decide, but all those who were poorer than Mr. Pitman joined in condemning his wife's extravagance, while all those who were richer contented themselves with laughing at it. Certain it is, that she introduced unheard-of luxuries among the good tradespeople of Leighton-Buzzard. She it was who first put a livery upon one of the apprentices, and made him wait at table when there was company, to the great clamour of the whole town and tan-yard; and she it was who first placed before her guests gooseberry wine ennobled with the title of Champagne, which being in lank narrow-shouldered bottles, well sealed down and secured at the mouth, and very sparkling, frothy and vapid, when it found vent, might well have passed off, even with travellers, as a genuine native of France. The neighbours who came eagerly to taste this rarity, were quite as eager when they went away to abuse the donor; and Mr. Pitman, anxious for his double credit as a manufacturer of gooseberry-wine and a frugal tanner, burnt with impatience to reveal the secret; but his wife having sworn that she would order a new velvet pelisse from Bond-street the moment he divulged, he kept his tongue between his teeth and his money in his pocket. To do this the more effectually, he had repeatedly declared to the tradespeople that he would not pay one farthing of his wife's extravagant debts; and he was a man of such firmness and decision of character that Mrs. Pitman was constantly obliged to go to him, and insist upon having the money immediately that she might discharge them herself.

The gravedigger in Hamlet assures us that a tanner will considerably outlast others under ground: though they should not therefore outlive their fellows upon earth, they may consider themselves gainers in the long run. There is no quarrelling about tastes, but for my own part I would rather be a lively young man, than a mummy, however

old. Mr. Pitman might have made the same decision, had a choice been afforded him, but it was not. He quitted us all without notice, evaporating as it were, without any visible motive for becoming invisible; and when I enquired the particulars of my friend the schoolmaster at Leighton-Buzzard, he could only exclaim in the words of Cicero, "Abiit—evasit—excessit—erupit!"

Mrs. Pitman was as inconsolable as bombazeen could make her;—her cap was a perfect pattern of grief, and nobody could have suspected her of laughing in her sleeve when they saw the depth of its weepers. And yet as a lover of expense, and not of her husband, she might well have been justified in some ebullition of pleasant surprise, when she found that owing to a prize in the Lottery, which he had kept a secret, and certain usurious transactions which he had no great temptation to reveal, he had left her one of the richest widows in the whole neighbourhood. Her acquaintance, with their usual determination to make others share their own envy, or at all events to excite astonishment, instantly doubled the amount of her fortune, which rumour soon tripled and quadrupled, until, upon the authority of some friends and connexions who "happened to know the fact," it was finally and accurately set down at only three times the real amount. "Now we shall have fine doings," cried the good gossips of Leighton-Buzzard—"a rare dashing coach, and liveries of light blue and scarlet, I warrant me, with as many plumes in the head as her husband had at his funeral, (which was, after all, a scandalous shabby one,) and as fine rings upon her finger as if she were a lady mayoress. Ay, ay, Madam Pitman is a proper one to make the money fly."

Now with all proper deference to these good gossips I am inclined to think that a sudden accession of unexpected wealth is just as likely to make a niggard as a spendthrift. *C'est le premier pas qui coute* in hoarding; the difficulty is to make a beginning worthy of your future efforts to increase it. What can a person do with a few pounds? It is too little to put in the stocks, or buy a house; it is even dangerous to keep in your house; you must spend it in your own defence. Such is our treatment of small sums, large ones seldom pay us a visit, and the consequence is that few people in common life save money. Let a foundation be once laid, and we feel such a pride and pleasure in building up our fortune that we rarely abandon the enterprise. Few who have felt the difficulty of acquiring, and the gratification of possessing property, ever fall into extravagance. This is the great merit of the Saving Banks; they form a nucleus for the humblest ambition, and are sure to become powerful stimulants of frugal and moral habits. Whether they were not rather meant as political engines for attaching the lower orders to existing establishments, in which way they may involve the maintenance of all existing abuses, is a point, which, if it were ever so learnedly argued, would not, I apprehend, help us very forward with our story of the Tanner's Widow.

The fact is, that Mrs. Pitman no sooner felt the dignity of wealth, the consequence of possession, and the pleasure of the homage which they procure, than she very naturally concluded, that her dignity, consequence, and pleasure, would increase with the accumulation of her riches; and began economizing with great vigour and perseverance. No more fine pelisses and bonnets; these were very well to procure

her the reputation of affluence; she now had the reality, and rather affected shabbiness of attire, not so much from parsimony, as to excite attention by the contrast of her present with her former self, and so recall the cause of the change. Though the habit of frugality finally stole upon her, so far as to degenerate into penuriousness, and procure for her the appellation of the old female miser, she could at times emancipate herself from its influence. As it was said of a certain bard that he threw about his dung with an air of dignity, it might be affirmed of her, that there was sometimes a magnificence in her meanness. She contributed largely to public subscriptions; made handsome donations to the parish; and frequently gave fifty pounds at a time to her nephew Frank Millington, though it was never known that they did him any good, or relieved him in the smallest degree from his embarrassments.

These violent efforts were, however, always succeeded by silent repentance, and an effort to reconcile herself to her habits by a stricter domestic economy. Then were the poor maids condemned for three days together to witness the apparition of the same calf's head upon the dinner-table; and when at last they laid it in the Red Sea, they not infrequently imported a red herring in exchange. The French restaurateurs who give dinners at twenty-five sous a head, pompously announce in their bills, "*Pain à discrétion*," well knowing that no person of the least discretion will eat much of so sour a commodity; and Mrs. Pitman informed her nymphs, that she left the small beer to their free and uncontrolled disposal, though she must confess she abominated female tipplers. It was magnifying things to give such a pigmy beverage, innocent of hops and scarcely tinged with the first blush of malt, the name of even small beer; but the same cause that made Mrs. Pitman lavish, made the liquor poor. It was always sent as a present from her cousin Mr. Swipes the brewer, who was trying by every art and attention to ingratiate himself with the old lady's will, and who, knowing that she never tasted any thing but currant wine, or rather water, of her own concoction, sometimes fobbed off her servants with a returned cask, whose acidity he had partially disguised by fortifying it from the pump. Probably he extended to unpaid beer, the proverb applied to a gift horse—that it should not be looked at in the mouth: all the world agreed that it was "dull, flat, and stale," and he was the only person not justified in calling it "unprofitable."—But enough of this compound; we must not speak ill of the dead.

Mr. Currie, the saddler, another cousin, who had also a shrewd eye to the "*post mortem* appearances" of the widow's testament, and could not very appropriately ingratiate himself by a spur or a horsewhip, kept her supplied with other equally stimulating presents of sausages, hams, fish, poultry, and game; chuckling at the idea of the enormous usury at which he was putting them out, which he estimated in his own mind at about the rate of a hundred pounds a basket. Mr. Swipes was neither less liberal, nor less sanguine; scarcely a week elapsed without his despatching a savoury parcel, which he deemed equivalent to sowing legacies and planting codicils. Nor had they any reason to doubt the old lady's intentions, for, as they fed her with good things, she fed them with hope, which is a better; and as to her nephew Frank Millington, against whom they combined all

their powers of misrepresentation and abuse, he himself became their most efficient ally, by the wildness of his life, and the unbridled insolence of his demeanour towards his aunt. Frank was a patron of pugilists and cock-fighters, whose constant demands upon his purse occasioned as regular applications to hers, and though she really answered these claims with more liberality than could have been expected from her penurious habits, he could never endure with any decency of patience the long lecture which filled up the time from the moment of his arrival to the production of what he emphatically termed "the tip," whose apparition was always the signal for his disappearance. His last application, being somewhat too rapid as well as heavy, was encountered with a positive denial, and the recusant was commencing her usual exhortation, when Frank disrespectfully exclaimed "Come, come, no preachee and floggee too," and muttering, loud enough to be heard, the words "stingy old mummy!" flung himself out of the room.

Now though it must be candidly confessed, that Mrs. Pitman, who had by this time become somewhat aged, and brown, and shrivelled, bore no small resemblance to those leathern ladies and gentlemen of Egypt, who mount guard at Museums in their glazed sentry-boxes, she considered herself too young by three thousand years to justify any such comparison, and was indignant in proportion to her own sense of juvenility. Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were even more moved than the old lady, for they felt the value of the insult. Never was a sorrow more joyous, or an anger more complacent, than that which they expressed upon the occasion. So deeply were their feelings injured, that they declared themselves unable to continue their visits, if they ran any risk of encountering such an ungrateful profligate; and Frank was accordingly forbidden the house.

As the tanner's widow waxed sickly and infirm, she became an enticing object for Mrs. Doldrum, an inhabitant of Leighton-Buzzard, one of those human screechowls who prowl about the abodes of misery and death, croaking out dismal tidings, and hovering over corpses. She seemed only happy when surrounded by wretchedness, and her undertaker-like mind appeared to live upon death. When she could not treat herself with a dissolution, she would look about her for a broken leg, a bankruptcy, a family where there was a dishonoured daughter, a runaway son, or any calamity she could by good fortune discover. "O my dear friend," she exclaimed to Mrs. Pitman, a short time before her death, "I am so delighted to see you, (here a groan)—you know my regard for you, (another groan)—seeing your bed-room shutters closed, I took it for granted, it was all over with you, so I came in just to close your eyes and lay out your body. Delighted to find you alive, (groan the third)—let us be of good cheer, perhaps you may yet linger out a week longer, though it would be a great release if it would please God to take you. (Groan the fourth.)—And yet I fear you are sadly prepared for the next world. (Groan the fifth and longest.)—You know my regard for you. The Lord be good unto us! Hark! is that the death-watch? I certainly heard a tickihg."

This consolatory personage was all alive the moment she heard of Mrs. Pitman's death, which occurred shortly after; and she was obviously in her proper element when superintending the closing of win-

dow-shutters, and all the minute arrangements usually adopted upon such mournful occasions. At her own particular request, she was indulged with the privilege of sitting up with the body the first night, and would not even resign her station on the second day, which was the time appointed for the reading of the will. Frank Millington had been sent for express to attend this melancholy ceremony; Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were of course present in deep mourning, with visages to match, and each with a white pocket-handkerchief to hide the tears which he feared he would be unable to shed. Mr. Drawl, the attorney, held the portentous document in his hand, bristling with seals; and two or three friends were requested to attend as witnesses. The slow and precise man of law, who shared none of his auditors' impatience, was five minutes in picking the locks of the seals, as many more in arranging his spectacles, and, having deliberately blown his nose, through which he always talked, (as if to clear the way,) he at length began his lecture. As the will, at the old lady's particular request, had been made as short and simple as possible, he had succeeded in squeezing it into six large skins of parchment, which we shall take the liberty of crushing into as many lines. After a few unimportant legacies to servants and others, it stated that the whole residue of her property, personal and real, consisting of ———— here a formidable schedule of houses, farms, messuages, tenements, buildings, appurtenances, stocks, bonds, monies, and possessions, occupying twenty minutes in the recital,—was bequeathed to her dear cousins Samuel Swipes of the Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler.

Here Mr. Drawl laid down his parchment, drew breath, blew his nose, and began to wipe his spectacles, in which space of time Mr. Swipes was delivered of a palpable and incontestable snivel, in the getting up whereof he was mainly assisted by a previous cold; and endeavouring to enact a sob, which however sounded more like gargling his throat, he ejaculated—"Generous creature! worthy woman! kind soul!"

Mr. Currie, who thought it safer to be silently overcome by his feelings, buried his face in his handkerchief, whence he finally emerged with indisputably red and watery eyes, though it is upon record, that he had been noticed that morning grubbing about the onion-bed in his own garden, and had been seen to stoop down and pick something up. They were both with an ill-concealed triumph beginning to express to Frank their regret that he had not been named, and to inform him that they could dispense with his farther attendance, when Mr. Drawl with his calm nasal twang cried out—"Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats—I have not quite done yet"—and resuming the parchment and his posture thus proceeded—"Let me see—where was I?—Ay, Samuel Swipes of Pond-street Brewery, and Christopher Currie of the Market-place, Saddler,"—and then raising his voice, to adapt it to the large german text words that came next, he sang out—"IN TRUST for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of my dear nephew Frank Millington, when he shall have attained the age of twenty-five years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may be safely intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."——

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Swipes—"you don't mean that we're humbugged?—In trust?—how does that appear? —where is it?"—Mr. Drawl depositing his spectacles, looking up at the ceiling, and scratching the underneath part of his chin, pointed to the two fatal words, which towered conspicuously above the multitude of their companions, and the brewer's nether jaw gradually fell down till it crumpled and crushed the frill of his shirt. Mr. Currie, with a pale face and goggle eyes, stood staring at his co-trustee, not exactly understanding what it all meant, though he saw by his countenance that there was some sudden extinction of their hopes. As the will was dated several years back, Frank only wanted three weeks of the stipulated period of possession, and as he hastily revolved in his mind all the annoyances he had occasioned his aunt, and the kind generosity with which she had treated him, his eyes remained fixed upon the carpet, and the tears fell fast upon the backs of his crossed hands. H.

THE MOUSE TURNED HERMIT. FROM PIGNOTTI

"O beata solitudo!"

In winter when my grandmother sat spinning,
 Close in the corner by the chimney-side,
To many a tale, still ending, still beginning,
 She made me list with eyes and mouth full wide,
Wondering at all the monstrous things she told,
Things quite as monstrous as herself was old.

She told me how the frogs and mice went fighting,
 And every word and deed of wolves and foxes,
Of ghosts and witches in dead night delighting,
 Of fairy spirits rummaging in boxes;
And this in her own strain of fearful joy,
 While I stood by, a happy frightened boy.

One night, quite sulky, not a word she utter'd,
 Spinning away as mute as any fish,
Except that now and then she growl'd and mutter'd;
 At last I begged and prayed, till, to my wish,
She cleared her pipes, spat thrice, coughed for a while,
And thus began with something like a smile:—

"Once on a time there was a mouse," quoth she,
 "Who, sick of worldly tears and laughter, grew
Enamour'd of a sainted privacy;
 To all terrestrial things he bade adieu,
And entered, far from mouse, or cat, or man,
A thick-wall'd cheese, the best of Parmesan.

And, good soul! knowing that the root of evil
 Is idleness, that bane of heavenly grace,
Our hermit laboured hard against the devil,
 Unweariedly, in that same sacred place,
Where further in he toiled, and further yet,
With teeth for holy nibbling sharply set.

His fur-skin jacket soon became distended,
  And his plump sides could vie with any friar's:
Happy the pious who, by Heaven befriended,
  Reap the full harvest of their just desires!
And happier they, whom an eternal vow
Shuts from the world, who live—we know not how!

Just at that time, driven to the very brink
  Of dire destruction, was the mousal nation;
Corn was lock'd up, fast, close, without a chink,
  No hope appeared to save them from starvation,
For who could dare grimalkin's whisker'd chaps,
And long-clawed paws, in search of random scraps?

Then was a solemn deputation sent
  From one and all to every neighbouring house,
Each with a bag upon his shoulder went,
  And last they came unto our hermit-mouse,
Where, squeaking out a chorus at his door,
They begg'd him to take pity on the poor.

"O my dear children," said the anchorite,
  "On mortal happiness and transient cares
No more I bend my thoughts, no more delight
  In sublunary, worldly, vain affairs;
These things have I forsworn, and must, though loth,
Reprove your striving thus against my oath.

"Poor, helpless as I am, what can I do?
  A solitary tenant of these walls;
What can I more than breathe my prayers for you?
  And Heaven oft listens when the pious calls!
Go, my dear children, leave me here to pray,
Go, go, and take your empty bags away."

"Ho! grandmother," cried I, "this matches well,
  This mouse of yours so snug within his cheese,
With many a monk as snug within his cell,
  Swollen up with plenty and a life of ease,
Who takes but cannot give to a poor sinner,
Proclaims a fast and hurries home to dinner."

"Ah, hold your tongue!" the good old dame screamed out,
  "You jackanapes! who taught you thus to prate?
How is't you dare to slander the devout?
  Men in so blessed, so sanctified a state!
Oh, wretched world!—Ah, hold your wicked tongue!—
Alas! that sin should be in one so young!

"If e'er you talk so naughtily again,
  I promise you 'twill be a bitter day!"
So spoke my grandmother, nor spoke in vain;
  She look'd so fierce I 'd not a word to say;
And still I 'm silent as I hope to thrive,
For many grandmothers are yet alive.

S. Y.

MISS HEBE HOGGINS'S ACCOUNT OF A LITERARY SOCIETY IN HOUNDSDITCH.

LETTER I.

SIR,—You will please to consider the red ink in which the commencement of this letter is indited, as emblematic of my blushes when I make the confession that my father is a cooper in Houndsditch; and not that there is any thing degrading in the profession, for we have poets who have started into celebrity from the inferior stations of cowherds, ploughmen, and shoemakers,—but, alas! my poor father is not likely to achieve greatness, still less to have it thrust upon him, for he understands nothing whatever but his business. Determined that his own defect of education should not be entailed upon his daughter, he sent me to a genteel boarding-school at Kensington, where my associates, in the petulancy of youthful pride, presently assailed me with every species of ridicule on account of my parent's vulgar occupation. One christened him Diogenes, and with an air of mock-gravity enquired after his tub; another told me I resembled him, inasmuch as I carried a hogs-head upon my shoulders, (which was a gross libel upon my physiognomy); a third, quoting Addison, exclaimed

——"Why does he load with darts
His trembling hands, and crush beneath a *casque*
His wrinkled brows?"

while a fourth, whenever I ventured to sing, observed that I was then in my proper element, as I was favouring them with a few *staves*. Nothing reconciled me to this spiteful persecution but the superior success with which I prosecuted my studies. Mortified vanity stimulated me to aspire to a higher rank of intellect as some atonement for inferiority of station; and my object was so far attained that I was enabled to retaliate upon fashionable dunces the sneers and taunts which they levelled against city minxes and upstart vulgarians. Among my schoolfellows there were several who feared me, and many who refrained from open quizzing; but they all held themselves aloof from any intimacy, and I found the pride of surpassing some in their studies and of inflicting pain upon the feelings of others whenever my own were attacked, but a poor compensation for the unsociableness to which I was condemned by their open or suppressed contempt.

Even this miserable comfort was denied me when I left school and was taken home to Houndsditch, for my own acquirements only served to render more striking, and infinitely more galling, the wretched illiterateness of my parents. Conceive, my dear Mr. Editor, the horror of hearing my father, who had yielded to my mother's wishes in the selection of a polite seminary for my studies, enquire whether I had larnt to darn stockings and make a pudding! But even this Vandalism was less grating to my soul than the letter which my mother wrote a few days after my return, to the parent of one of my schoolfellows, enquiring the character of a cook, which she thus commenced: "Mrs. Hoggins presents her compliments to the Honourable Mrs. Hartopp, as I understand Betty Butter lived in your family as cook, Mrs. H— begs Mrs. H— will inform her whether she understands her business, and I hope Mrs. H— will be particular in stating to Mrs. H—," &c. —and thus she continued for a whole page confounding first, second,

and third persons, and bepuzzling Mrs. H—'s in a most astounding commutation of initials and individualities.— At my earnest solicitation this letter was condemned, and a second composed, which started with this inauspicious exordium :—"Betty Butter, whom, according to her own account, lived two years with you as cook,"—and proceeded in a similar strain of verbs without nominatives, and relatives without antecedents. This also she consented to cancel, not without sundry peevish exclamations against the newfangled English and nonsensical pedantry taught at the schools nowadays, none of which were heard of in her time, although the world went on quite as well then as it did now. Having tartly reprimanded me for my saucy offer of inditing a proper note, she took out a new crow-pen, reflected for some minutes upon the best method of arranging her ideas, and finally recommenced thus:—"Madam Understanding Betty Butter lived with you as cook, has induced me to write you these few lines," &c.: and this horrific epistle, terminating as awfully as it began, was actually despatched!—O Sir! imagine the abomination to all my grammatical nerves and philological sympathies!

From such gothic society I found it absolutely necessary to emancipate myself, and I have the pleasure to inform you, that after innumerable difficulties and delays, from the ignorance of some and the ridicule of others, I have succeeded in establishing a Blue-stocking Society in Houndsditch, which, if I am not much mistaken, will eventually rival the most celebrated literary associations that have been formed from the days of Pericles down to those of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dr. Johnson. Considering the soul to be of no sex, I have admitted males of undoubted genius into our club, and we can already boast of several names that only want the means and opportunity to become immortal. The hitherto Bœotian realm of Houndsditch begins to be fertile in classical and Attic associations. The Sugar-baker's upon Tower Hill we have consecrated to Grecian reminiscences as the Acropolis, and the Smoking-room upon its roof is hallowed to our eyes as the Parthenon; the Tower is our Piræus, and the houses on each side of the Minories are the long walls; Aldgate Pump is the Grotto of Pan; Whitechapel Church is the Ceramicus; the East India Company's Warehouses in Leadenhall-street are the Temple of Theseus; the extremities of Fenchurch-street are the Propylæa; and the Synagogue in Duke's Place the Odeum. Thus, you see, Sir, we are upon classic ground in whatever direction we move; while, to complete the illusion, we have named the great kennel leading to Tower Hill the Ilyssus, and I am credibly assured it is quite as large as the original. Our Academus, a room which we have hired in Houndsditch, is planted with pots of geranium and myrtle, to imitate the celebrated garden of the original; and one of our members who is a stationer, having made us a present of a thick new commercial ledger, that odious endorsement has been expunged, and the word Album substituted in large letters of gold. From this sacred volume, destined to preserve the contributions of our associates, I propose occasionally to select such articles as may stamp a value upon your Miscellany, and at the same time awaken the public to a due sense of the transcendant talents which have been coalesced, principally by the writer of this article, in the composition of the Houndsditch Literary Society.

Young as our establishment is, it is so opulent in articles, that the very fertility renders selection impossible, and I must, after all, open the volume at random, and trust to the Sortes Hounditchianæ. It expands at a sonnet by Mr. Mc Quill, a lawyer's clerk, possessing, as you will observe, a perfect knowledge of Latin; and though the subject be not very dignified, it is redeemed, by his delicacy of handling and felicity of diction, from that common-place homeliness with which a less gifted bard would have been apt to invest it. He catches ideas from his subject by letting it go, and in a vein at once facetious and pathetic—but I will detain you no longer from his beautiful

SONNET

To a Flea, on suffering it to escape.

THOU lightly-leaping, flitting Flea! who knows if
Thou art descended from that sire who fell
Into the boiling water when Sir Joseph
Banks maintain'd it had a lobster's shell?—
Here, Jemmy Jumps, thou mak'st no *stay*; so fly;
Shouldst thou re-bite—thy grandsire's ghost may rise,
Peep through the blanket of the dark, and cry
"Hold, hold," in vain:—thou fall'st a sacrifice!—

The bard will weep, yes, *flea-lit*, he will weep,
Backbiter as thou art, to make thy sleep
Eternal, thou who skippest now so gaily;
But thou 'rt already old if the amount
Of thine intercalary days we count,
For every year with thee is Leap-year.—*Vale!*

The next unfolding of our richly-stored repertory developes the most important communication we have hitherto received, being a serio-comic poem by Mr. Schweitzkoffer, (son of the great sugar-baker who owns the Acropolis,) entitled "The Apotheosis of Snip." Its hero is a tailor, (there 's an original idea!)—its unity is preserved by dividing it into nine cantos, the supernatural machinery is conducted by Atropos, who holds the fatal shears, and Vertumnus, the god of cabbage; and the victim of Michaelmas-day, instead of the bird of Minerva, is invoked to shed a quill from its pinion, and inspire the imagination of the poet. Mr. Schweitzkoffer appears to me destined to assume a rank superior to Rabelais, and at least equal to Butler; but, as I propose to make copious selections from his facetious epic, I leave your readers to decide what niche he ought to occupy in the temple of Immortality. In the following description of morning in London, he appears to have had Marmion in his eye; but without any servile imitation, he has contrived to unite an equally graphic fidelity of delineation, with a more sustained illustration and impressive sentimentality than are to be found in the admired original:—

DAY rose o'er Norton Falgate high,
And Sol, like Tom of Coventry,
On many a nude was peeping;—
The chimneys smokeless and erect,
And garret windows patch'd and check'd,
The prentice-rousing ray reflect,
While those within them sleeping

Reflect——that they must stretch their legs,
And bundle out and stir their pegs,
Or else, as sure as eggs are eggs,
Their masters strict and wary
With rattling bells will overhaul 'em,
Or, may be, rise themselves to call 'em
Up with a sesserary!—

Pendent on dyer's pole afloat,
Loose pantaloon and petticoat
Seem on each other's charms to doat,
Like lovers fond and bland:
Now swelling as the breezes rise,
They flout each other in the skies,
As if conjoin'd by marriage ties
They fought for the upper hand.—
Beneath with dirty face and fell,
Timing his footsteps to a bell,
The dustman saunter'd slowly,
Bawling "Dust-O!" with might and main,
Or humming in a lower strain,
"Hi—ho, says Rowley!"—

Now at shop-windows near and far
The prentice boys alert
Fold gently back the jointed bar,
Then sink the shutter with a jar
Upon the ground unhurt;
While some from perforated tin
Sprinkle the pavement with a grin
Of indolent delight,
As poising on extended toe,
Their circling arm around they throw,
And on the stony page below
Their frolic fancies write.—
What poems praised and puff'd, have just
Like these kick'd up a mighty dust,
But wanting the impressive power
To stamp a name beyond the hour,
Have soon become forgotten, mute,
Effaced, and trodden under foot!—

In future communications I shall send you some more tid-bits from our feast of intellect; but, as we have a meeting this evening to ballot for the admission of Miss Caustic the apothecary's daughter, (whom I mean to blackball,) I have only time to add that I have discarded my baptismal name of Harriet, as inappropriate and unclassical, and shall henceforth acknowledge no other appellation than that of Hebe Hoggins. H.

NOUVELLES MESSÉNIENNES, PAR M. CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the violence of party spirit in France, which on every question of domestic policy, causes ruinous and paralyzing divisions among the people, the Greeks have found in that country an almost unanimous feeling of sympathy for their sufferings, and admiration of their courage. A miserable faction, who, themselves slaves by nature, would willingly see their whole species consigned to slavery, may raise its intolerant and pestilent breath against the noble struggle; --but such petty opposition is overpowered in the invocations uprising from every generous heart, for death to the Infidel, and liberty to Greece.

The Muses of several European countries have already saluted, with their songs of hope and joy, the devotion and the success of a regenerated people. France has not been silent during this enthusiastic chorus; and a young poet, already distinguished in various branches of his art, now joins his strain to those which echo at this moment through the civilized world. M. Delavigne, known to our readers as the author of two successful tragedies, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" and "Le Paria," had already produced some short poems of considerable originality, and highly popular, as well from their merit as from their subject, which was the recent misfortunes of France. Those pieces were named by their author *Messéniennes*, the title of the songs of grief poured forth over the sufferings of *his* country by a Messenian in the "Voyage d'Anacharsis." We shall not stop here to debate the propriety or good taste of the title thus chosen by M. Delavigne for his patriotic effusions. It is something so refreshing to see novelty and vigour of thought connecting themselves, in any shape, with the monotony of French verse, that we hail their appearance with delight even in the title of a new production—and we are therefore inclined to pardon a little *bizarrerie*, even should it make itself evident in the more consequential pages which follow. To relieve himself from the solemnity of his theatral triumphs, M. Delavigne has composed these new *Messéniennes*, to which title the best two have rather a better claim than their predecessors, being inspired by the ills of Modern Greece. The other is connected with a subject of no less interest—the debasement and servitude of Italy.

M. Delavigne possesses talents at once flexible and fertile; but notwithstanding their unquestioned developement in his two tragedies, his merit is probably more incontestable as a lyric writer. It is when poetic feeling, gracefully imagined, must be expressed with energy—when the effervescence of genius claims immediate and vigorous utterance—that the success of this author is most certain. The management of a sustained and complicated work seems a labour to him, which he surmounts indeed, but evidently with pain:—an ode or an elegy flows from his pen without effort—we might almost say without fault. Lyric poetry loves to *create*—originality seems its necessary impulse—and it is of that above all others that we may say, what Burke applies to poetry and eloquence in general, "their business is to affect rather by sympathy than imitation, to display rather the effects of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves." The Messéniennes of M. Delavigne

are good illustrations of this position. They are really lyric choruses, to which the interest of narrative is frequently joined. They present us with lively and varied images—brilliant lines—and eminently what the French call *verve*. It does not, however, appear to us that the author has attained in these new productions that blended tone of warlike and religious enthusiasm, which was most striking in his former pieces, particularly in the Elegy on the Battle of Waterloo, commencing thus——,

" Ils ne sont plus, laissez en paix leur cendre."

The first of the present poems is the simple and touching recital of an incident related in the travels of M. Pouqueville. A young priest, alive to the oppression of his country, is seated one evening in his bark close under the walls of Coron, and mournfully sings, to the accompaniment of his lute, a pious hymn composed on the miseries of Greece. The Turkish sentinel who keeps watch on the ramparts hears the melancholy sounds, distinguishes the young Christian in the twilight, seizes his musquet, levels with an unerring aim, and pierces the youthful priest to the heart. His father, who had passed the night in watching for his return, finds at daybreak, on the borders of the gulf, his lute struck by a bullet and faintly stained with blood. He dares not express his griefs in the view of the murderer of his child, and retires weeping from the fatal scene. This subject is susceptible of much interest, and we think the poet has succeeded in its expression. Our readers will receive a double pleasure in the following passage, from the beauty of M. Delavigne's versification, and the *tacit* homage which he pays to our countryman Lord Byron, in having borrowed his exquisite and well-known lines, " 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more," &c.

Au bord de l'horizon le soleil suspendu,
Regarde cette plage, autrefois florissante,
Comme un amant en deuil, qui pleurant son amante,
Cherche encore dans ses traits l'éclat qu'ils ont perdu,
Et trouve, après la mort, sa beauté plus touchante.
Que cet astre, à regret, s'arrache à ses amours!
Que la brise du soir est douce et parfumée!
Que des feux d'un beau jour la mer brille enflammée!—
Mais pour un peuple esclave il n'est plus de beaux jours.

The sun, suspended o'er the horizon's plane,
Looks on those shores—the pride of other years—
As some lorn lover, seeking through his tears
The brilliant charm of her he mourns in vain,
But which in death more lovelily appears.
How sad the bright orb sinks below the waves!
How soft the night-breeze blends its rich perfume
With rays, that tinge the seas in roseate bloom—
But warm nor lighten not a land of slaves!

The force and beauty of the concluding thought (we refer solely to the original, for we are aware of the injustice done it in our feeble imitation) repays the unacknowledged debt for that which precedes it; and in the following extract, there is a life and spirit of poetic painting, that half excuses the plagiarism with which the catastrophe winds up.

The pious and patriotic Greek concludes his hymn—

" O Dieu! la Grèce, libre en ses jours glorieux,
N'adorait pas encor ta parolle éternelle;

Chrétienne, elle est aux fers, tend ses bras vers les cieux:
Dieu vivant, seul vrai Dieu, feras tu moins pour elle
Que Jupiter et ses faux dieux?"

Il chantait, il pleurait, quand d'une tour voisine
Un Mussulman se lève, il court, il est armé.
Le turban du soldat sur son mousquet s'incline,
L'étincelle jaillit, le salpêtre a fumé,
L'air siffle, un cri s'entend—L'hymne pieux expire.
Ce cri, qui l'a poussé? vient-il de ton esquif?
Est-ce toi qui gémis, Lévite? est-ce ta lyre
Qui roule de tes mains avec ce bruit plaintif?

"O God! when Greece in glory's day was free,
She worshipped not thy all-eternal word.—
Christian—in chains—her arms are raised to thee!—
And wilt thou, true and living God, afford
Less aid than Jove, and each false deity?"
Singing he wept; when to the neighbouring walls
A Moslem soldier, armed and ardent, springs—
His turban towards his levelled musquet falls—
The flint is struck—the whistling bullet rings—
A cry resounds—the pious strains expire!
Whence comes the cry?—from whom that dying tone?
Is 't thou, ill-fated Greek?—Is that thy lyre
Which falling blends with thine its plaintive moan?

We need not remind the reader of modern French poetry of the fine passage in the tragedy of "Les Templiers," so highly extolled by Madame de Stael, where the author, after having described the valorous Chevalier singing in the middle of the flames, makes the personage commanded to suspend the execution exclaim

"Il n'était plus temps—les chants avaient cessé."

The second Messénienne is entitled "Parthénope et L'Etrangère," and is not only in execution a bold specimen of animated composition, but in conception a truly brilliant and original idea. Liberty, pursued by the confederate kings of the earth, demands an asylum within the walls of Naples, the ancient Parthénope. She is received—the people are excited by her presence to the most unbounded transports—and nothing is breathed but enthusiasm, valour, and devotion to her cause.—

Ils s'écrièrent tous d'une commune voix—
"Assis sous ton laurier que nous courons défendre,
Virgile, prends ta lyre et chante nos exploits;
Jamais un oppresseur ne foulera ta cendre!"—
Ils partirent alors ce peuple belliqueux,
Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille,
Le Germain triomphant s'enivrait avec eux
Au pied du laurier de Virgile!

"Sing, Virgil," they cried, in a chorus of joy,
"Our exploits on thy lyre, while the foemen we spurn;
Thy fame to defend, 'gainst the tyrants we fly,
And we swear that they never shall rifle thy urn!"—
They are gone, but the flame of their warlike boast
In a short month subsides into vapour and fume—
When, linked with the victors, the recreant host
Lie drunk at the basement of Virgil's tomb!

In these lines we have rather imitated, than given a literal version of the original; and the passage is a fair specimen of the spirit of the whole, which is altogether so dramatic—so intrepidly dashed off—so unlike French poetry, commonly so called—so wide of *les règles*—that it somehow touches our sympathy more than its fellows, though, as a piece of *French* composition, decidedly inferior to them.

In the third Messénienne the poet contrasts the former glories of Greece with its subsequent (we cannot say its *present*) debasement; and takes a far, yet natural, flight into the realm of ancient fable, and of a history, where the miracles of patriotism and courage appear to us almost as apocryphal as the mythology with which they are joined. The hope of seeing the memory of the past inspire the present sons of Sparta and Athens, was a fine impulse to the genius of the poet, who has not, however, allowed his brilliant imagination to seduce him from those touches of simplicity and tenderness, so fitting to the melancholy tone of his subject. In recalling the remembrance of those treasures of which nature has been so prodigal in the beautiful clime he celebrates, the author execrates the tyranny by whose empoisoned breath they have been withered; and apostrophising the Eurotas, on the banks of which he observes the laurel-rose in bloom—as if in mockery of their slavery—he exclaims:—

C'en est fait, et ces jours que sont-ils devenus,
Où le cygne argenté, tout fier de sa parure,
Des vierges dans ses jeux caressait les pieds nus,
Où tes roseaux divins rendaient un doux murmure,
Où rechauffant Léda, pale de volupté,
Froide et tremblante encore au sortir de tes ondes,
Dans le sein qu'il couvrait de ses ailes fécondes
Un dieu versait la vie et l'immortalité?
C'en est fait; et le cygne, exilé d'une terre
Où l'on enchaîne la beauté,
Devant l'eclat du cimiterre
A fui comme la Liberté.

'Tis o'er;—the glorious days are past and gone,
When, in his plumed pride, the silver swan
Caressed with sportive grace the virgins' feet,
The while thy magic reeds gave murmur sweet—
Or, warming pale voluptuous Leda's breast,
As tremblingly she left thy chilling flood,
Within her bosom, to his soft wings pressed,
Immortal life was poured by Nature's God!
'Tis o'er;—and far from this degraded land,
Where bending beauty droops her captive head,
Before the flashing sword and fiery brand
The exiled swan, like Liberty, has fled.

These (the original once more) are certainly fine lines; and with them we conclude our notice of this little work, to which we should not probably have devoted so much space, had not its subject been connected with all that is inspiring to the lovers of Justice and Freedom; and did not the perils and persecutions surrounding these glorious birthrights of mankind make them want the aid of every advocate—and more particularly that of talent and enthusiasm.

A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS—AGREEABILITY.

"I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear, or an old lion, or a lover's lute, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?"—HENRY IV.

THOSE who, living in London, meet their friends at a six-o'clock dinner,—when the return of appetite, and the fatigue of an assiduous application to business, render a man any thing but fastidious in his company,—and who, after amusing themselves for the greater part of the time with eating and drinking, take their leave of society at ten o'clock,—know very little of the charm and the importance of agreeability. He must indeed be a dull dog, who under these circumstances will not pass muster; and with the help of "taking wine," commending and carving dishes, cursing the climate, and discussing the fall of stocks and the elevation of Monsieur Chateaubriand,—the salvation of the agriculturists, and the d—nation of the last new pantomime,—Cobbett and Clara Fisher, the Marchioness and the Mermaid, Tom and Jerry and the Holy Allies,—cannot contrive to pass away an afternoon "for self and company" in some degree of hilarity and enjoyment.

Not so the man, whose evil destiny leads him to spend the Christmas holidays in the country, and to crib himself up under one roof with the *Glaucumque, Medontaque Thersilochumque* of society,—there to get on, as well as he can, till time and the twelfth-cake shall restore him once more to the bosom of his family. All the particulars and details of country habits are wearisome and trying to citizens who have passed the first freshness of life, and no longer find that

> "Simply but TO BE,
> To live, to breathe, is purest ecstasy:"—

And when, more especially, the party is accustomed to employment, and is inexperienced in the art of "killing time," the listless idleness of a country morning is beyond all expression intolerable. But if there be one thing more annoying than another, it is the endless breakfast-table of the large party usually assembled on such occasions,—with the necessity it involves of making "company conversation," and being witty, before one's intellects are awakened, and the tea has had its action on the nervous system. Oh! for the delicious repose of one's own study breakfast; the feet on the fender, the newspaper spread before one, and the mind indulging in its own reflections, till they lapse from thought to reverie.—At this time of the day, the men are all muzzy with the last night's claret, and the women's faces, and consequently their tempers, are discomposed by their late hours. A pun, a quotation, or a smart sensible remark, falls as flat as the great poet on the plains of Waterloo*; and the most palpable joke can no more penetrate such an atmosphere of dulness, than a sunbeam find its way through the fog and smoke of a London December.

When, however, the tea-urn is dismissed, then "comes the tug of war." I speak not to hunters and shooters; though if the morning be too rainy for the one, or too frosty for the other, they too may understand what

* "Of all that fell by sword or shot,
None fell so flat," &c. &c.

I mean. First huddle your ladies round the fire, strew your men at full length on the sofas, and place the children, *s'il y en a* (and the picture would be incomplete without them), in high and noisy romps on the middle of the floor. Then conceive the eternal, never-ending, still beginning, *lackadaisicalities* touching the matter of Walter Scott's "more last dying words,"—the ferocious attack of some matronly partizan of "my grandmother's review" on poor Don Juan,—the diatribe against the heterodox and fugitive poet, its author, who won't submit to the chains of matrimony, and who will write what he thinks fit, in spite of Bowles, Southey, and the Constitutional Society. Then follows, by a natural transition, the customary prose on tracts, missions, the wonderful charities of the lady of the house, and all the good she does among her own tenants, by her intervention—or, I should rather say, her interference—in their most private and domestic concerns. Next come, "skipping, rank and file," her cuttings out of linen for the girls, her cuttings out of employment for the boys,—the Bell and Lancaster war, –slates and samplers,—combs and catechisms,—and soup, soap, and sobriety:—all very good things in their way, but terribly dull in a morning's conversation. Nor is this all. Ever in the vicinage of a great house there is a vicarage; and the vicar's wife is always a *nonpareil*, with the most detestable set of interminable good qualities that ever "vexed the dull ear of a drowsy" listener. *E poi*, there is, to be sure, a maiden sister, who has had every disease in Buchan; and whose history, from the first cough to the last blister, is duly inflicted upon every new comer in his turn. Relieved from this fire by the failure of the ammunition, some facetious country gentleman takes you up; and seizing on your button—I wish to heavens the tailors would sew them tighter—plunges you incontinently into a sea of grand jury politics, neighbourly disputes about game, the intricate operations of a turnpike act, intrigues for draining a duck-pond, and manœuvres for inclosing a common—

> "Verum ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,
> Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;"

it becomes almost impossible to hold out longer; and one is tempted not to wait for the "*media de nocte*," but to take one's horse at once, and be off at a tangent.

By this time, however, relief arrives in the shape of a luncheon—(people who have nothing to do, always eat luncheons)—and then follows the tiresome, dragging, lounging walk, without object and without animation: or, perhaps, (worst of all) that consummation of bore—a drive to pay a visit. Oh! ye, who, inhabiting a great city, have no other ideas excited by these words, than a peregrination through Bond-street and the squares, dropping a ticket here and a compliment there, a "how d'ye do" at one house, and a "don't forget" at another, little do ye dream of the misery of a morning visit in the country. First, out come the four horses and the outriders, all in apple-pie order;—the coachman's wig in full buckle, and the lady visitants in full demi-toilette (excuse the bull):—then off you set for seven or more miles of cold splashing through the deep ruts of by-roads and lanes; the carriage windows all closed, to stew you in your own steam, or lowered to introduce the "winter's flaw," and give you the tooth-ach. On arrival, you

find a cold drawing-room, with the fire just lighted, and smoking, of course. After some half-quarter's preparation, enter the lady of the house, cold as her room, and formal as the regiment of chairs marshalled, with the drum-major of a sofa at their head, along its walls. The conversation, a repetition of all you have already heard in the morning, with some episodes to give time for the entrance of the luncheon—(*mem.* your second luncheon)—which is never ready. At last the moment of parting arrives:—you curt'sy, bob, and return to your carriage, to skelter back your seven miles home, with the additional *agrement* of a snow-storm and darkness.

These are pleasant preliminaries for encountering at dinner the same faces you have been seeing every day till your eyes ache. All the good stories are moreover exhausted, the got-up wit expended, and the prescribed topics of the day discussed and worn out. Unless some one of the company has been kind enough to go out skaiting on horseback, and has broken his own or his horse's bones, for the amusement of the party, nothing remains but the claret for getting through the long, long evening.

It is under these circumstances that we become acquainted with the full value of agreeability; and know the worth of the man who "in the worst of times" has within himself the sources of amusement. To describe what agreeability is—in what it consists, is next to an impossibility. It is a quality rather to be felt than understood, and far more susceptible of being enjoyed than analyzed. It is an aggregate of many particulars, differs in different subjects, and depends in some measure on the company as well as on the person himself in whom it is found. Generally speaking, an agreeable person should not be a man of strong passions, or of deep views or feelings; he should have vanity enough to wish to please, and not sufficient to be wholly engaged with himself. There are men of the most lively and brilliant wit, with minds stored with anecdote, who are extremely wearisome in society, simply because they are not good listeners, and take no pains to make the company satisfied with themselves, to draw out each man in his turn, to return him his own thoughts in a new or a better dress, and flatter him with the fancy that the novelty is his own. Without the aid of some one possessed of this talent, society is apt to fall into the hands of some egregious coxcomb, who has no other qualification for possessing "the general ear," than impudence and self-sufficience.

Agreeability is a much rarer and more difficultly attainable excellence among women, than with men; owing to their more circumscribed intercourse with the world, and their more defective education. We are indeed most frequently indebted to a slight dash of coquetry in females, when we pass our time agreeably in their society. Clever women are too often *tranchantes*, or too pedantic, to please; while a fool is the whole antipodes away from agreeability. But when one finds a female truly agreeable, there is nothing in the round of life so fascinating, so enjoyable! Beauty cloys; wit dazzles and fatigues; but genuine agreeability is as durable as it is exquisite. The male sex has nothing like it; nothing so winning, nothing so delightful, nothing so intoxicating. Hours, days, years, under its influence, "roll unperceived away;" and a long life will not suffice to exhaust its powers.

To be agreeable, the desire to please is not sufficient. Often, indeed,

the very effort mars the design. Quoters, strainers after points and antitheses, are any thing on the face of the earth but agreeable: and it often occurs, that when even men of wit and celebrity are brought together for the express purpose of "making a charming day of it," mutual apprehension and mutual effort render the society as dull as a Methodist meeting.

To be simple and natural, on the other hand, goes far; and it is not unusual to find even aged females (those synonymes for bore, among the half-witted,) extremely agreeable, upon no other fund than this simplicity and a little good sense.

One source of the agreeable is sympathy. A noisy, obstreperous, story-telling, song-singing invader of ears, is deemed agreeable in the club, of which he is the centre; and a prosing, long-winded follower of the doublings of a hare, the patient historiographer of the day's labour of a pointer—are good company in the society of country-squires. To this cause we must attribute the rarity of agreeability among the cultivators of abstruse science, and among men of high-toned character, who have little in common with the mass of mankind, and whose thoughts, habitually turned inward, are incapable of external demonstration, except on great occasions.

For a somewhat similar reason, mothers of large families are uniformly deficient in the agreeable, being wholly pre-occupied with the cares and delights of maternity, and absorbed in contemplation of the great qualities of Tommy, or the budding beauties of the infant Jane.

The scarcity of agreeability exalts it in our estimation above far more important attributes. For, to be agreeable, implies, of necessity, no virtue, if it be not that of good-nature; and a very agreeable creature may be a downright villain. Whatever value we may set upon the higher qualities of head or heart, we are still more intolerant of dulness than of vice, and prefer too often an agreeable companion to a true friend—

"Nil ego contulerim *jucundo* sanus amico,"

says Horace; and in so saying bears involuntary testimony to the triumph of the agreeable over the estimable.

Agreeability is a quality eminently dependent upon civilization. Our ancestors knew not the thing; and were obliged to employ professional jesters, mummers, and morrice-dancers, to help them through their long winter's evenings, and to pass their Christmas for them in cheerfulness. The youth of both sexes find agreeability in their own animal spirits, in their young hopes and desires: a ball, or a small game, finds them in full employment. Infancy, therefore, (both in society and in individuals) is not fastidious:—but as life and society advance, men become intolerant, demand more intellectual excitement, and are more prone to retire from the world to the bosom of the select few, who happen to be congenial with their own habits and propensities *. It is in France alone that old men retain their faculty of pleasing and being pleased to the last. This is an endowment which results much from temperament; but something likewise must be attributed to the smaller pressure of the cares of life, and to the diminished necessity for great

* Those who live most in the world, complain the most of its stupidity, insomuch that *ennui* has become the tone of good society.

exertions in the mere attainment of subsistence. An Englishman's mind and temper are early worn out by his excessive effort to maintain his place in society; and the intellectual machine is destroyed, long before the failure of the digestive and circulating organs fits the body for the grave. "They manage these things better in France;" and the French are accordingly a more social and entertaining people.

But it is high time to have done. This paper was intended to be "*agreeable*," but the influence of a country Christmas has prevailed. Beginning in fun and ridicule, the subject has conducted itself, like all other human subjects,—"to the grave." If, however, the reader should be tired of this our "*country Christmas*," he will afford an additional instance of the truth it has been attempted to illustrate: and he has this advantage over the *invited* guest—that he can cut whenever he pleases, without the trouble of a formal apology, or the necessity for a lying excuse, to his humble servant, M.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Or the Lament of the Year 1745.

Oh, thou pale, snowy rosebud, though rent and laid low
By the rude hand of Power in the day of despair,
Yet thou still in the breasts of the loyal shalt blow,
Full as lovely, as fragrant, as fresh, and as fair.
Though our bosoms no longer may glow with the dream
Of royalty righted, and exiles restored,
Yet still they may swell with the rapturous theme
Of the faith they long cherished, the prince they adored;
And still they in silence may weep o'er the woes
Endured by the chieftains who bore the white rose.

With that deep thrilling interest, where pleasure and pain
Contend in the bosom and struggle for sway,
We muse on the emblem of Loyalty vain,
And sigh o'er its fall on Culloden's dark day:
Yet the cloud that o'ershadowed the dawning so bright,
And obscured wtih its darkness the valley and heath,
With the beam of the meteor flashed radiance and light,
And illumed with its splendour the pale field of death,
And bright o'er the fallen its lustre arose,
And hallowed their sufferings, their valour and woes.

Oh, still whilst our bosoms shall glow with the flame,
Which Heaven itself in its mercy inspired,
Shall awaken each thrill as it dwells on the fame
Of the heroes so loyal, devoted, admired.
And still the loved emblems of loyalty true
Shall honoured and blest in our bosoms remain,
And whilst its white blossoms we pensively view,
We behold no dishonour, or sully, or stain;
And ages to come shall admiring disclose,
The virtues and fame of the pure, snowy rose.

The Editor gives Jacobite poetry *as a curiosity*. He needs scarcely say that the name of his clan entitles him to abjure all attachment to the doctrine of "*Monarchs restored.*"

HARRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

I 've cast your Horoscope—your natal star
Is Ursa Major—a most hanging sign. OLD PLAY.

THE indefatigable author of the Scottish novels, and his innumerable imitators, have not only commemorated all the reevers, robbers, borderers, blackmailmen, brigands, rebels, outlaws, cut-throats, and other heroes of Scotland, but have begun to make incursions into England; while another set have landed upon the shores of Ireland, where they bid fair to reap an abundant harvest of riot and robbery. It is really scandalous, that the citizens of London should not have availed themselves of their rich records of rascality to immortalize some of their more celebrated felons; but, with the exception of the Newgate Calendar, an imperfect and obscure publication, I am not aware of any attempt to do proper justice to these characters, beyond the very simple process of hanging them. This desideratum in literature I purpose to supply, by a series of traditional or recorded tales, wherein, according to established usage, I shall introduce frequent dialogues, imitations of the old ballads, songs, and other poems, and have made such arrangements, that every one shall contain a crazy, doting semi-prophetic old crone, upon whose fatuous auguries the whole plot shall be forced to depend. I need not more fully develope my mode of treatment, since I enclose you, as a specimen, the tale of

HENRY HALTER THE HIGHWAYMAN.

In the whole populous range of Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, it would have been impossible to find a more dashing youth, or one who at once illustrated and defied the dangers of his profession with a look of more resolute slang, than Harry Halter the Highwayman. Sixteen-string Jack, with the bunches of ribbons at his knees, and the ends of his neckcloth fluttering in the air of St. George's Fields, had a more swelling swagger, and Abershaw might carry in his face a more stubborn and insolent assurance of the gallows; but Harry, with his hat on one side, his quid in his left cheek, and his bludgeon in his right hand, contrived to associate such a real air of high birth and fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish him from the nobility and gentry with whom he was constantly intermingled at boxing-matches and cockpits. Even the Bow-street officers were sometimes deceived; and many a lord and member of parliament going to receive his dividends at the Bank, has been tapped on the shoulder, with a—"Come, come, Mr. Harry, this is no place for you—you 're nosed, so bundle off." The Wig and Water-Spaniel in Monmouth-street was his favourite haunt in London; none but "Booth's best" was ever dispensed from that savoury bar, which, not being above six feet square, was exactly big enough to admit Mrs. Juniper the fat landlady, a dozen or two of dram glasses, and a small net of lemons, which, with a delicacy of feeling that did her honour, she declined hanging from the roof, as customary, lest it should awaken any dangling presentiments in the minds of her guests. Here with his two friends Ned Noose and old Charley Crape,—one of whom ultimately emigrated to Australasia, and the other, after being kept some time in suspense as to his final fate, was admitted of Surgeons' Hall,—Harry has sate behind many a pint of purl, arranging the plans

of innumerable burglaries which figure in the annals of those days, or singing the ballad of

Turpin and the Bishop.

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road.
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horses lash'd—but soon roll'd off,
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage-door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain cried—sure as eggs is eggs,
That is the bold Turpin.
Quoth Turpin, You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet,
So clapp'd his pistol in his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six bright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll,
As he sate in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand,
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisper'd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd,
You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely scragg'd.

He never drew bit nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night,
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into court at nine o'clock
To swear to an Alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook;
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

Here it was, that on a dark and tempestuous night of November, when the wind struggling amid the thick-cluster'd chimneys of St. Giles's responded to the signal whistle of the thieves below, and the rain dashed with fitful violence against the windows of the private room in which they were stationed, that our hero and his companions arranged the plan of their attack upon Farmer Bruin's house, of Finchley Common. "I tell you," cried Harry, anxious to silence the objections of his comrades, "It's as lone and snug a dwelling as a man need wish to break into. I vas all over it vonce, and knows the rigs on't. No alarms—no vatch—and as for the dog in the yard, we must physick him, that's all."

"And are you sure he keeps five hundred guineas in the bed-room?" enquired Noose.

"Psha, man! d'ye think I doesn't know vot's vot? Didn't he brag on it to his club at Barnet? Vill the vaiter told me so himself. Besides there's a silver tankard vorth twenty flimsies, and a gold sneezer."

"Vot men sleeps in the house?" said old Charley, with a thoughtful look.

"Only one spooney chap of a rustic,—and old Bruin."

"Who isn't no flincher," resumed Charley.

"But we've our bulldogs and barkers, and arn't we three to two?—you're 'nation squeamish, Charley."

"I fears no man but the hangman," said Noose, scratching his neck; "but there's no call for us to be nabb'd and pull'd up."

"Never fear," exclaimed Harry, slapping him on the back, "you shall have many a bout yet at stand and deliver."

"But," said Charley enquiringly, "if we has to stand at the Old Bailey, I should like to know who's to deliver us."

"Betty Martin! never fear, man—you may live these three months yet—so cheer up, cheer up, my hearty."

"You 're like a sparrow," mutter'd Crape, "you would cry chirrup if a chap was going up the gallows' ladder—Hush! hark! I heard some one snoring."

"Stuff," cried Harry, "you 're always thinking of the watchman: we 're all snug."—"Zounds!" added Noose, making towards the door, "vot noise is that there?"—Here there was an audible snorting and rustling, as of some one awaking, and Harry suddenly drawing a pistol from his pocket, and seizing the solitary candle by which they had been sitting, rushed to the corner of the dim chamber, where, behind a low screen, he discovered a female figure, stretching and yawning in apparent emergence from a sound sleep.—"Ranting Moll, by Jingo!" he exclaimed, "the old drunken fortune-teller of Dog and Bear-yard. What are you after here, you infernal——? are you lurking for blood-money—do you mean to peach—have you heard our palaver?—speak, you crazy old cat, or I'll pop my barker down your muzzle."

The figure whom he thus addressed, while he held his pistol hardly an inch from her mouth, was not calculated to awaken suspicions of any very treacherous intentions, for she bore an expression of mental fatuity, which it would have been difficult to divide between the triple claims of nature, sleep, and intoxication. Her cap was off, her dress disordered, her hair wildly spread over her haggard features, and her eyes, one of which was black from some recent contusion, were fixed upon Harry in a stolid, unmeaning stare. But suddenly her recollection and intellects seemed to flash upon her, her countenance lighted up with a sort of prophetic orgasm, her eyes, particularly the black one, glared with a preternatural lustre, and without offering to move the pistol she cried out in a harsh voice—"Away, away! I have heard nothing of your plots and plans; but he that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood—good swimmers at length are drowned. Thou art young, Harry; but green wood makes a hot fire—thy doom is fixed, spite of these knaves, thy companions. He that lies with the dogs riseth with fleas—not a day passes but thou takest a step up Jack Ketch's ladder: punishment is lame, but it comes. Mark me, boy; I have read what the stars have written in the palm of thy hand—under the sign of the Bear wert thou born, and under that sign shalt thou perish. Stand aside—he who spitteth against heaven, it falls in his face." So saying, she put on her cap, gathered up her garments, and with a wild look of inspiration, as of an ancient Pythoness, stalked out of the room.

"Bravo!" cried Harry, "bravo, ranting Moll!—Egad! it is as good as a tragedy." "Better," said Charley, "for there 's nothing to pay—but what did the old witch mean by your perishing at the sign of the Bear? There's the Black Bear in Piccadilly, as well as the White; but you never goes to neither."—"Mean," replied Harry, "there 's seldom much meaning comes out of the mouth, after fourteen or fifteen tosses of blue ruin have gone into it; and I warrant she hasn't had a drop less." So saying,

they resumed their conversation, and finally arranged the time and method of their attack upon the farmer's house at Finchley Common.

The unconscious object of their deliberation was one of those stout, surly, stubborn yeomen of the old school, who are about as amiable as one of their own bulls in a pound. He quarrelled with his wife if she let him have his own way, stormed outright if she thwarted him, and, though he was notoriously miserable before his marriage, did nothing but extol the happiness of his bachelor days. He would not let his daughter Dolly marry young Fairlop, a neighbouring farmer to whom she was attached, simply because he had not first proposed the connexion himself; and insisted upon her having Mr. Gudgeon, a smart London fishmonger, who drove down to his cottage upon the Common in his own gig, not out of regard to the man, but out of opposition to his daughter. On the very evening of the meeting at the Wig and Water-Spaniel, he came growling home to his house, when the following colloquy ensued between him and his wife.

"Thought you were all dead—couldn't you hear me at the garden-gate?"

"Where 's Clod?"——"Gone out, my dear, but he'll be back directly."—

"Always sending him out of the way on some fool's errand or other."——"He is gone to the village, to get your favourite dish for supper to-night."

"Get the devil for supper to-night—Shan't eat any: you never get one any thing to drink."——"Yes, my dear, I tapp'd the ale on purpose."

"Shan't drink any. What are you staring at?—why don't you help me off with my coat?"——And then having eaten and drunk most copiously of the food which he had just said he would not touch, he drew his easy chair to the fire, stretched his legs, and to the old tune of the Hunting of the Hare roared out his favourite song, of

Bachelor's Fare.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's reveries,
  Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
  Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
  Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
  This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
  Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
  Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
  Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
  Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
  All perplexing and vexing one's life,

Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While Dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.—

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule,
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.—
Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, or frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

The following Wednesday, which was the night fixed on for the robbery, happened to be the monthly meeting of Bruin's club, whence he seldom returned till a late hour, on which account it had been selected by Dolly's lover Fairlop as a favourable opportunity for paying his mistress a visit to concert measures for procuring her father's consent to their marriage. No sooner had he seen the farmer stumping out of the garden-gate with his dog Growler by his side, a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other, his usual accompaniments when he had occasion to go to Finchley by night, than he tapped at the window, was ushered into the parlour up-stairs, received the renewal of Dolly's assurances that she never would marry Mr. Gudgeon, and devised plans for their support, if, as he implored, she consented to wed him without her father's approbation: all which she participated with so much satisfaction, that in the unconscious happiness of the moment they both began singing, and their thoughts involuntarily arranged themselves into the following duet:

Dolly.—I care not a fig for all their clacket,
I never will marry the London fop.
Fairlop.—A jackadandy! I'll lace his jacket,
Over the Common I'll make him hop.

Dolly.—'Tis sad, no doubt, to quarrel with father,
What can a loving maiden do?
Sad as it is, I own I'd rather
Quarrel with him than part with you.

Fairlop.—I care not a straw for all your money,
Ill-temper'd Dad may pocket his pelf;
I'll toil like a bee to gather honey,
And leave the old wasp to sting himself.

Both.—Love shall afford us wealth and pleasure,
Every hour shall bring delight,
While the great folks who roll in treasure,
Gamble all day and toss all night.

Lovers are the worst chronometers in the world. When they meet, Cupid seems to lend Time his wings; and the old gentleman, upon the occasion we are recording, plied his double pinions with such velocity, that Fairlop, startled by the sound of the midnight clock, was just pronouncing a hasty adieu when he heard the gruff voice of Bruin growling at the foot of the stairs for a candle. Escape was impossible—Dolly, frightened out of her wits, had none left to employ when they were most wanted; and Fairlop, who knew that her father, always violent, generally returned from his club with a pistol in his hand and liquor in his head, was really terrified for the personal safety of his

mistress. The only place of concealment that offered itself, was the chimney, up which he hastily climbed, begging Dolly, when the coast was clear, to return and apprise him by the signal of a sneeze.

"Where's your mother?" growled Bruin as he entered the room. Dolly informed him, that she had retired to bed some hours before. "Then I'll sit up," was the reply; "but the night's raw, so light a fire here, and I'll smoke a pipe."—"Had I not better light it in the bed-room?" said the trembling girl. "You had better do as you're bid," he answered. "What are you gaping and shivering at? Here, give me the candle, I'll light it myself."—Dolly, knowing his spirit of contradiction, had presence of mind enough to exclaim—"On reflection, I think it would be better to light it here, and I'm glad my opinion agrees with yours."—"*You* think, Miss saucebox! what do *you* know of the matter? I say it shall be lighted in the bed-room; so away with you, and don't be half an hour about it."

Harry Halter in the mean while, with his two companions, having broken into another part of the house without discovery, entered the parlour shortly after on tiptoe, Crape carrying a dark lantern, and all armed with pistols. "Hist! Hist!" said Harry; "they 're not all abed yet;—I heard a door open and shut. However, I 've got the shiners safe in this here canvass bag."—"And here's the gold snuff-box," said Noose—"and the silver tankard is in my pocket," whispered Charley—"Vell then," added Harry, "suppose we all keeps vot we 've got—I ought to have the largest share for finding out the job." —"Gammon!" said Noose, "I'll have my fair share, or may this pinch of snuff be my last!" So saying, he applied some to his nose, which, not being used to so much gentility, resented the application by a loud sneeze; and Fairlop, thinking he heard Dolly's signal, began to detach himself softly from the chimney.——"Come, come," added Charley, "ve're not to be queered:—I'll have my rights; if I don't, may the devil come for me this very instant!"

At this juncture, Fairlop, all blackened with soot, and thinking he was approaching Dolly, placed himself exactly opposite the dark lantern, exclaiming "Here I am, are you ready?"—and Charley, letting fall his booty, and bawling out—"O Lord, the devil! the devil!" scampered out of the room, followed by Noose.- Harry fired his pistol, but, finding he had missed his aim, thought it prudent to decamp as well as the others.

Possessing abundance of personal courage, and having a sort of natural antipathy to thieves, weazels and rats, the young farmer commenced instant pursuit, calling lustily for assistance, and pressing hard upon Harry, who in attempting to cut across the garden, tumbled over a gooseberry bush, and after a desperate resistance against both Fairlop and Bruin, who speedily joined in the chase, was at last secured and handcuffed. Noose was discovered in the cowhouse, and similarly manacled, and though Charley, who had entered the premises with a provident eye to retreat, succeeded in gaining the Common, he surrendered next day when he learnt the fate of his companions, on condition of being received as king's evidence.

Arrangements were now made for marching the prisoners to the cage at Finchley, the rustic servant heading the detachment with a pitchfork and lantern, the housebreakers coming next securely tied

together, Bruin following with a blunderbuss, while Fairlop with a brace of pistols brought up the rear, receiving the assurance of Bruin, as they walked along, that on account of his courage, a quality of which he was a huge admirer, he should have the hand of Dolly, with the bag of guineas for her portion.—The night was stormy. Immense masses of black clouds, driven rapidly athwart the sky, enveloped the earth in darkness, or, if the moonlight struggled through them for a moment, her beams served but to disclose the dreary and desolate features of the Common over which they were passing. Harry was endeavouring to fortify himself with a desperate resolution, when suddenly the loud and wailful howl of a dog met his ear, at the same time he heard a harsh creaking, and looking up he beheld close to him a gibbet, with the remains of a highwayman who had been hung in chains, swinging and rattling in the blast. His heart sunk within him, but erecting his head, and clenching his teeth with a look of defiance, he was passing on with a firm tread, when his attention was arrested by two shining objects at the foot of the gibbet, which he conjectured to be either glowworms, or the eyes of some animal. Presently they raised themselves from the ground, and at that moment a ray of light fell upon the wild and haggard features of Ranting Moll, who, stretching out her long bony arm to the moon, exclaimed in a sepulchral voice——"Look at it, boy, look at yonder moon—it is the last thou shalt see, for ere her face is again full, thine shall be dust, and thy body shall be like the jingling bones of this murderer, that dance in the night-wind to the music of their own irons. Said I not right? He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, finds his mistake when he comes to leap the ditch. Thou wouldst not heed me when I said an idle man is the devil's bolster, and another man's bread costs more than our own. But we may save a man from others whom we cannot save from himself; when the pear is ripe, it must needs fall to the ground. I told thee, Harry, thou shouldst flourish under the sign of the Bear, and who is he that marches behind thee with thy life in his hand, that it may be laid down at the judge's bar? Is it not Bruin? What! Cannot I read a palm? yet thou wouldst neither heed me when I bade thee fear the Bear, nor believe me when I said—he who would be rich in a year, gets hanged at six months' end.—Away! Away!" H.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. VII.

"Ev'n here, where Alpine solitudes extend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend." GOLDSMITH.

From Berne to Thun (six leagues) is one of the loveliest drives in Switzerland. A green, rich pasture country, wooded slopes, avenues of loaded fruit-trees, scattered *châteaux* and granges (one of the prettiest of which belongs to the Grand Duchess Constantine of Russia), busy peasants at work in their picturesque costume, and villages remarkable for their union of picturesque beauty with affluent neatness and comfort, make the whole road a succession of agreeable and pastoral scenes. The imagination, too, is strongly excited by the aspect of the stupendous pinnacles and piles of mountain glittering in snowy

beauty, towards which you are journeying. Every step brings into bolder view these awful summits, which, at Berne, afford a constant object of admiration and remark. The Berne Alps are more *beautiful* than the Alps of Savoy (those near Montblanc). They are not quite so sublime and stupendous in their height and appearance, though the difference between mountains of 11 and 12,000 feet and those of 14 and 15,000 feet is very little felt in a prospect—but the forms, the juxta-position, and the surrounding accompaniments make a vast difference:—the Alps of Berne form finer, more compact, and better-proportioned groupes. A cluster of these gigantic peaks and masses, formed by the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Finster Aarhorn, &c. &c. rear themselves in confederated grandeur far above all the surrounding heights. The Blumlis-Alp, the Niesen, and various other mountains, form a second tier or range upholding the snowy heights—while still lower, noble ranges of rocks, crags, green slopes, and forest-covered cliffs, rise out of the vallies, forming the connecting link between the world of snows above and the busy cultivated villages and vallies low beneath them. Thun, its castle, and its lake, repose beautifully in one of the most delicious of these vallies. Thun is one of the prettiest little towns imaginable, standing just at the point where the rapid Aar flows out of the silvery waters of the lake;—nothing can be more enchanting than the view from the church-yard and the castle, placed on an eminence commanding the town and lake;—the glassy expanse of water, the river, the neat town, the *châteaux* and gardens on the lake, the bold majestic mountains rising from its banks, the varied tints of the forests growing up their sides, and the snows and points of the Jungfrau, marked out on the deep blue sky, form a ravishing picture.

We dined at an excellent inn by the Aar, while our guide procured a boat to proceed up the lake to Interlaken. During dinner we were struck with a burst of fine female voices pouring forth a shrill mountain air in the next room. On inquiry, we found the Russian Count de B—— was dining in true Oriental state, with four peasant girls to sing during his repast. Our guide learnt that these vocal nymphs came from Interlaken, and would gladly return with us in our boat if the Count objected not. He was very obliging, walked down with us to our boat, and there taking leave of his fair choristers, wished us a good voyage, and told the girls to be sure and sing "God save the King" to us. The girls were peasants' daughters from Untersen, who, with the consent of their parents, frequently were in the habit of accompanying travellers on the lakes of Thun and Brientz—a practice which, to us corrupted inhabitants of a metropolis, might at first seem somewhat inconsistent with simplicity and strictness of manners. Four young damsels, who should accompany four young male strangers on a water-party to Richmond or Twickenham, would certainly not obtain credit, in London, for any nice regard to character or reputation;—but morals and conduct on the banks of the Thames and on the lake of Thun will scarcely bear trying by the same standard. The parents of these young girls are certainly not to be commended for their prudence in thus exposing their daughters to the thoughtless flatteries and unprincipled attempts of chance travellers of all descriptions—and, perhaps, the love of lucre so generally attributed to the Swiss peasantry may too much influence their conduct—but, in

justice to these fair and fresh mountaineers, I must say that their behaviour and conversation were simple, frank, and modest; and that, after two days, during which they accompanied us as a vocal chorus on the lakes, we, a jury of four young men not ill versed in Paris and in London, and consequently not entirely deluded by dreams of female purity and Arcadian innocence, pronounced a decided verdict (after due discussion) in favour of the virtue of our fair companions. A jury of elderly spinsters would, doubtless, have come to an opposite conclusion--but I question much whether they would have been equally competent judges on the point. Two of the girls were handsome—one of them a perfect mountain-beauty—with " rosy health of buxom hue"—tall and well shaped; and with a regularity of features above the general German cast of countenance which distinguishes this peasantry—their voices were powerful, and rather animated than soft—their national airs had a true mountain spirit—a shrill inspiring melody which gushed forth in fresh exhilarating tones, and seemed to spring from hearts of Alpine purity and independence. One of their songs was a droll coarse lampoon at the expense of Napoleon—full of abuse in German Patois, and exultation at his downfall. The girls were delighted to hear of his death. A bright rosy sky, exquisite scenery, animated songs, and a blue unrippled lake, gave us a pleasant voyage of three hours to Neuhaus—from whence we walked a league to Interlaken, beautifully situated between the lakes of Thun and Brientz. The inn stands in the midst of a grove and avenues of walnut-trees, more majestic and umbrageous than any I ever beheld—opposite is the *château* of the bailiff, Mons. de Haller, a nephew of the celebrated naturalist and philosopher. The scenery around is sequestered and romantic beyond description—hemmed in on all sides by noble ramparts of mountains covered with forests of beech and pine, which grow down to the edge of the lake of Brientz, and crown the summits, which throw their dark shadows on its blue surface. The valley is so narrow and the mountains so precipitous, that the view of the great snowy chain is here entirely excluded. A celebrated monastery, of which the noble walnut-trees are the only remaining vestige, was established here in the twelfth century—and a convent of nuns soon afterwards became its near neighbour. The morals of the valley do not appear to have been improved by religious example. In 1475, the Bernese Government were compelled to represent to the Pope the indecorum and dissolute conduct of the Prior and Monks of Interlaken.—A young lady, sister of William de Scharnachthal, a seigneur of the neighbourhood, was to take the veil in the Abbatial Church of Interlaken, but a handsome young Abelard happened to be present at the ceremony, and the inflammable damsel was so captivated with his appearance, that she instantly gave up her pious resolutions, and declared, in the presence of the two assembled communities, that she had chosen him for her spouse, and would never consent to give him up.

Yet then to these dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.—

The two religious houses were dissolved at the Reformation.

We rowed up to the extremity of the lake of Brientz, which is smaller but not less lovely than that of Thun, to visit the celebrated cascade of the Giesbach. The Giesbach is a succession of silvery cascades, pouring down from the summit of a stupendous mountain, exquisitely shaded and tufted with forest trees and wild shrubs of every kind and tint. The firs, larches, and beeches, beautifully fringe and overhang the foaming stream, as it glides over ledges of rock or tumbles from abyss to abyss. The falls are not of extraordinary height, and the mass of water hardly sufficient for grandeur—but it is romantic and poetical in the highest degree—there is an attractive "music in its roar," which is never too overpowering to be harmonious. On a little ledge of pasture half way up the steep sides of the mountain, we found the solitary cabin of the *Herr Schulmeister* (schoolmaster of the parish), a fine sturdy peasant, surrounded by half a score little urchins, whom he instructs in reading, writing, figures, and music. An old jingling spinet, and an antique german-flute, served the purposes of musical tuition, and our fair songstresses formed a very important accession of vocal strength. The schoolmaster received us very kindly, and, soon perceiving our country, welcomed us with "God save the King" in full chorus; his boys and the four girls joining their clear and spirited voices with great effect; while the old pedagogue thrummed his spinet as leader of the band, with all the emphasis of Cramer or Weichsel. A knowledge of music forms a regular part of rustic education in Switzerland;—the children of both sexes read music, and are able to sing in parts; the music of the village churches in the Protestant cantons, gains much by this general skill, and I am inclined to think it has a good effect on the character, and at least supplies an innocent and refined amusement, which saves many hours from brutal riot and low pleasures. The rudiments of music might be taught with great advantage in our own parochial and national schools, and would form a serviceable ingredient in the plan of gentle encouragement, and persuasive amelioration, which we begin now to find so much more efficacious in improving the lower orders than penal laws, parish stocks, and whipping posts. To consider the *amusements* of the poor as beneath the notice of the magistrate, is a notion as injudicious as it is hard and unfeeling. Bow them down as much as you will under the load of their iron duties and necessities, they, as well as the rich, must and will have relaxation and periods of amusement. Wearied spirits and exhausted strength must be exhilarated and repaired; and if they are left without a taste for innocent diversion, they inevitably fly to coarse debauchery, for a short oblivion of their cares.

We drove to the valley of Lauterbrunn in a *char-à-banc*. A hard rain, and louring clouds and mist, dimly veiled, though they could not conceal the grand features of the gorge, which forms the entrance of this singular and beautiful valley. Walls of perpendicular rock on each side; soaring summits, covered with brushwood and beeches; torrents swollen with the rains and obstructed in their furious course by wrecks of the woods and the mountains; large granites, and lofty trees laid low, formed a scene of wild and picturesque sublimity. The valley of Lauterbrunn (Anglicè "*pure springs*") is covered with the richest pastures. It is about two leagues long, and not an English mile in breadth; precipices of greater perpendicular height than almost

any others in Switzerland shut it in. From these heights numberless streams and torrents pour into the vale, with a never-ceasing murmur, which fills all its recesses. The famous Staubbach (*stream of dust*) falls from the Pletschberg, a perpendicular height of 800 feet, and wants nothing but a larger quantity of water to render it one of the finest cataracts in Europe. Although we saw it after many days violent rain, a comparatively small stream gushed over the brink of the precipice. After gradually expanding in a fall of about 200 feet, it glances against a projection in the rock, splits into thin silvery streams, and is presently dissipated by the winds into the finest vapour and foam. The cataract thus possesses little of the grace or the grandeur of a fine fall of water—it is a singular effect of *foam*—a long thin cloud of mist, which floats backwards and forwards like a pendulum, as the current of air drives it, till it is at last scattered over the meadows in thin spray. The rock from which it falls, though grand and precipitous, is bare and uniform, and wants the rich accompaniments of foliage and vegetation. In short, the Staubbach is over-rated, on account of the immense height of the fall.—Lauterbrunn has several other cascades (the Mirrenbach, Schmadribach, &c.) with more picturesque charms—and the valley merits all its fame for the grandeur of its precipices, and the lovely contrast of its green glades and picturesque hamlets, with the stupendous crags and snows which overhang them.

Towards these impending wintry regions we climbed our way on strong peasant's horses, in passing the Wengern Alp, one of the sublimest and least difficult of alpine excursions. The highest point of the passage of the Wengern Alp is about 6300 feet above the level of the sea—the ascent from Lauterbrunn, by a zig-zag path, is very rapid, and commands a noble view of the green valley beneath, with all its streams and silvery cascades—but these charms soon yield on reaching the summit, to the majestic beauty of the white, awful, and inaccessible Jungfrau, which rears her vast head nearly 7000 feet even above the summit of the Wengern Alp; and presides like a virgin queen over the vast demesnes of glittering snow, which stretch from the Breithorn to the Wetterhorn, above Grindelwald. The sides of the Wengern Alp, along which we rode, slope rapidly down to an enormous ravine, called the Trumletenthal, the bottom of which forms the base of the glaciers of the Jungfrau. A light filmy veil of transparent vapour floated over the mountain, which rather increased its beauty, and which the sun soon dissipated. We halted at a chalet an hour to enjoy this near view of the sublime spectacle. It is the finest *near* prospect of a stupendous alpine height that I ever beheld. We were no longer kept at an impenetrable distance—or excluded by that provoking barrier of impracticable lesser mountains, which so often mocks one's curiosity, and leaves one to speculate vaguely on the awful domes of ice and snow which they surround. We were now admitted to the *presence*—fairly in the holy of holies—and in immediate contact with fathomless chasms, inaccessible snows, bare granite needles, awful crags and fissures, and, above all, continual avalanches, which poured down from rock to rock with the roar of thunder. These *summer* avalanches are, of their kind, very striking and sublime, though not equal to the overwhelming avalanches of the spring. The effect to the *eye* is not always adequate to expectation, owing to the height and

distance at which you see them; but their sublime crashes and roaring sounds announce their size and the violence of their fall. A mass of glacier or half-congealed snow is detached by the heat of the sun from the upper ledges and pinnacles of the mountain. This is announced by a sudden sort of crack—a noise like an explosion—you then hear a running rumbling sound like reverberating thunder: sometimes the eye does not immediately discover, amidst the waste of snow, the spot from whence the noise proceeds; but presently you perceive an impetuous cataract of pulverized ice and snow pouring down some gulley, or hewing out its own channel in the snows—thundering from ledge to ledge for several minutes till it finds a temporary resting-place on a rock or a glacier, or reaches the base of the mountain, where it goes to swell a pile of powdered ice and snow, heaped up either to be melted by the sun or warm rains, or, perhaps, if the season is severe, to freeze into a foundation for a new glacier.

Three perfectly distinct kinds of avalanche fall in these alpine regions:—1st. The winter avalanche, or *Wind-Lauinen*, (wind avalanches) are occasioned in the winter by high winds, which, after a heavy fall of snow, drift large flakes and clouds of snow from the summit of the mountains to their precipices, from whence they roll down to the vallies. The snow is in general soft, unfrozen, and incoherent, and these avalanches are not very formidable, and seldom occasion serious damage or disaster. Persons who happen to be overwhelmed by them are often dug out with no very great difficulty; and if the avalanche is not very considerable, they sometimes extricate themselves, their own breath and the warmth of their bodies partly thawing the snow, and aiding their exertions. 2d. It is the avalanche of the spring which is the great scourge and devastator of the inhabitants and villages of the Alps. They are caused by the accumulation of enormous masses of snow on the slopes and ledges of the mountains during the winter, which overhang and threaten the valleys below. In the months of April and May the sun occasions a sudden thaw, the masses are detached from the mountain, and hurled, by their own weight or by the slightest concussion in the air—by the human voice, or by the bells of mules—down the precipices and sides of the mountain, sweeping down whole forests, and carrying with them masses of rock, trees, and stones, to pour with a destructive impetuosity on the unfortunate villages and fields in the valley. The narrow passes in the valley of the Reuss, near the Devil's Bridge, are the constant scene of the fall of the avalanches of spring. As the snow accumulates every year nearly in the same spots, the guides and people of the country know where danger is to be expected. Companies of travellers separate and proceed one by one at little distances, advancing at a quick pace and without uttering a sound. The bells of the horses are taken off, and sometimes a pistol is discharged before reaching the dangerous spot. If a mass of snow is about to fall the agitation in the air brings it down. The snow of these avalanches is congealed into such hard and enormous masses, that those who have the misfortune to be overwhelmed by them are inevitably smothered or crushed to death. Sometimes they fall across the bed of a torrent, and form a solid bridge of ice and snow, which remains for months, and over which considerable weights have sometimes been transported. The concussion in the

air, occasioned by their fall, is sometimes so prodigious as to overturn cottages, and knock down men at a considerable distance from the spot where the avalanche has fallen. 3d. The third species of avalanche, that of the summer and autumn, is such as we saw falling from the Jungfrau—an object of admiration and interest, but seldom attended with danger.

If the first distant view of the light and ethereal Alps waving along the elevated blue horizon, "so massive yet so shadowy, so ethereal as to belong rather to heaven than earth,"—if this is lovely and enchanting, the close observation of their awe-inspiring features—the beauty of their silent snows—the grace of their spiral pinnacles—the rugged severity of their glaciers and precipices, and the sullen roar of the avalanche, convey impressions to the mind, of which no description can give the faintest shadow. Who ever has seen them

But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?

We mounted our horses and proceeded reluctantly down the gentle descent of the Wengern Alp towards the valley of Grindelwald—the enormous snows and heights of the Eiger mountains rising like a rampart on our right. These mountains are little inferior in height to the Jungfrau, but are far inferior in beauty of form—the Eigers forming a uniform ridge without variety for several leagues. Their greatest height is about 12,268 feet—while that of the Jungfrau is 12,872. Both are inaccessible from the extreme rapidity of their summits. The point of the Jungfrau (Jungfrau-horn—*virgin-peak*) appears to the eye pointed as a lancet. The green valley of Grindelwald now lay low beneath us at a distance of about four leagues, and the fatigue of our ascent well disposed us, as well as our horses and guides, to halt for half an hour at a little log-built *châlet* on the side of the declivity. The cowherds lighted a wood-fire (for in these elevations the air is extremely piercing), and provided us with excellent cream, cheese, and curds. The cows and goats were browsing about the steep pastures round the *châlet*, and a fine shaggy dog was stretched by the door. During the summer season, while the cattle are on the mountains, the cowherds follow their fate like the shepherds of Virgil:

Sæpe diem noctemque, et totum ex ordine mensem
Pascitur itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
Hospitiis: tantum *campi* jacet.

The last words seem to intimate that a *châlet* was a luxury to which the Libyan flocks and herdsmen were strangers; and if we were to believe Rousseau's lovely description, it is a place more fitted for the abode of romantic lovers than for a night-stall for cows and goats. The passage is one of the most *poetical*, and the *least true* in all his writings. "Près des coteaux fleuris d'ou part la source de la Vevaise, il est un hameau solitaire qui sert quelquefois de repaire aux chasseurs, et ne devroit servir que d'asile aux amants. Autour de l'habitation principale sont épars assez loin quelques châlets qui de leurs toits de chaume peuvent couvrir l'amour et le plaisir, amis de la simplicité rustique."—Nothing indeed can exceed the general beauty of their positions; stuck on the sides of mountain-pastures—on the edge of precipices and

cataracts—embosomed in chesnut-groves. or sheltered by the tall black firs of the mountain. The building itself is a large low square mass composed of rude half-hewn timbers mortised together, the roof covered with timber or slate, with large pieces of rock and stone laid on the top to keep the roof fast. The interior is fitted up with shelves and dairy utensils—wooden-bowls, churns, ladles, &c. hang round with cleanliness and convenience. The milk, butter, *laitage* and cheese are worthy of the Alps—of a delicacy and richness which lowland pastures never equal. After making a hearty repast at the châlet on the Wengern Alp, we descended to Grindelwald, where we arrived towards evening, and saw the snows of the Eiger and the Wetterhorn, tinted and emblazoned by all the purple and roseate hues of a splendid setting sun. D.

ON THE ABUSE OF WORDS.

Favete linguis. HORAT.

MR. EDITOR.—There are very few appellatives which were originally used in a bad signification: and none, perhaps, at the epoch of their formation were considered as indecent. It is the nature of things and the perversity of the human imagination which convert the most innocent arrangements of letters and syllables into offence: and when a word is driven out of good company, with the etymology of which I am unacquainted, I am strongly tempted to exclaim with Bardolf, "By this day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command."

We know that some of the coarsest terms in our language were formerly used in good society, and that many ideas which we are now forced to insinuate by the most roundabout periphrases, were expressed by our ancestors in very plain English. Etymology teaches us that "Villain" meant originally a country fellow; and Knave, Harlot, and Varlet, were simply designations of serving-men.

He was a gentle harlot and a kynde,
A better fellow shulde a man nat fynde. CHAUCER.

So likewise "Tyrant" and "Despot" originally implied no bad quality in the person that bore them, and indicated merely the sort of authority they exercised. But as serving-men were, *in rerum natura*, prone to indulge in little peccadilloes*, and despots and tyrants to amuse themselves with great ones, the influence of things determined the associations of ideas; and neither of the parties felt particularly flattered by hearing themselves addressed in terms which raked up by their very sound all the evil doings of their predecessors.

Some words have suffered great varieties of fortune, and have figured with very various effect in conversation. "Marechal," for example, which was originally a master of the horse, has risen to be a commander-in-chief, and sunk again into a tipstaff and a blacksmith. So its

---

* "Notum est," says Skinner, "servos, tum apud Græcos tum Romanos, pro nebulonibus, sceleratis, et nequam hominibus, semper etiam proverbio tenus, habitos fuisse."—From which we may collect, that, in all ages, the upper classes have first degraded the lower, and then insulted them.

twin-brother "Constable" has enjoyed high military command, and has subsided into a mere peace-officer. "Knight" also has "in its time played many parts." This word seems to have set out in life as a hired servant, or one *knit* and attached to another.* "In all places I shall be, my lady, your daughter's servant and knight in right and wrong."† But having enlisted for a soldier, he rose rapidly to great consideration, which he sustained as long as he stuck to the sword. The moment, however, that he treads on a carpet, his character becomes very equivocal, and he is only to be known by the company he keeps. He seldom goes into the city without becoming the butt of ridicule, whether he deserves it or no. Some of his family, called Peg Nicholson's knights, were notoriously ill spoken of; but the worst of his name are, unquestionably, the knights of the post.

In the present day, a careful observer will discover many words which are in a state of migration, and stand just upon the confines of good and evil, of honour and reproach. Dr. Johnson apologized, and defended himself from the imputation of backbiting, when he called a man, not then present, an "Attorney." Those of the craft prefer hearing themselves styled *Solicitors*‡: for what reason I could never discover, unless it be that the word has a more sonorous twang, or because solicitation is a courtly employment, and the high road to places and dignities.

"Methodist," which a few years ago was used as a reproach, has been adopted as an honorific distinction by those to whom it was applied; and the same is the case with "Radical." "Blasphemy" and "Sedition," as some people assert, are undergoing a similar process; insomuch that, to discover a man's meaning in employing such words, we must first know something of his political opinions.—"Saint," on the contrary, is now growing more and more exclusively applicable in a bad sense, and the imputation will be soon absolutely rejected as calumnious. "Laureate," likewise, may be cited as a word that is running down hill as fast as it can go; and I should not be surprised, if we should yet live to hear of a man's nose being pulled, as a "reproof valiant" for this "churlish" imputation. There are more Corinnas in the world than Petrarchs, and more Pyes and Cibbers than Drydens and Wartons; and the license of writing bad verses on an indifferent subject is hard to be resisted. But, whatever may be the cause, *ruimus in pejus*, and the post of laureate is not, even now-a-days, an *euthanasia poetica*, but rather a sort of poetical pillory, exposing a man to all sorts of pelters, from Byron to Cobbett. Not but that the present laureate, like Cicero, suffers more for his politics than his poetry; and might have written his *O fortunatam natam* hexameters, as safely as Pye sang of sonnets and thrushes §, had he kept clear of Wat Tyler,

* Horne Tooke. † Historic of Prince Arthur.

‡ The same Dr. Johnson, on being asked the difference between an attorney and a solicitor, replied, much the same as between a crocodile and an alligator.

§ Pye's first Laureate Ode was said to have run much on singing-birds, which produced the following allusive quotation :—

"And when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
"And was not that a dainty dish to set before a king?"

and the Quarterly Review: the changes of measures which ruined him were not wholly poetical.

Upon the merits and demerits of "*Patriot*," it is useless to insist: from Russell to John Wilkes, was "a heavy declension." In fact, however, the thing itself is a bore: a patriot is an animal whose principles are as old-fashioned as his clothes; and like himself, they lose in consideration principally by being *out of place*. In the present state of society, a patriot must be half a note above concert pitch, and therefore, of necessity must spoil the harmony which prevails where interest and servility reduce all instruments to the same key. But what more particularly affects the fortunes of the *word* is, that persecution can make any thing a patriot. In this the attorney-general operates like the hangman:—

"The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, there dies an Adonis."

It is not then very surprising that this word should, like the chameleon, take its colour from surrounding objects; and change its signification with every fresh subject with which it comes in contact: it is thus that in Ireland, Patriot resolves itself into the syllabic elements of Pat-Riot.

"Courtier," and "Courtesan," though brother and sister, have met with very different fortunes in the world: for though the idea of prostitution has somehow or other mixed itself up with both, yet the lady's calling is much the most disreputable in public opinion.

Nothing can be clearer, and more intimately felt than the ideas of good and evil, yet "a good man," or rather a "good sort of a man," is a very doubtful character. His description is a mere bundle of negations: he is a *minus* quantity in morals, a substance without accidents. In general the appellation is applied to men of whom nothing else can be said. Sometimes it is used as an extenuating salvo for public delinquents, as when we are desired to hold a man excused, who has ruined his country, because he is "a good sort of man" in private life: as if it were necessary that a man should starve his children, and beat his wife, in order to be a bad minister.

The value of this word varies something with the latitude and longitude of the place where it is used. A good man in the city, may be a very bad man in all other regions; and many things which are good in law, are either wicked or absurd beyond the precincts of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

But of all the pests of society, keep me from a "good sort of woman." How she torments her servants! how she plagues her husband! how she interferes with her neighbours! and, worst of all, what a wet blanket she is in society! A good sort of woman has neither wit nor wisdom, charity, taste, nor good-nature. She is so candid, that she will excuse all faults in those who have the world's protection; and she is so pure and immaculate, that she can find nothing in favour of those whom the world pursues. A good sort of woman has seldom an opinion of her own, but she has a ready and an infallible instinct in selecting those she adopts from the safe side of the question. A good sort of woman, as she is generally placed above the wants of her species, so she is exempt from its sympathies; and if she rarely sinks into a crime, she never rises to a virtue.

But the most singular use of the word "good" is that which is uni-

formly taken as conveying an insult: I mean the addressing a person by the appellation of "good man," or "good woman." What these words strictly convey, it would be, perhaps, difficult to say; but it must be presumed that the innuendo is very base, since it excites so great a degree of indignation where it is applied. In France, *Bonhommie* conveys an insinuation of folly or dupery not very creditable to the morality of the country; since it implies that simplicity of character has no chance in society—that *chi non sa fingere non sa vivere*—and that not to deceive others is, like playing a fair game with sharpers, to strip yourself and ruin your children. *A fripon fripon et demi* is, therefore, the standard of morality of all who are not born idiots, and *bon homme* is equivalent to cuckold or gull.

In England, however, this is not the case: good man and good woman signify rather (as far as the phrase is intelligible) vagabond, rascal, one of the dregs of the people. By which we plainly see, that if "the quality" have not abandoned all notion that goodness is a part of greatness, at least their inferiors think so. Yet if any one doubts that the *china ware* of God's creation do really calumniate themselves by agreeing with the crockery in this notion, he has only to ask himself what would be the consequence of calling a gentleman good man:—"Odds pistols and triggers!" there would be no avoiding a duel. Indeed, I would not advise a peaceable man to call even a fish-wife "good woman;" he had better call her a ——— at once. The Athenians, who were a very sensitive if not always a very sensible people, were much alive to verbal distinctions; they would not endure even that a prison should be called by its proper name; although, if Aristophanes be taken as a witness against them, they had no objection to calling a spade a spade. The English, who (in virtue, I suppose, of their free government) imitate the Greeks in so many particulars, are daily approaching them in this delicacy. What a quarrel would a man get into who talked of *Ducks* on the Stock Exchange; or if, in the other Exchange he happened to call Accommodation (which is a good word and comes of *accommodo*) flying kites! Revolution is sixty-four per cent., a worse word than it was thirty years ago; Reform has wholly fallen into disrepute; and, as things are going, even Religion itself is in danger of losing its character. The French have a dictionary of revolutionary neologisms, and we are daily more and more in want of a book of the same sort. In a short time I hope to be enabled to lay a specimen of such a work before the public, by which we may have our tongues, like our hair, "cut in the newest fashion," and speak in words as well starched as our cravats. I therefore beseech the reader not to judge of the author of this paper, by the paper itself; but to take him, on the faith of his own word, till further notice—for "a *very proper spoken* gentleman," with which prayer, for the present, I heartily bid him farewell. M.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

Λύχνȣ ἀρθέντος, γυνὴ πᾶσα ἡ ἀυτή.

"In the night all cats are gray." *Adage.*

Marriage, we 're told, 's a perfect lottery;
And many hundred common places,
Back'd by as many thousand cases,
To heedless youths and virgins, "cry
Trumpet-tongued"—Don't;—
But very few have the discretion
To say—I won't.
Head over heels they madly rush on,
And, slap,
Into the trap,
Ere you can say Jack Robinson, 'tis past,
And when it catches them, it holds them fast.

At first, the happy rogues are quite *transported*,—
Such billing, cooing, kissing, night and morning,
No thoughts of contradiction or of horning;
But there 's a time for all things—the ill-sorted
Chaotic elements soon breed a strife;
And then, 'midst angry words, with much vexation,
They find that wedlock is not *transportation*,
But close imprisonment for life.

When from the dream of bliss they first awaken,
With vast surprise
They ope their eyes,
And wonder *how they could* be so mistaken?
"You 're not at all the woman that I thought you."—
"Nor you the man so tender and obedient;
Would I'd been hang'd before I caught you;
Not an ingredient
Remains of all the thousand charms
Which made me take you to my arms."—
"Zounds, what a bore!
I wonder what could make me think you pretty.
And that d—d tongue of your's, that seem'd so witty,
Goes like the clapper of a bell.
Is there no stopping it,
Except by cropping it?"
"Well, if the truth I needs must tell,
I never thought the sole delight
Of wedlock was to lie awake all night
And hear you snore."

From such strange dialogues, 'tis clear
That folks, when they 're "in love up to the eyes,"
Think they have drawn a prize;
But soon they find, "my love," "my dear,"
Something far short of a divinity:—
Wedded at Whitsuntide,
'Tis a fair chance that long ere Trinity
Both man and bride,
As if of Lethe's stream they drank,
All graces, charms, and virtues clean forgot,
And grown quite discontented with their lot,
Are sure they 've drawn a blank.

But to my tale:—It happen'd, years ago,
In Brussels, where the people are all papists,
Where, when 'tis Lent,

All sorts of *flesh* they 're order'd to forego,
Living for forty days like Trappists;
And, though a couple may have dad's consent,
Their own, and so forth, yet, till Easter 's past,
They cannot get a priest to tie them fast—
It happen'd—just at Shrove-tide, there were plenty
Of lovers—in round numbers, say some twenty—
Who, knowing by delay things oft miscarried,
Were in a mighty hurry to be married.

One couple, much advanced in years,
With mutual bonds and land,
Which Cupid very rarely can withstand,
Had fallen in love, alas! o'er head and ears.
With jewels, mortgages, and ready cash,
Each in the other's heart had made a gash;
And, ere the light,
Left their warm beds, and braved the biting air,
To find a parson, who should ease their care,
Marry their money-bags, and set all right.
Beside them stood another pair;
They, too, were rich, but in a different sort:
The youth with vigour bless'd, the maid was fair,
And to the common stock they brought
Rich blood, rich hopes, rich promises of joys,
Of endless bliss, of lots of girls and boys;
But nothing else to keep their soup-pot boiling,
Save what they hoped to gain by daily toiling.

Your true-blue Protestants are apt to say
That Catholics have left the narrow way,
That all their doings are completely dark:
And, sure, these very early masses
Prove that our preachers are not asses;
For when folks go to church before the lark,
'Tis not surprising
Such early rising
(What between want of sleep and want of light)
Should make them take the left road for the right.
Thus in the present case the thing fell out,
For, 'midst the darkness and the gen'ral rout,
His purblind reverence (who, profane ones think,
Had not slept off his drink)
Coupled the parties—tight as fate;
But join'd together
The rich old man and maid,
And in another braid
The youth and the rich old bell-wether:
"The course of true love never did run straight!"

Now, 'twas a custom in these "good old times,"
Soon as love's locksmith had made fast the rivet
Which tortures men and wives for all past crimes,—
(Readers, 'tis necessary you believe it)
The kinsfolk seized the bride,
And, from her parents' side,
Bore her in triumph to her husband's house.
There, for the first time after "have and hold,"
The bridegroom with her lips made bold;
Then each relation follow'd after,
And with much shouting and much laughter,
They all sat down and made a grand carouse.

Judge, if you can, the wonderment and staring
Which seized the old man, when he found
Himself fast bound
To such a dainty, lovely, luscious fairing!—
Let anchorets say what they please,
Nought damps the passions with such ease,
As, when to one we can oppose another:
Each passion, like the Theban Polynices,
Who cut his Eteocles into slices,
Is a most deadly rival to its brother.
So when our miser saw the prize he 'd won,
His av'rice he subdued without much trouble,
For love struck up a fire among the stubble:
(The harvest of his heart had long been over)
And, thinking he should live in clover,
He voted, the exchange was right good fun.

The maiden, for her part, not less astonish'd,
Was for a time a little shy;
But by some after-thoughts admonish'd
Assumed by slow degrees a look more sly.
The house was large, the furniture was rich,
And the *corbeille*, a splendid glitt'ring basket
Loaded with lace, with gems in many a casket,
With fine chemises,
Upon her pleased imagination seizes.
What female heart to avaricious itch
Remains insensible and cold?
For woman, whether young or old,
Is dev'lish fond of houses and of pages,
Of handsome clothes and splendid equipages.
I would not swear, too, but there lurk'd within
Some expectation that she might combine
The husband, who so well could lodge and dine,
With him, whom if 'twere wrong to love
The fault was with the powers above,
Since 'twas the Church's error, made it sin.
But be this as it may, the maid, contented,
At last relented.

How with the other pair it fared, I've no intention
(My muse being somewhat wearied) now to mention
'Tis said—I scarce believe it—that the lady,
Wanting the same excuse,
Chose to refuse,
Although the youth profess'd himself quite ready.
And so she went to law—instead
Of going, as she should have done—to bed.
And thus, a circumstance by no means new,
She lost her husband and her money too.

Now for the moral—morals are the rage
In this our age;
When kings "great moral lessons" love to read
To conquer'd nations;
Who doubtless such divine instructions need
To make them bear their tribulations.
When you take a wife,
O'er the transaction mind you do not sleep,
And, since the voyage lasts for life,
Look ere you leap.

ON THE POLITICAL WRITINGS OF MACHIAVELLI.

The political writings of Machiavelli, distinguished for their condensed and spirited style, and for the intimate knowledge of mankind they display, have acquired a still more extended reputation through the contests to which they have given birth, and the vehemence with which the disputants have maintained their respective opinions.* In the anatomy of society which Machiavelli has presented to his reader, he has with an undisturbed *sang-froid* displayed sentiments and principles, which, though familiar perhaps in insulation, had never before been collected into one group. The elevated and the virtuous were shocked at the depravity he developed (a depravity which proceeded from the bad institutions of the age, but which in the then existing state of philosophy passed for innate), and the hypocrites took a prompt and a sensitive alarm at the exposure; since by betraying their means, it threatened an eternal divorce from ends that for a long series of ages had been pursued in unsuspected security. The hostility thus excited was deep, clamorous, and persevering: and this author has been censured, preached and written against by Catholics and Protestants, priests and philosophers, statesmen and moralists, till his name has become a by-word in literature, and is applied to whatever is tortuous in policy and abandoned in principle.*

To this torrent of reprobation and invective were opposed the literary merits of the author, the truth of his details, the caustic severity of his remarks, the justification which practical statesmen have endeavoured to find for their own abuses in his maxims, and, above all, the patriotism of the Florentines, and the honest pride they indulge in the memory of the sagacious historian and zealous servant of the expiring republic. Thus defences and apologies have multiplied with a fecundity proportioned to the virulence of the attack; and public opinion has as yet to decide upon the real character and tendency of the author and his writings. Of the several productions of Machiavelli, his "Prince" has attracted the most sweeping and indiscriminate censure, as a systematized code of irreligion, of impiety, and of tyranny; while on the other hand it has been defended and applauded as an able exposure of the arts of despotism, and as an useful lesson to the defenders of liberty, enabling them to oppose to their oppressors a more regulated and scientific resistance. This last opinion is almost as ancient as the work itself, having been adopted to silence the outcry of Cardinal Pole; and it has even been asserted, though upon inadequate grounds, that "the Prince" was originally presented to Clement the Seventh under the title of "the Tyrant." The same likewise was

* Cardinal Reginald Pole began the attack in his "Apologia ad Carolum V. Cæsarem." Catarino Polito gives Machiavelli a chapter in his treatise "De libris à Cristiano detestandis." Antonio Possevino published several treatises against him from materials supposed to be furnished by Innocent IX. The most remarkable trait in these productions is the ignorance of their author in citing the 2d and 3d books of "the Prince" which consists but of one. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of such attacks, it was not till the year 1559 that Paul the Fourth placed the writings of Machiavelli on the Index; where they now figure, by a curious caprice of fortune, together with the Antimachiavelli of Voltaire and the King of Prussia, the last, I believe, of his opponents.

the opinion of Bacon, who returns Machiavelli thanks for his candid exposition of the vices and imperfections of statesmen. "Est quod gratias agamus Machiavello et hujusmodi scriptoribus, qui apertè et indissimulanter proferunt quod homines facere soleant, non quod debeant."

Another opinion, entertained by those who did not deem this naked exposure of the truth so meritorious as our Chancellor conceived it, is, that "the Prince" was composed expressly to deceive the Medici (who had recently overturned the liberties of Florence, and subjected Machiavelli himself to the ignominy of the torture), in order to hurry them into acts of ill-advised violence, which, being undertaken to strengthen their newly acquired throne, would the most effectually undermine its foundations.

Lastly, an idea altogether different has been broached, that the tendency of the book was to strengthen the hands of the Medici, and enable them to unite the petty states of Italy into one kingdom, and thus to release that ill-fated country from the misery and disgrace of foreign domination. In support of this notion, the last chapter of the work is cited, which, as it were the moral and envoy of the whole, treats of the deliverance of Italy from the grasp of the barbarians.

In human affairs, the simplest conjectures are ordinarily the most happy; and alembicated systems for explaining conduct, and reconciling contradictions of character, are rarely satisfactory. That the intention of Machiavelli was not to deceive, might have been collected from the abundance of good advice he gives, not only for the government of states, but also for promoting the private interests of the ruler. The great tendency of "the Prince" is to teach the means of consolidating and strengthening a newly acquired authority; and in almost every page he inculcates the necessity of maintaining a domestic army, and of not trusting to those mercenary bands which had betrayed and ruined nearly all the potentates of Italy. * It was most assuredly not for the purposes of deception that he taught the Medici to distrust those whom they had injured, "E chi crede che ne' personaggi grandi i beneficj nuovi facciano dimenticare le ingiurie vecchie, s'inganna †;" or that he advised them to confide rather in the people than the aristocracy, as being more easy to gain, and less personal in their desires. ‡

Had it been the intention of Machiavelli to betray the Medici into tyrannous and extravagant conduct, in order to provoke a revolutionary reaction, he would not thus have put them on their guard against the most dangerous errors in government, a mercenary army, and a pampered aristocracy: nor can it be maintained that these passages were inserted as blinds to screen more covert attacks on the credulity of the tyrant. The quantity of good advice is far too great for the mere purposes of this necessary duplicity. Fortunately, however, there exists better than internal evidence for solving this problem, in a most valuable and curious letter § from the author himself to Francesco Vittori, in which he distinctly expresses his simplicity of intention towards the Medici, and his desire to obtain employment under them, if in the beginning it were only to "roll stones; for then," he says, "if I did

* Principe, cap. xii. † Ibid. cap. vii. ‡ Ibid. cap. ix.

§ In the Barbarini MS. first published in the Milan edition of March 1813.

not gain them over to my side, I should have only myself to blame." To this end, he proposes to present them his book as evidence, that, during the fifteen years of his public service, he had neither been idle nor asleep.

The great point of intention being indisputably cleared, there remain but two questions for consideration;—the character of the me... which Machiavelli offers to his expected patrons,—and the propriety of his conduct in attempting to strengthen that tyranny, against which his whole life had been an uninterrupted opposition.

That Machiavelli was not a man of loose and abandoned principles, must be evident, on the bare perusal of his works. Nearly sixty octavo pages have been filled by one of his admirers with sentiments of such pure morality and high-toned patriotism, extracted from his writings, as must exempt him from a charge of deliberate corruption: and, notwithstanding all that can justly be objected against his works, enough remains of political philosophy, to give them a value, so long as man shall live in society, and governments be subjected to domestic treason and external force. It was the misfortune of Machiavelli to have lived and taken an active part in affairs at an epoch of civilization, at which mankind had abandoned the simpler instinctive virtues, without having acquired that regulated and balanced action, which results from well understood self-interests, and sound political institutions. A religion, powerful in its abuses, and feeble in its influence on morals, had prepared the mind for the reception of the most false and dangerous axioms. A race of upstart military despots had overturned the republican governments which had parcelled and divided Italy; and the smallness of their territories favouring personal rivality, and occasioning frequent changes of fortune, opened a wide door to the fiercer passions, and rendered a contempt of all faith, and the most atrocious criminality, the favourite engines of state policy: while the poniard and the drugged bowl were regarded as useful, and even necessary agents, in the attainment of personal security and political preponderance.

In the better part of his life, Machiavelli, engaged in the affairs of the Florentine republic, was the near witness of its unavailing struggle against subjection; and he sought in the historian of free and triumphant Rome for examples and axioms to guide his countrymen in the support of liberty and national independence. Political œconomy and the philosophy of legislation, which are but now becoming a popular subject of inquiry, had not then entered into the conception of statesmen. The notion that "true self-love and social are the same," and that the interests of all mankind are alike, formed no part of political speculations; nor indeed was any theoretical scheme of polity known, except those philosophical reveries, which, alike impractical and visionary, were read only to be forgotten in the business of life. It was therefore in the true spirit of the Baconian method that Machiavelli commenced his researches; and whether he commented on the history of Rome, or noted the more dreadful crimes of Italian despotism, he worked the problem of national prosperity with a deliberate calmness, analyzing the influence of conduct upon public events without reference to their moral character, treating religion merely in its influence on the state, and regarding the brightest attributes of morality, and the most debasing wickedness, only as they may be the *moyens de parvenir*, and

applicable to the exigencies of a given contingency. Thus, in treating of the turbulence of the Roman citizens, he considers only the balance of evils between external and internal weakness; and thus he praises Numa for the imposition he practised on the people, observing that no successful legislator had ever existed, who did not give his institutions the sanction of divine authority. In the thirteenth chapter of the second book of his discourses on Livy, he expressly declares his belief, that a prince who wishes to effect great successes, should in the first place learn to deceive; for though many have arisen from humble fortunes to sovereign rule, by mere fraud, none ever arrived at empire, by the unassisted power of open and ingenuous force.

In all these results it is evident that Machiavelli merely repeated the lessons of experience, and displayed things as they actually were. The turn of his intellect and the bent of his character are obviously practical; and himself a statesman, he shares the common error of his class, respecting political morality. The routine of office has in all ages been unfavourable to enlarged and philosophical views. The personal conviction it affords of the facilities of corruption, and of the small quantity of talent and energy necessary to keep the state machine in movement, when the impetus is once given, necessarily engenders low and erroneous notions of expediency and intrigue: and those who have best known the interior of cabinets, have been the most earnest in recommending temporising expediency, and in denying honesty and philosophy. The great combinations which operate the rise and fall of nations, are best observed from a distance; and those who are involved in the details of affairs, cannot embrace the whole series of consequences which change national character and dig the graves of empires. Those, therefore, whom birth or accident places at the head of governments, become readily vacillating in principle, and feeble and corrupt in practice. A transitory success of false and criminal measures disguises the inherent and indefeasible connexion of cause and effect, and leads to an hasty conclusion, that accident prevails over design, and that poetical justice is foreign to the actual government of a world of realities.

By religion, by education, and by example, Machiavelli was estranged from that abstracted and soaring virtue, which forms to itself an archetypal perfection, with the principles of which there is no admissible compromise, and from the practice of which there is no pardonable deviation. To the *sentiment* of morality, in common with the other statesmen of his day, he seems to have been a stranger; and the terrible example of the successes of the Borgia family, whose crimes he so frequently quotes with complacency, were enough indeed to shake the constancy of credulity itself. In the condition in which Italy then stood, a knowledge of what was doing and had been done, was necessary, at least as a piece of defensive armour, in the battle for independence; and Machiavelli's anatomy of the abuses of the times was the more necessary, because information was less diffused than at present, and there was no diurnal press to drag to light the motives and actions of conflicting tyrants.

To try the opinions of such a writer by the more enlightened philosophy of our own times, would be neither candid nor useful; yet it may be doubted whether those who have conducted British affairs from

the period of the breach with America, have not been guided, in some periods of their rule, by maxims as false and antisocial as any which are sprinkled through the pages of "the Prince:" and most assuredly there is nothing in the whole round of Machiavelism, which can compete with the deliberate falsehood, the blasphemous hypocrisy, and cold-blooded sacrifice of humanity to the selfish passions of the right-lined few, which have rendered the Holy Alliance a marked epoch in the history of human degradation and suffering.

The portraiture which Machiavelli has drawn of kingly government, if it be not amiable, is at least veracious; and, if it be compared with contemporary history, it may even be censured as feeble. Such, however, as it is, it is no longer dangerous. The same means, by which tyrant overthrew tyrant, are unavailing when opposed to the illumination and activity of civilized Europeans. It is impossible to contemplate the march of passing events without being convinced, that the straight line is the shortest possible in politics as in mathematics; and that the crimes of governments are the sure sources of their heaviest miscarriages.

With respect to the subserviency of Machiavelli to the Medici, and the means he adopted for ingratiating himself with the betrayers of his country, by offering them the fruits of his political experience, there can scarcely exist two opinions; but the degree of blame with which his falling off may be visited, must be measured by each individual according to his own purity, attempered by that compassion which his sympathy for human frailty may be capable of exciting. There is a period in the life of man at which the mind grows fatigued with an unavailing contest against corruption; and there are degrees of oppression, against which even fortitude itself may be unable to contend. The combination of both these circumstances seems to have operated in changing the politics of this unfortunate man, in the latter days of his life. The picture which he himself gives of his own miserable condition, can scarcely be perused without a tear. Poor, neglected, and abandoned; condemned to seek a temporary solace in the lowest company,* and to repose his wearied intellects by retreating from Livy and Tacitus to the conversation of butchers and millers; harassed alike by remembrances of the past and fears for the future, his desire to seek from the protection of the Medici, by that time the uncontrollable masters of the republic, bread and security for the little remnant of his existence, if not exempt from blame, is still a pardonable weakness. Let him who is without political offence throw the first stone; but, ere he reprobates the want of a stoical indifference in Machiavelli, let him heap a double measure of obloquy on the successful traitors, who, in overturning the independence of Florence, wreaked their unmanly vengeance on the fortunes and person of the unsuccessful patriot.

That Machiavelli had conceived the project of directing the enor-

* Mangiato che ho ritorno nel osteria. Quì è l'oste per l'ordinario un beccajo, un mugnajo, due fornacciai. Con questi io m' ingoglioffo per tutto dì, giocando a cricca, a trictrac, e dove nascono mille contese e mille dispetti de' parole ingiuriose; ed il più delle volte si combatte un quatrino, e siamo sentiti non di manco gridare da San Casciano. Così rinvolto in questa viltà, traggo il cervello di muffa, e sfogo la malignità de questa mia sorte; sendo contento mi calpesti per quella via, per vedere se la sene vergogna. Lettera a F. Vittori.

mous power of the Medici, against the foreign invaders of Italy, is almost proved by the last chapter of "the Prince." His idea of thus turning to a patriotic account a calamity he had in vain struggled to avert, is pregnant with political wisdom; and it derives an additional interest from its coincidence with the opinion of many enlightened Italians of the present day, who have been tempted to look even abroad for a major force to consolidate Italy into one nation, and thus to prepare the seeds of a future independence. Such an idea as this must have powerfully tended to reconcile Machiavelli to the loss of a municipal and republican freedom, which external force and internal corruption had alike rendered precarious, bloody, and turbulent; and at the same time it affords the best apology for that political tergiversation, which casts so deep a shadow on the close of a long life, intrepid patriotism, and active service. Be this, however, as it may, the spectacle which Machiavelli offers in his old age, worn out with fatigue and disappointment, surviving the liberty he adored, and the firmness of soul which ranked him amongst the most splendid patriots of a splendid age, affords a memorable lesson of the instability of human affairs, the vanity of human hopes, and the necessity of judging conduct, under all circumstances, with charity and moderation. M.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

In ancient days, when on for Salem's wall
The avenger came at Heaven's mysterious call,
Portents and signs arose to every eye,
Marks were on earth and meteors in the sky;
Dreams scared the old, and visions struck the young,
And every tomb or temple found a tongue;
The dead walk'd forth—the living heard their call,
And if they fell, they fell forewarn'd of all.
—Not such the signs that in her hour of gloom
Came to foretell Byzantium of her doom;
Not such the marks, that warn'd her of her fate,
When the besieger thunder'd at her gate,
When every dreary morn's returning light
Gave but the Crescent glittering in her sight,
When from her towers in grief she mark'd below
Myriads of warriors, and in each a foe;
Hordes from all realms in wild barbaric pride,
Loading the land and swarming on the tide.
—Still though no deep mysterious sign was given,
To speak the anger or the aid of Heaven;
Though no dread warning stood exposed in air,
To lend the lost the firmness of despair,
Even though no spectre rose upon the eye,
To tell the recreant 'twas not hard to die—
Yet was there one, who in that day of grief
Gazed round all hopeless, reckless of relief.
Ere the first weak one at the breach gave way,
Untold he traced the hurrying of decay,
Unwarn'd he felt that ruin mark'd the wall,
That strife was vain—and he had but to fall—
That the long glories of his race were past—
But his it was to guard them to the last.
This thought—this task—this wretchedness was thine,
Injured, unaided, martyr'd Constantine! F.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XI.

THE Clubs of London, in their variety and hostility, resemble the Clans of Scotland. The Highland lass ridicules the Lowland lads. So the spurred and booted member of Brookes's, casting an eye of scorn up the vista of Albemarle-street, dubs the Alfred a congress of blue-stocking old women. The Union sets at nought the Verulam, while the brethren of the latter think that, with the title of Lord Bacon, they have exclusively inherited no small portion of his learning and sagacity. The Beef-steak club meets under the roof of the Lyceum; Rich, its founder, was proprietor of Covent-garden theatre: *ergo*, its members must eat and drink within Thespian walls. Partridge would have dubbed this a *non sequitur;* but logic in his day was only in its infancy. The Thespian club assembles at Molard's tavern in Great Russell-street. Every syllable there uttered must smack of the side-scene. If you drink with your neighbour, it is "Measure for Measure." In raising the glass you exclaim, "So the King drinks to Hamlet:" and if you differ in opinion with the gentleman who sits next to you, you ejaculate with Marc Antony, "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth." The two coteries last-mentioned pique themselves upon their intellects, and speak with utter scorn of the Eccentrics in Maiden-lane, who black their faces with burned cork: while the latter shrug their shoulders at the bare mention of the Catamarans, where merit consists in mere noise; and from whose symposium in Martlet-court are heard the heart-quailing sounds of brass pans, mail-horns, shrieks, yells, and gunpowder explosions.

Not the least singular establishment of this kind is the "Unsuccessful" club at the Bedford, so called from its members having failed in dramatic writing. One damned farce entitles a man to be a member, *instanter.* If his comedy be withdrawn after the second night, he must be ballotted for. But if his tragedy be hissed off during the first act, he comes in by acclamation, and may order what dinner he pleases. The perpetual president, with a silver catcall at his button-hole, attained that eminence by a long career of damnation. He proudly boasts that, during a seven years' probation, his most endurable dramatic bantling was a melodrame that set every body asleep. He counts his hisses as a warrior does his wounds, and hopes in time, by dint of bad acting, to make the people in the pit tear up the benches.

The last association, upon which I shall rather dilate, is called the Epigram Club. Young Culpepper, whom I immortalized in my letter previous to the last, is a member. At the close of that epistle I left him with his family, and the elegant Captain Augustus Thackeray, prepared to adjourn on the following evening to the Adelphi theatre to witness the performance of Tom and Jerry. Five in number, they mounted a hackney coach. The captain, ashamed of his coadjutors, shrank back, and dreaded recognition all the way from Ludgate-hill to the corner of Cecil-street. It was a vain apprehension: every man calling himself a Christian at half after six is dressing for dinner. The coach drew up opposite Adam-street. Surprised at the quietness of the rabble, the party dismounted, and on going up to the door of the

theatre found it closed. It was the first Wednesday in Lent! I will not mention, "to ears polite," the place to which the elder Culpepper consigned the Lord Chamberlain. Still, the execration was not "Sesamy;" so the portals continued closed. "We have nothing left for it," said the father, as he bundled the two ladies back into the coach, "but to return as wise as we came." "Suppose you and I go to the Epigram Club," said the son to the captain. The latter thought any port better than the storm of the slopseller, and gladly acceded to the proposal. "Where do you meet?" said the dragoon, as he and his companion hastily turned up Southampton-street. "At the Wrekin," answered the other; "you will find it a very agreeable lounge: I hope you have got an epigram ready." "Geud Gad! not I," ejaculated the son of Mars. "I know a great many songs. I know 'Drink to me only,' and 'Fly not yet,' and 'Believe me of all these endearing young charms,' and the first verse of 'Had I a heart.' But as to epigrams I only know one which begins—" Here the hero was cut short in his narrative by an encounter with two waiters, who, with a brace of napkins and five brace of bows, ushered the two gentlemen upstairs. The company had assembled, and the dinner was upon the table. Captain Thackeray and young Culpepper had already dined upon cold beef and cucumbers in Savage-gardens. This, however, made no difference. Like James Boswell the elder, who regularly dined at the Sheriff of London's table twice in each day during the Old Bailey sessions, the two friends felt a returning appetite, and played as good a knife and fork as if nothing had happened.

On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer upon a table, whose dinted surface bore evident tokens of many former attacks of the same sort. Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society, that, there, nobody was required to sing: that it was gothic barbarity to call upon a gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness: that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom: and, therefore, that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every man for an epigram. Then, addressing himself to the member on his right, with the most amusing gravity, he exclaimed, "Mr. Merryweather, may I trouble you for an epigram?" Mr. Merryweather, thus accosted, begged to remind the company that on the Bow-street side of Covent-garden Theatre, stood a statue of Comedy and another of Tragedy. "You are right, sir," said Culpepper, "and they both look so sober that it would puzzle Garrick himself to say which was which." "You have hit it, sir," answered Merryweather; "upon that circumstance hinges my epigram. It is as follows:

With steady mien, unalter'd eye,
  The Muses mount the pile.
Melpomene disdains to cry,
  Thalia scorns to smile.

Pierian springs when moderns quaff,
  'Tis plainly meant to shew,
Their Comedy excites no laugh,
  Their Tragedy no woe."

A pretty general knocking of glasses upon the table denoted that this sally told well; and the society, as in duty bound, drank Mr. Merryweather's health. "Mr Morris," said the deputy chairman to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade at the Opera House?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation which is felt by a man who thinks he sees an opening for throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump the leatherseller. He wore a Domino, but he wanted to go in character."—"What character?"—"Charles Second."—"Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?" "My epigram."—"Oh pray let us have it."—"Certainly.—

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee athirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo," ejaculated the president, "your health, Mr. Morris: I think you are in a fair way of winning the silver medal. I don't think any of your successors will beat that. But we shall see. Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs, who for the last five minutes had been fidgetting and looking at his watch, with as much disengaged hilarity as falls to the lot of any married man, who is tied down to stage-coach hours, started from a reverie, and begged to inform the company, that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstance," said Snaggs, "induced me to squib at them after the following fashion:

How D D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the Cure of souls,
And M. D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure."

The applause which followed this effusion, was so much louder than that which was excited by Mr. Morris, that the latter began to tremble for his silver medal. His fears, however, were groundless. Snaggs again looked at his watch, snatched up his hat, and, like the landlord in Joseph Andrews, "ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck."

The president now looked at his watch also: it pointed to the hour of nine: he exchanged a significant glance with the vice-president, (who also officiated as secretary); and the latter cast his eyes towards a mahogany box in the window-seat, and began to fumble for his keys. "Silence, gentlemen," exclaimed the former, "and listen to a report of our committee, setting forth the objects and prospects of this institution." The secretary then drew forth a red morocco bound book, and proceeded to business.

The report commenced by stating, that the object of the Epigram

Club was to induce writers and speakers in general, by their precept and example, to compress what they might have to utter, into as small a compass as possible. The report dilated upon the alarming increase of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and then enumerated the number of epigrams which, with a view of stopping the farther increase of the mischief, the committee had caused to be distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a great portion of which had been translated into the Hindostan and Catabaw languages; so that, to adopt their own phraseology, "they had the heartfelt delight of epigrammatizing the naked Gentoo and the tattooed Otaheitean." The report then stated, that, by the exertions of the committee, seventeen epic poems had been strangled in their birth. As a special instance of the efficacy of their labours, the report mentioned that Major Cartwright, at a late meeting at the Mermaid at Hackney, had reduced his oration within the compass of seven hours; and that Mr. Gale Jones had not said the same thing more than seven times. The committee concluded by lamenting that in the midst of their apparently prosperous career, the dæmon of Circumbendibus (so was he denominated in the report) had suddenly reared his hydra head, and, though pelted by a large assortment of cheap epigrams, had maintained a running fight until he had reached his camp in the liberties of Westminster. The report added, that the dæmon had lately "grown fat and kicked," in his two strongest citadels, the Court of King's Bench and Saint Stephen's Chapel. But that, aided by the Speaker in the latter, and the Judges in the former, Members and junior Counsel were henceforth to be limited in their harangues: and that, upon the whole, the committee relied with confidence on the hope, that in the process of a century or so, lawyers and senators would be forced either to speak in epigram, or to hold their tongues.

"A dry subject, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the chairman. "Mr. Daffodil, pray favour us with an epigram." This request was addressed to a slender young man, who sat 'like a lily drooping,' and had all the air of having been recently jilted. Thus called upon, he started from the reverie in which he appeared to be plunged, and in a silver tone spoke as follows:

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool."

This effort was received with some applause, but it did not quite amount to a hit. The company seemed to opine that knave and fool were not fit names to call a lady. It mattered little what they thought, young Daffodil had relapsed into his reverie. The following was pronounced considerably better:

"My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted:
Such costly wares, so wisely sought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be bought."

"I should not be at all surprised," said Captain Thackeray to the utterer of this *jeu d'esprit*, "if Mrs. Backhouse gave you that idea. You must know her—she lives in Castle-street, Holborn, and spends the whole morning in picking up things remarkably cheap. She bought the late Irish giant's boots; she has no occasion for them at present, but they may come into play. Last Wednesday she met with a capital bargain in Brokers' Row, Moorfields—a brass door-plate, with Mr. Henderson engraved upon it: it only cost her ninepence halfpenny. Should any thing happen to Backhouse, and she be afterwards courted by any body of the name of Henderson, there is a door-plate ready."

This sally, proving successful, drew the attention of the club towards the utterer; and the chairman told him, that, when his turn arrived, he had no doubt of his favouring the company with an excellent epigram; adding, "in the mean while, sir, I believe it is my turn:

Two Harveys had a separate wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented Sauce for fish,
The other Meditations.

Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying,
That relishes a Sole when fried,
This saves a Soul from frying."

"Gentlemen," said the member whose turn was next in succession, "I have a weighty objection to all that has been hitherto uttered. An epigram should not be extended to eight lines; and I believe all that we have heard this evening, have been of that length. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra*: if only two, so much the better. Allow me to deliver one which was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for Money:

Dear Bell, to gain Money, sure, silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

"I am quite of your opinion," said he who followed; "and in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate husband upon his late wife, I mean to confine myself within the same Spartan limits:

Two bones from my body have taken a trip,
I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp*."

"Now, captain," said the president, addressing himself to young Culpepper's mustachio'd associate. The dragoon started, and waxed rather red. "Oh me, is it? Geud Gad! I'm very sorry—I can't at this moment—Really, it's very ridiculous: Oh, now I remember, 'Had I a heart for falsehood framed—'" "Beg pardon, sir," said the president, "but that's Sheridan." "Oh, true, I had forgotten; well then—'Drink to me only with thine eyes—'" "Beg pardon again, sir, but that's Ben Jonson." "Oh, true! Geud Gad! how uncommonly stupid. Oh! now I have it: 'Quoth Sylvia to a reverend dean—'" "Beg pardon again, sir, but that's Swift." "Swift, is it? Geud Gad! I could have sworn it was my own. Pray, must it be in English?" "No, sir, we are not confined to any language." "Well then, I will give

you a Latin one. My friend Culpepper and I, on coming out of the Opera-house last Saturday, got into a dispute with a hackney-coachman. Upon which I collared him, and he collared me, and he tore the silk-facing of my cloak. Upon which says Culpepper, Who is to mend it? Upon which said I, Nobody can replace the silk-facing but the man who made the cape: because, according to the Latin adage,

Qui capit ille facit.

Now I think I have beaten the two gentlemen who epigrammatized last. They have made a great merit of confining themselves to two lines, and, egad! I have confined myself to one."—"Your quantum of merit, sir," said the chairman very gravely, "will depend upon the votes of the gentlemen present."

A dark mahogany ballotting-box was now produced: each member had two votes: the several epigrams were proposed, and ballotted for, in rotation; and upon drawing forth the balls, it was ascertained that each person had given one favourable ball to his own epigram, and one to Captain Thackeray's: thus intimating, that, next to his own production, the superior merit lay with the Latin adage. "Our visitor has it," said the president; and at the same time, with great ceremony, threw over the captain's head a blue silk riband, to which was appended a silver medal. "Geud Gad! it's very like a Waterloo Medal," exclaimed the son of Mars, and sat as proud as a peacock until the meeting broke up.

THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

By an old German Poet, George Rudolph Weckherlin, who lived at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, and was a friend of our Sir Henry Wotton; he appeared in England at the Court of James I. and was well received there, though now nearly forgotten.

To Myrta.

Since, Myrta, speech or silence tend
Alike to wound our mutual bliss,
Let us to looks a language lend,
Expressive of our tenderness;
For Love, whose power we constantly revere,
Will make this silent language clear.

Let then thy rapid glances move,
Nor fear by them thy flame to own;
They're faithful couriers of Love
To eyes of envious fools unknown;
For Love, whose power they impiously contemn,
Will hide this silent speech from them.

And should some busy eye observe
These still expressive looks of our's,
Then we'll our intercourse preserve
In spirit like angelic powers;
For Love, whose humble votaries we are,
Will make this silent language clear.

Thus we'll deceive the jealous eyes
Of babblers, by our simple art;
While their foil'd malice to our joys
Shall still increased delight impart;
For Love, whose power they impiously contemn,
Will hide our silent speech from them.

D. J.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

NO. I.

The Death of Friends.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and darkness—in tombs and prisons—over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm,—inaccessible to sight or touch,—a ghastly and terrible *Apprehension.*

The fear of death is common to all. There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has, at one time or other, shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good:)—Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard its approach; but our instinct, which is always true, first commands us to fear. It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the '*pompa mortis*' is sufficiently repelling;)—but it is that tremendous thought —that vast impenetrable gloom, without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass and no intellect pry into, that alarms us. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and Heaven.

For my own part—I have, I confess, greatly feared Death. Some persons dread annihilation. But, to sleep for ever without a dream— what is it, if you feel it not? Let me not be understood as *wishing* for this state,—this negation of being. I only say that it cannot generate the same *fears*. It is a desert without life, or fear, or hope,— shadowless, soundless. But the grave, in our belief, is populous: it is haunted by some intermediate nature—between flesh and spirit:— or if not, what then is it? I throw the question to the theologians.

* * * * *

There is something very sad in the death of friends. We seem to provide for our own mortality, and to make up our minds to die. We are warned by sickness,—fever, and ague, and sleepless nights, and a hundred dull infirmities; but when our *friends* pass away, we lament them as though we had considered them immortal.

It is wise—I *suppose*, it is wise that we should attach ourselves to things which are transient; else I should say that 'tis a perilous trust when a man ties his hopes to so frail a thing as woman. They are so gentle, so affectionate, so true in sorrow, so untired and untiring,—but the leaf withers not sooner, the tropic lights fade not more abruptly into darkness. They die and are taken from us; and we weep; and our friends tell us that it is not wise to grieve, for that all which is mortal perisheth. They do not know that

We grieve *the more* because we grieve in vain!

If our grief could bring back the dead, it would be stormy and loud— we should disturb the sunny quiet of day—we should startle the dull night from her repose. But our *hearts* would not grieve as they grieve now, when hope is dead within us.

The few friends of *my* youth are dead—save only one. She survives: but I am reminded often, when I am alone, that she may die— nay, that she *must* die soon, and leave me to younger spirits (there is but one that cares for me)—to hopes which are half disappointed,— to friends who have forgotten the merry days we once passed together, —to feverish and gnawing troubles,—and, last, to infirmity,—and old

age—and death.——It may beguile me awhile from so sad a speculation, if I try to trace upon paper the recollection of friends who are gone. I may raise them, like phantasms, before me—like the ghosts who mocked the murderer of Duncan,—save that *they* sprang from the future, outstripping the speed of Time,—whereas mine are all from the past.

Come forth, then, whatever ye are—shadows, or substances, or spirits,—sublimed or transmuted natures—Ye who have left your clay to wither, and are become the messengers of Heaven, and tread the winds and the star-sown wilderness above us!—Come down, from your stately heights, and stand visible before me! Or if indeed ye live in the grave, or haunt on purgatorial shores, pale tenants of the dim Elysium,—Arise, and be manifest!—Fain would I recall ye for a time, and pourtray ye,—your 'exits,' not your 'entrances.' I may relieve, perhaps the sad tedium of a wintry hour, or solace a heart that suffers.

——I remember, even as a grey-headed man remembers, clearly and more distinctly than the things of yesterday, that which happened long ago. I remember, when I was about four years of age,—how I learned to spell, and was sent daily in the servant's hand to a little day-school, to fight my way (amidst a score of other urchins) through the perils of the alphabet. I had no ambition then,—no hatred, no uncharitableness. If these dæmons have possessed me since, they must have been cast down upon me by the 'malice of my stars.' I had no *organs* for such things:—yet now I can hate almost as strongly as I love, and am as constant to my antipathies as to my affections.

Well,—when my fifth was running into my sixth year, and I was busied with parables and scripture history (the only food which nourished my infant mind), I was much noticed by a young person,—a female. I was at that time living with an old relation in H——shire, and I still preserve the recollection of Miss R——'s tender condescension towards me. She was a pretty delicate girl, and very amiable; and I became—(yes, it is true, for I remember the strong feelings of that time)—*enamoured* of her. My love had the fire of passion, but not the clay which drags it downwards; it partook of the innocence of my years while it etherealized me. Whether it was the divinity of beauty that stung me—or rather that lifted me above the darkness and immaturity of childhood, I know not: but my feelings were any thing but childish. By some strong intuition I felt that there was a difference (I knew not what) that called forth an extraordinary and impetuous regard.

She was the first object (save my mother) that I ever attached myself to. I had better have loved a flower,—a weed. For, when I knew her she had the seeds of death within her. Consumption had 'caught her:' his sickly hand was upon her, like the canker on the rose, and drew out a perilous, unearthly bloom. The hues and vigour of life were flushing too quickly through her cheek—(yet how pale she was at times!)—She wasted a month in an hour—a year in a month; and at last died in the stormy autumn time, when the breath of summer had left her.

The last time I ever saw her was (as well as I can recollect) in October, or late in September. I was told that Miss R—— was ill,—was *very* ill—and that perhaps I might not see her again. Death I could

not (of course) comprehend; but I understood perfectly what was a perpetual absence from my pretty friend. Whether I wept, or raved,—or how it was, I know not; but I was taken to visit her. It was a cold day, and the red and brown leaves were plentiful on the trees: and it was afternoon when we arrived at an old-fashioned country-house (something better than a farm-house), which stood at some distance from the high road. The sun was near his setting; but the whole of the wide west was illuminated, and threw crimson and scarlet colours on the windows, over which hung a cloud of vine-stalks and changing leaves that dropped by scores on every summons of the blast. There she sate,—in a parlour full of flowers (herself the fairest)—among China roses and glittering ice-plants, and myrtles which no longer blossomed. She was sitting (as I entered) in a large arm-chair covered with white,—like a faded Flora; and was looking at the sun: but she turned her bright and gentle looks on me, and the pink bloom dimpled on her cheek as she smiled and bade me welcome. I have often thought of her since. I look on her, as it seems, even now—through what a waste of years!—I see her cheek, at first like a lily—just tinged, but afterwards deepening into the brightest red, from the agitation perhaps of meeting with visitors. The flowers that were around looked as fragile as herself,—summer companions. But the wild Autumn was around her and them, and the Winter himself was coming. He *came*,—almost before his time, cold and remorseless, and she shrank—and withered—and died. The rose-blooms and the myrtles lived on, a little longer; but the crimson beauty of her cheeks faded for ever.

—— The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible. In that long dawn of the mind we take but little heed. The years pass by us, one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow. Our days grow populous with events; and through our nights bright trains of thought run, illuminating the airy future, and dazzling the days we live in. We have the unalloyed fruition of hope; and the best is that the reality is still to come.

I went to a public school when I was between twelve and thirteen years of age, and I carried thither a modest eye and a bashful spirit. I was stored with tales and fictions. I had my share of Latin, had read some history, and a great many novels; and thus equipped I took my seat on the third form at ——. Among the other things which I carried to this place, I forgot to mention a grateful regard for an old relation,—a sort of great uncle, who had always treated me with kindness. He used to place me upon his knee, in the winter evenings, and tell me stories of foreign countries,—of Eastern and Western India; of buffaloes and serpents; of the crocodile and the tawny lion, and how he bounded through the jungles; and what the elephant with his almost human faculty could do; and how the shark would follow ships by a strange instinct; and how the whale could spout out his cataracts of water;—and a hundred other marvels which I listened to with a greedy ear. He never failed, either in his kindness or his stories;—at least towards me. He was a weather-beaten man, could shoot, and hunt, and in his youth had doubled the Cape, and traversed the Indian ocean.—But he was doomed to die.

He had been ill when I last saw him, in the Christmas holidays: yet I little thought that the grave was so near him. I was summoned home, one day, to weep and wear mourning; and I went to the house of his widow, where he lay—dead. Oh what a visit was that! It haunted me for years.—The servant said that *he*—(what '*he*'? was it the dust?)—that he *lay* in the front drawing-room. I shuddered and stopped; but I was assured that he looked just as though he was asleep. Let no one believe such things. There is nothing so unlike sleep as death. It is a poet's lie. The one is a gracious repose,—a vital calm:—the other is a horrid solemnity,—no more like sleep than a mask of plaster; stiff, rigid, white—beyond the whiteness of shrouds or the paleness of stone. All parallels fail. We strain at comparisons in vain.

I went up to see my old friend. There was great silence all about, and the stone steps of the staircase sent out unusual echoes. The door was opened,—slowly, as though we should disturb the corpse. The windows were closed, and there were long wax candles burning at the head and at the feet; and over all a white sheet was carefully thrown. The length—the *prodigious* length that the body seemed to occupy, at once startled me, and I recoiled. But the servant proceeded, and uncovered the head of the coffin. After an effort I looked—Ah! would to God that I had never looked. There he lay, like a stone. His mouth was bound up, and his eyelids had been pressed down, and his nose was pinched as though by famine. The white death was upon him—the rioter, the ruler of graves. And my old friend was swathed in fine linen, and pure crape was cut and crimped about him,—as though to save him from the worm and the sapping earth. 'Twas poor mockery of his humble state;—and yet perhaps it was meant kindly.—Three days after this he was borne away in a hearse, and I let out my grief in tears.

——I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of elder persons. Not that they are in fact so; but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to maturity. Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely. They have made no progress towards the goal. They are born,—nothing further. But it seems hard when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast, like Sisyphus, downwards in a moment:—that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science, should be—with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations—made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul,—the piles and pyramids of precious thoughts which men heap together?—Where is Shakespeare's imagination,—Bacon's learning? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney,—the airy spirit of Fletcher,—and Milton's thought severe?—Methinks such things should not die and dissipate, when a hair can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years!—I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

——I was once present at the death of a little child. I will not pain the reader by pourtraying its agonies; but when its breath was gone—its *life*—(nothing more than a cloud of smoke!) and it lay like a waxen image before me, I turned my eyes to its moaning mother, and sighed out my few words of comfort. But I am a beggar in grief. I can feel, and

sigh, and look kindly,—I think; but I have nothing to give. My tongue deserts me. I know the inutility of too soon comforting. I know that *I* should weep, were I the loser; and I let the tears have their way. Sometimes, a word or two I can muster: a 'Sigh no more!'—and 'Dear lady, do not grieve!'—but further, I am mute and useless.

To pass from this, to a scene of a darker colour.—It was in W——shire that I heard a medical friend tell of a death-bed which he had witnessed. This I did not see, and it does not therefore perhaps strictly come under the title of this paper: the more especially as the sufferer was almost unknown to me: but let the reader excuse it. The man whom I refer to, was a rich farmer. He was the father of two natural children (females), whom he made do all the drudgery of his house. He was a hard landlord, a bad master, a libertine though a miser, a drunkard, a fighter at fairs and markets; and over his children he used a tyranny which neither tears nor labour could mitigate. But he was stopped in his headlong course. A fierce pain came upon him: a fire raged in his vitals. His strong limbs, which no wrestler could twist, and no antagonist lay prostrate, shrank before an unseen foe. Fever encompassed him, and delirium; and in his frightful dreams he called aloud—he shrieked—he wept like a child. He prayed for help—for ease, for a little respite. It was all in vain.—My friend attended this man, and, though used to scenes of death, this terrified even him. He said that the raving of the sufferer was beyond belief, —it was the noise of a great animal, not of man. His eye glared, and he swore perpetually, and said that Satan was in wait for him, and pointed towards a corner of the chamber. When he made an effort, it was like the struggle of the tiger. And then he would listen, and cry that he heard the dull roll of drums, and the stamp of a war-horse, and the sounds of trumpets—calling—calling; and he answered and shrieked that "he was coming."—*And he came!* . . . . "Parce, precor, precor!"

Most of my own friends have died calmly. One wasted away for months and months; and though death came slowly, he came too soon. I was told that Mr. —— "wished to live." On the very day on which he died he tried to battle with the great king,—to stand up against the coldness and faintness which seized upon him. But he died, notwithstanding, and though quietly, reluctantly. Another friend (a female) died easily and in old age, surviving her faculties. A third met death smiling. A fourth was buried in Italian earth among flowers and odorous herbs. A fifth—the nearest of all—died gradually, and his children came about him, and were sad; but *he* was resigned to all fortunes, for he believed in a long "hereafter!"—— And so time passes. So

"Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti."

——There is something inexpressibly touching in an anecdote which I have heard of a foreign artist. He was an American, and had come hither (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and—a subsistence. They were strangers in England: they had to fight against prejudice and poverty; but their affection for each other solaced them under

every privation, every frown of Fortune. They could *think*, at least, "all the way over" the great Atlantic; and their fancy (little cherished here) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind. A gentleman, who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the artist's painting-room, and observing him pale and worn, inquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, "*She has left me;*" and proceeded in a hurried way with his work. She was dead!—and he was left alone to toil, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and Fame itself was but a shadow!—And so it is, that all we love must wither,—that we ourselves must wither and die away. 'Tis a trite saying: yet a wholesome moral belongs to it. The thread of our life is spun: it is twisted firmly, and looks as it would last for ever. All colours are there,—the gaudy yellow and the sanguine red, and black—dark as death; yet is it cut in twain by the shears of Fate almost before we discern the peril.

All that has been, and is, and is to come, must die, and the grave will possess all. Already the temple of Death is stored with enormous treasures: but it shall be *filled*, till its sides shall crack and moulder, and its gaunt king "Death, the skeleton," shall wither, like his prey.—Oh! if the dead may speak, by what rich noises is that solemn temple haunted! What a countless throng of shapes is there,—kings and poets, philosophers and soldiers! What a catalogue might not be reckoned,—from the founder of the towers of Belus, to the Persian who encamped in the Babylonian squares,—to Alexander, and Socrates, and Plato,—to Cæsar,—to Alfred! Fair names, too, might be strung upon the list, like pearls or glancing diamonds,—creatures who were once the grace and beauty of the earth, queens and gentle women,—Antigone and Sappho,—Corinna and the mother of the Gracchi,—Portia and Agrippine. And the story might be ended with him, who died an exile on his sea-surrounded rock, the first emperor of France, the king and conqueror of Italy, the Corsican soldier, Napoleon.

——I will here take leave of this melancholy subject. I have touched upon it in a desultory way: but it is difficult to reduce our sorrows to system, or to array such recollections as these in the best order. For my own part, I have been content to relate them just as they occurred to me: let the reader submit, for once, to be as easily satisfied as I was.

S.

PETER PINDARICS.

South Down Mutton.

If men, when in a rage, porrected
  Before a glass their angry features,
Most likely they would stand corrected,
  At sight of such distorted creatures;
So we may hold a moral mirror
  Before these myrmidons of passion,
And make ill-temper see its error,
  By gravely mimicking its fashion.

A sober Cit of Sweeting's Alley,
Deem'd a warm man on 'Change, was what
In temper might be reckon'd hot,
Indulging many an angry sally
Against his wife and servants:—this
Is no unprecedented state,
For man and wife, when tête à tête
They revel in domestic bliss;
But to show off his freaks before his
Guests, was *contra bonos mores.*

Our Cit was somewhat of a glutton,
Or Epicure at least in mutton,
Esteeming it a more delicious
Feast, than those of old Apicius,
Crassus's savoury symposia,
Or even Jupiter's ambrosia.

One day a leg arrived from Brighton,
A true South Down legitimate,
When he enlarged with much delight on
The fat and grain, and shape and weight,—
Pronounced on each a learned stricture,
Declared the joint a perfect picture,
And as his eye its outline follow'd,
Call'd it a prize—a lucky hit,
A gem—a pearl more exquisite
Than ever Cleopatra swallow'd,
Promulging finally this fiat——
"I'll dine at five and ask Jack Wyatt."

The cover raised, the meat he eyed
With new enjoyment—next the cloth he
Tuck'd in his button-hole, and cried,
"Done to a tittle—brown and frothy!"
Then seized the carving-knife elate,
But lo! it would not penetrate
The skin—(the Anatomic term is
The what-dye-call?—ay—Epidermis.)

He felt the edge—'twas like a dump,
Whereat with passion-crimson'd frown,
He reach'd the stair-head at a jump,
And threw the blade in fury down,
Venting unnumber'd curses on
His thoughtless lazy rascal—John.

His guest, observing this disclosure
Of temper, threw with great composure
The dish, with mutton, spoons and all,
Down helter-skelter to the hall,
Where it arrived with fearful clatter.
"Zounds!" cried the Cit—"why, what's the matter?"
"Nothing whatever," with a quiet
Look and accent, answer'd Wyatt:
"I hope I haven't unawares
Made a mistake; but, when you threw
The knife below in such a stew,
I thought you meant to dine down stairs!" H.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.—NO. IX.

The Tomb of Virgil, Misenum, Avernus, &c.

The tomb of Virgil! Incredulity is aroused at the name, and even our reverence for the bard is offended, that an earthly trace should remain of a spirit so divine. Besides, with us Virgil's times are those of his poem, not of his contemporaries: we never dream of him as a personage of the Augustan age. Our school recollections identify him with Æneas, with the Sibyl, with old Evander, and the Aborigines, that preceded by many centuries the birth of Romulus and of Rome. It is astonishing how long we sometimes hold truth at defiance, and refuse to feel the thing we have always known. I was startled to find Virgil contemporary with secure records and a civilized age, and to see the place of his death and burial fixed without the aid of mystery or tradition. He died at Brundusium, and was buried by the order of Augustus at Naples, his favourite place of residence, on the road to Puteoli, within the second milestone from the city. As one extreme naturally leads to another, I pass from utter scepticism to complete belief, finding a sepulchre on the road to Puteoli, now Puzzuoli, about the requisite distance from Naples. Mr. Forsyth may tell me, that this rests solely on the testimony of "Donatus, an obscure grammarian,"—be it so: but Donatus lived a few centuries after Virgil, and had a far better right to be believed on the subject than we.

Of old at a distance from Naples, but now joined to it by the beautiful suburb of Chiaja, is Mount Pausilippo, which stretches out into the sea, and divides the Bay of Naples into two inferior gulfs, that of Puzzuoli, and that which immediately washes the city itself. The road from Naples to Puzzuoli, instead of crossing the summit of Mount Pausilippo, is cut directly through it: an undertaking rendered practicable by the tufus and soft volcanic matter of which the mountain is composed. The subterranean passage, considered ancient even in the time of the Romans, and described as such by Seneca and Strabo, is of nearly half a mile in length, and its extent made me smile at recollecting the petty though vaunted galleries of the Simplon. At the entrance of this passage or grotto, but elevated much above it, owing to the gradual sinking of the road in its subsequent repairs, stands the contested tomb of Virgil, a square, low-arched, and, but for its name, nowise remarkable ruin. A visitor may enter stooping, and stand upright within. "The structure itself," says Forsyth, "resembles a ruined pigeon-house, where the numerous *columbaria* would indicate a family sepulchre: but who should repose in the tomb of Virgil but Virgil alone?" It should be remembered, that the freedmen and slaves of Augustus were buried, according to his own plan, in the same mausoleum with himself: and Virgil was not without his household. "There is a tradition among the Neapolitans," says De Sades in one of his notes, "confirmed by many historians, that, during the reign of king Robert, strangers opened the tomb of Virgil, and took from thence a marvellous book of secrets. This robbery having raised a fear that even the bones of the poet were not safe, the urn which contained them was transported to the *Chateau Neuf*; but where they were placed, no one knows." This indeed, has all the air of tradition. Opposite the

door of the tomb is the following inscription, said to be from the pen of the poet himself, "but now rejected on the cliff as a forgery:"—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

The beauty of the spot, as well as the poet's name, has attracted many of our countrymen to choose Pausilippo for their last abode, and tombstones of English are gathering fast around the ashes of Virgil. We heretics seem to have good taste in burial-places: while the orthodox catholics of Rome and Naples are cast, "unknelled and uncoffined," into their beastly cemeteries, the protestant dead repose here in the lovely vineyards of Pausilippo, or around the pyramid of Cestius at Rome*.

Issuing from the grotto on the other side, the pilgrim finds himself in the Phlegrean fields; and a short drive brings him to Puzzuoli, where many ruins of antiquity will attract and deserve his attention, especially the remains of the port, and of the Temple of Serapis. "The stones of Rome," says Petrarch, "are more eloquent than the men,"—and here are names more eloquent than either stones or men. From Puzzuoli the shore extends towards the north in a semicircle as far as the lofty cape of *Misenum*—need I quote Virgil to prove the celebrity of the name? the trumpeter of Æneas seems to have been appropriately buried in the stormy eminence. Here, too, was the Lucullan villa, where the last western emperor was confined and died. Proceeding inland from the promontory is the harbour, "once the Portsmouth of the Roman empire;"—it is now aptly termed the *Mare Morto*: on its banks they impudently show the Styx and the Elysian fields—as bleak an Elysium as Italy could well afford. Further on is Baiæ, the hills, the shore, and far into the sea, all ruins; of a calm day you can see beneath your boat the ruins of a thousand villas. This Roman "watering-place" must have been as bleak, as bare, and as unfertile as Brighton; and it is hard to conceive, what fascination drew the fashionables of old to these realms of sulphur and barrenness. The vapour-baths must have been the original attraction; "who would believe," says Petrarch, "that so near the abodes of death, nature should have placed these preservatives of life?"

"Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura."

Half-way between Misenum and Puzzuoli are the lakes Lucrine and Avernus, one more inland than the other. Augustus joined them together by a canal, cut away all the woods that surrounded Avernus, and, opening them to the sea, converted them into secure harbours for his galleys. But in the earthquake of November 1538, a mountain suddenly sprang in the place of the Lucrine lake, and shrank it into a mere pool, shutting up at the same time Avernus once more from the sea. Petrarch has left us a full account of this region previous to the earthquake. He visited it in 1343, and wrote on the subject, in Latin verse and prose, to Cardinal Colonna and his friend Barbatus. He speaks of the Grotto of the Sibyl in a stupendous rock over Avernus, and of

* Among the English dead at Testaccio lies Keats, and the remains of Shelley have but just arrived at Rome to be placed near those of his infant son.

its hundred mouths: this appears to have been overwhelmed by the *Monte Nuovo*, for the subterranean passage, which the guides at present call the Sibyl's Grotto, Petrarch evidently considered and described as the road to Hell. In sober reality it seems no more than a subterranean passage to Baiæ, similar to the one under Pausilippo. Common fame makes the lake Avernus, of course, unfathomable; but the master of his Majesty's ship the Rochfort sounded it the other day, and ascertained its depth to be no more than seventeen fathoms. It is well stored with tench; while the little that remains of the Lucrine lake so abounds in fish, that the King has made it a preserve, and has laid hold on it for himself. I could not altogether ascertain whether Horace's precepts still hold true,

"Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris;
Ostrea Circæis, Miseno oriuntur echini:"

The Lucrine still holds its pre-eminence; while for oysters the Lake Fusaro, or ancient *Acheron*, has succeeded to the fame of the Circæan promontory. But such culinary *minutiæ* ill beseem the poetical pilgrim.

"Indi fra monte Barbaro, ed Averno
L'antichissimo albergo di Sibylla
Passando, se n'andar dritto a Linterno."
Trionfo della Castità.

This passage of Petrarch proves, that what he considered to have been the Grotto of the Sibyl, was on that side of the Avernus since covered by the Monte Nuovo. The poet and many others have mistaken Monte Barbaro for Monte Falerno, and the Cicerones of Puzzuoli follow him at present in pointing out the place where the ancients gathered their favourite wine. If the Falernian grape was cultivated here to meet the poet's demand,

"Ad mare cum veni, generosum et lene requiro,"

the soil must have sadly altered, being incapable at present of producing even a blade of grass. From hence we may take the road, described by Petrarch, to Linternum, where Scipio lies buried by "th' upbraiding shore." Guide-books tell you that the following fragment has been found at Linternum ..... TA PATRIA NEC, which may have been part of the inscription on the tomb of Africanus mentioned by Livy:

"Ingrata patria, nec ossa quidem mea habes."

Not far is Cumæ, upon a bleak flat shore. I had anticipated this region the very opposite of what I found it, and had figured to myself sunken lakes, hidden caves, and dark inaccessible groves, fit for the retreat of mystery and superstition. There is nothing of all this;—the country is flat and unbroken, save by a few dwarfish hills; and from the Camaldulæ, or any neighbouring eminence, the eye takes in one view the small, insignificant, unromantic space, that once included all the attractions of the Roman world.

It is almost inconceivable, that the sixth book of the Æneid was written, as it must have been, at the very time when the fashionable resort of the Roman great, with all their gaiety and all their scepticism, was situated on the very banks of Avernus, when even the little hor-

ror, that Nature could ever have bestowed upon it, was cleared away by the command of Augustus, and when a numerous fleet was daily exercising upon its pestilential waters. To us, undoubtedly, one of the great charms of the Æneid is a kind of belief in its superstition and divine machinery; if not an actual belief, at least a persuasion, that the age and people to whom it was addressed, looked upon its fictions with credulity and awe. But to see Avernus and Baiæ side by side, and to call to mind the fashionable scepticism of the Augustan age, we must conclude that the glowing pictures of heathenism, that warm even us moderns into momentary belief, were merely calculated to please the taste and flatter the pride of the ancient sceptic, by celebrating the race which he sprang from, and the chosen spot where he resided. The vulgar may have had credulity enough to enjoy the horrors and the beauties of Virgil's Hell; but books in those days, above all, the Æneid, was not written for them. And the philosopher who spent his summer months of leisure and merry-making on the brink of Avernus, must have looked upon the poem as little more than an elegant and cold allegory.

But any more than a simple account of these interesting spots would be impertinent on so beaten a theme as the Æneid and its author.

THE SKELETON DANCE. A BALLAD.

The anthem is chaunting—the priests kneel around—
No unlistening ear in the village is found,
The loud-swelling chorus flies upward to heaven,
To the organ's full peal a fresh volume is given—
The day is now waning—declining the sun,
And the Lord's-day bless'd matins are over and done.

A troop of young villagers outward are pressing,
All greeting, and laughing, and joyful caressing.
Young Roger de Tracy and Ralph Boranville,
Robert Wivell was there, and the young Amourduile.
All gay-blooded Normans—in tourney or court
Could none match the youths of fair Rix-à-la-Port.

The moon she shone mildly, the stars twinkled bright,
And flooded the Chapel with silvery light—
The spires and gravestones look'd gay; and the trees
Seem'd tipped with fair splendour, and waved in the breeze;
And out rush'd the band of the villagers gay
As the last anthem-peal was dying away.

"Ho! ho!" cried young Roger, "a night such as this
Is sacred to lovers and kisses and bliss—
What say'st, sweet Sibylla? what, comrades? what, ho!
Shall we creep to our couches demurely and slow?
Let us hail yon fair goddess—ay now, ere we rest—
Let us hail her with revel, with dance, and with jest."

Then loud laugh'd his comrades, and shouted assent,
"Let us to the Green;" but now, as they went,
The holy monk Francis besought them to stay,
"Oh! sin not," he cried, "oh! think on the day—
Oh! think that God hallow'd this day out of seven—
Oh! think that to pleasure six days hath he given!"

" Away with thy priestcraft," cried Roger with scorn,
" We will dance, we will jest, we will revel till morn!
Nay, to punish thy pride, and throw shame on thy face,
Instead of the Green, we will dance in this place!
Over the gravestones and over the dead!"—
" Ay, ay," all his revelling company said.

All but one—and he was the young Amourduile;
The rest of the band could not hear—could not feel.
" Dear Matilda," cried he, " oh! quit, love, this place!"
But she jeer'd at his fears, and laugh'd in his face,
" Go, coward," she said, " go pray if you will,
Give me dance and high revel the sunbeams until."

And now each brave youth has a fair partner led
To dance o'er the gravestones and over the dead;
And loud shouted Roger, and Sibyl laugh'd high,
As over the tombs and the flesh-grass they fly.
And holy St. Francis went mutt'ring away,
" Ay—dance on for ever—for ever, for aye!"

Then revell'd they on, and the moon she shone bright,
And still they dance on, as departed the night;
And then fathers and mothers and elders so grey
Pray'd in vain that they'd stop, in vain that they'd stay.
They laugh'd at their fathers, they jeer'd at the grey,
And all went with jokes or profaneness away.

Still they danced—still they danced, but now nothing said!
As they rush'd o'er the gravestones and over the dead.
No laughter's now heard—no revel—no jeer—
They seem'd not to see, or to feel, or to hear!
The maidens look'd pale, and no cheek there was red,
As they flew o'er the gravestones and over the dead.

The morning-blush now had just dappled the sky,
Still o'er the churchyard—ah! fastly they fly!
The villagers gazed on the horrible band,
And speechless—and motionless—spiritless stand.
Some pray—some lament—some weep, and some kneel,
When rush'd from the village the young Amourduile.

" Matilda! Matilda, oh! stop thee," he cried;
" Oh! quit soon this horrible motion, my bride."
She stopp'd not a moment, and nothing she said,
But flew o'er the gravestones and over the dead;
And on rush'd the band with the swiftness of light,
And whirl'd round and round in the villager's sight.

In young Amourduile rush'd—the band soon came round.
He flew to Matilda, and caught her fast round.
She was icy—his blood thrill'd—but still he held fast,
And on rush'd the horrible company past,
And on swept Matilda—with fright and alarm
He found he clasp'd still but a skeleton-arm!

Then vanish'd the band—though that night every year
Their dance you may see—their shrieks you may hear—
There lash'd by fierce spirits, they sweep on till morn,
Who treated God's day and his servants with scorn.
There the Skeleton Dance may be seen, it is said,
Dance over the tombstones and over the dead.

L.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SMALL-TALK.

The science of small-talking is as valuable as it is difficult to be acquired. I never had the least aptitude for it myself, yet Heaven knows the labour I have bestowed in order to master it. It is not that I have nothing to say; but when I am in company a sort of spell seems to hang over me, and I feel like some fat sleeper who has a vision of thieves, and dreams that he cannot call out for assistance. It is in vain that I observe others, and endeavour to imitate them; a shallow-headed chatterer will make himself agreeable in society, while I sit by in silence. I have taken very considerable pains in my time to observe the various kinds of small-talk, with a view of turning my knowledge to some account; but, though the scheme has totally failed in my own person, a few remarks upon the subject may not be useless to others.

I hold it to be an incontrovertible truth, that every subject is to be best treated of *distributivè*, under proper divisions and subdivisions. In pursuance of this plan, I shall distribute all small-talk into two species, I. General small-talk; II. Special, or professional small-talk. The former class includes the small-talk which we hear in mixed society, where men and women, young and old, wise and foolish, are all mingled together. In the latter division I would include the small-talk of persons of the same profession or mode of life, as between two apothecaries, two dissenters, two lawyers, two beggars, two reviewers, two butchers, two statesmen, two thieves, &c. &c. &c.; in short, all conversations which are tinctured with the art, craft, mystery, occupation, or habits of the interlocutors.

And, first, of General Small-talk. However simple the art of general small-talking may seem, and however plain and intelligible the topics may be upon which it is employed; yet, in fact, it is more difficult than the special kind. The materials out of which it is formed are few in number, and easily accessible. The following is a pretty complete assortment. The weather—the health of your friends—the funds—any accidents which have happened to any of your acquaintances, such as deaths or marriages—the King—Bonaparte—Lord Byron—the cheapness of meat—any watering-place—the corn-bill—the author of Waverley—and the theatre. These are the coin that will pass current in any society. Thus, in a morning call, if two strangers happen to be left together, how agreeably they may pass the time in enlarging upon the above topics. "A very hot day, Sir!" "Yes, indeed, Sir; my thermometer stood 80 in the shade. Pray, Sir, are you related to the Rev. Jeremiah Jollison? I hope he is well."—"I am his brother, Sir: he died two years ago."—"God bless me! but it's more than two years since I saw him. Pray, Sir, what do you think of Spanish bonds?" &c. &c. Such is the conversation you generally hear after dinner (before dinner there is none), in stage-coaches, at hotels, and at watering-places. It is most suitable for adults. The grand difficulty in this kind of small-talk is to discover any subject; for as I imagine it to be a metaphysical truth, that the mind cannot, *ex mero motu suo*, call up any subject it pleases, the dialogue must necessarily depend on the power of association in the brain of the individuals who maintain it. It requires great presence of mind to call up a sufficient number of topics to meet a sudden emergency. Thus, when you meet a friend in the street, who, in

spite of your attempts to pass him with a nod, *will* stop and speak to you, how awkward is it to have nothing to say! This happens to me continually. When you have shaken hands, and the one has said, "A fine day," and the other, "Yes, very," you stand for a few moments gazing with a vacant sort of look upon one another, shake hands again, and part. The same accident sometimes happens in morning calls. After having exhausted all the common-places of civility, you feel yourself suddenly run on shore. It is in vain you attempt to think of some subject of discourse; the longer you search, the further you are from it; except the conviction that you can find nothing to talk about, your mind is a *tabula rasa*. Your guest at last rises, and puts you out of your agony.

There are some people, however, who have a genius for small-talk. Their stock seems boundless. It is no matter where, or with whom, or upon what, they are talking; still it flows on and on "in one weak washy, everlasting flood." It is a great infliction to be the only person in company with these inveterate small-talkers. Their discourse makes one's head ache. It is like the perpetual dropping of water upon the crown of one's pericranium. To me, however, such people, if their conversation is not addressed to me, are a great relief. They save me the trouble of attempting to talk, and the mortification of a failure.

Every one must have occasionally experienced the up-hill, heart-breaking labour of talking to an impenetrable person. "Well, what sort of a day had you?" said I, to a lively friend of mine. "Oh! my dear Peter," said he, "I had the ill luck to be seated at dinner next to the *dreariest* young lady you ever did *not* talk with. She seemed to be afraid lest, if she opened her mouth, jewels and roses would fall from it, and she should lose them. 'I did do all that might become a man.' I tried her with Lord Byron—I tried her with Moore—I tried her with the theatre—I tried her with Walter Scott—I tried her with the Park—I tried her with Albert—with Noblet—with Mrs. Hannah More —with the tread-wheel—the frost—quadrilles—lancers—Sir Charles Grandison, and Spanish boleros."—"Ah! but, my dear friend," said I, "did you try her with *dress?* Did you tell her of the Valenciennes lace which you brought over the other day in the collar of your coat? I see where your mistake lay. Instead of talking to her of books, you should have talked of book-muslin. You should have discoursed of milliners instead of authors, of flounces instead of poems."—You occasionally meet with the same sort of people in stage-coaches. "Beautiful country this we are travelling through, Sir?" "Yes, Sir."—"Fine cattle this stage, Sir." "Yes, Sir."—"Did you get any sleep in the night, Sir?" "No, Sir."—"Did you see the papers before we set off, Sir?" "No, Sir!"—and so the conversation terminates.

II. Of Special Small-talk: and, first, of such as is purely professional. Under this head I include the conversation of persons who are of the same profession or occupation, and who therefore speak a kind of language peculiar to their craft, and frequently unintelligible to the rest of the world. Physicians, lawyers, and merchants, may be taken as examples.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near

Great Marlborough-street. "Oh, by the by, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare? *(Waiter, another chop).*"—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint, to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br——'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilishly ill hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as ever it was applied, the fellow—(but won't you have some more porter? *(Waiter, another pint of port!)* the fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall justice be *defated!*'—thwack—'and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?*'—thwack—'By Jasus I've floored him!'—"Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told it's clever; what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two."—"Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By the by, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's."—"By the by, (whiff, whiff,) I think you hav'nt changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear—they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box."—This was quite sufficient for me: I had been for some time aware of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it, than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

I was once a good deal amused with hearing the chit-chat of two young gentlemen of the long robe. You must know, sir, that I had a sort of cousin seven times removed, who used to reside in a court in

* I have since discovered that the Surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject previous to dissection.

the Middle Temple. Poor fellow! he could play the violin beautifully; but as for Coke and Selden, and such people—he troubled them not. Well, sir, I occasionally visited my young relation, and by his kind offices with the very precise lady who holds the key of the Temple gardens, I was admitted whenever I chose to walk in that green retreat. I had seated myself, one warm summer's evening, on one of the benches at the back of the western alcove, when two learned young friends meeting at the entrance and adjourning into the arbour, I had the good fortune to be an auditor of the following dialogue. "What, Styles, my good fellow! Why I didn't know you were back from sessions.—How did you get on?"—"Infernally, infernally! Only got four soup-tickets* at ——, and a single prosecution at ——. Do you know of a small set of sky-parlours to let, for, by heavens, I shall be ruined!" "What, you are determined then *to rise* in your profession! ha, ha, not so bad!"—"Why you see, my dear Vidian, I don't make quite enough to pay Danby for dressing my wig, which is rather distressing. But come—let's sit down."—(*Here the learned gentlemen seated themselves.*) "By the by, Styles, have you heard of Gillebrand's nonsuit?—all owing to bad spelling. He put an *s* too much in the plaintiff's name, which has cost that unfortunate gentleman about one hundred and twenty pounds. Good fun that.—Gillebrand argued, that it was *idem sonans*, but the judge would not believe him—

And for ever must he dwell
In the spirit of that *spell*.

But come cheer up, my good fellow, and shew that you have some of 'the blood of the Styles'† in your veins. I dare say if you can't get *upon* the Bench, you may get *into* it—Not so bad, eh?—Oh, have you heard the new anecdote of Mr. Justice Spark, which is flying about the Temple? I told it myself to nine men this morning. You must know that when the learned Judge was on his last circuit, an unfortunate dog was tried before him for some offence that was not capital: however, as soon as the jury had brought in their verdict, Rhadamanthus seized hold of the black cap, and was pulling it over his terrific brows, when the officer of the court interfered, 'My lord! my lord! the offence isn't a capital one.' 'Oh yes! very true,' said his lordship, 'but—but—you know, it's a good thing to terrify the prisoner a little.' Very ingenious that of his lordship.—But why don't you laugh, Styles?"—"In fact, my dear Vidian, I am not altogether in a laughing mood. There is a cursed fellow of a tailor in New Bond Street, who threatens to maintain *assumpsit* against me for goods sold and delivered—then the stable-keeper in Carey Street presented me the other day with a Declaration, in which I find that I am charged with the hire of fifty horses, fifty mares, fifty stanhopes, fifty tilburys, and fifty dennets: and to crown all, a well-dressed man who resides in Chancery-lane has got a present for me, which you and I know by the name of a Special Original. Oh what a special fool was I to give those bills to

* Upon enquiry, I find that soup-tickets are *vocabula artis*, signifying briefs given indiscriminately by the town clerks, &c. at sessions.

† The genealogical tree of this noble family may be seen fully set out in the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.

that rascal Samuels! Heigh oh! all my perambulations are now confined to this lawyers' paradise. I have instructed the angel at the gate stoutly to deny admittance to all suspicious strangers, which she promises me."—"I am really sorry, Styles, that I can't accommodate you with a hundred or two, or any fractional part thereof; for though my grandfather died the beginning of the year, yet I plead *riens par déscente.* Walter, you know, is heir in tail, *secundum formam doni,* being *filius primogenitus;* and to tell you the truth, I am somewhat in the shallows myself. I confess I have of late been studying the law of Debtor and Creditor, which appears to me to require amendment exceedingly. Such have been my professional studies. In my hours of relaxation I have been conjugating the verb *to dun*—no, the passive, *to be* dunned—I am dunned, I was dunned, I shall be dunned—I am about to be dunned. But see, they have opened the gates to the public—good number to-night—that's a gentlemanlike-looking fellow that's coming towards us—who is he?" "Good God! don't you know? Call a boat and help me into it—I must get into Surrey—" Here the two friends brushing hastily past me, called a boat, and as the tide was high, they easily got into it: the stranger all the while approaching with rapid strides. Poor Styles sate dejected in the boat; but Vidian politely bowed, and "hoped he should be better acquainted with the gentleman."

There is a peculiar richness and high-flavour in the confidential communications of a couple of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes, but ashes are very black."—"Pray do you hold much rum?"—"Dreadful storm last night—Poor Jones! he underwrote 7000*l.* last week—I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way have you heard that K—— has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K——!"

There is no small-talk more necessary in the present age than *the Literary,* which is essentially requisite at all routs, conversaziones, balls, dances, tea-drinkings, and *petit-soupers.* I believe there is not the difficulty in this branch of the art, which is generally thought to exist. There is a certain set of names and phrases which may be eternally varied, and from which the most elegant literary conversation may be framed. For the benefit of my readers, I shall present them with a catalogue of the materials, which I once made for my own use. Poetry—novels—heart—imagination—distinction—severer sciences—ancients—chivalry—Waverley—beauty—truth—nature—sublimity—simplicity--attractive--brilliant—elegant—Lord Byron—power—pathos—passion—sentiment—sensibility—sweetness—Thyrza—Haidee—Thyrza!--enchanting--lovely—Don Juan—dark—depraved—perversion—abuse—like the splendours of the infernal regions—poetical yourself!—a sonnet—a stanza—scribble verse—Richardson—Miss Austin—Captain Wentworth--Clarissa--Persuasion—Eliza Rivers—hateful young clergyman—quite differ with you—Isabella—heart—weep—tears—Don Carlos—German—Goethe—languages—Italy—scenes of antiquity—associations—Cicero—"Sunny Florence"—Rossini—*Di tanti palpiti*—ah!—Scotch airs—Burns—Allan Cunningham—magazines—New Monthly—excellent—wit—politeness—fancy—depth—superior—Quarterly—Edinburgh—Madame de Stael—arm—beauty—eyes.

Such are the subjects upon which I usually attempt to ring the changes, when any fair nymph is unfortunate enough to be introduced to me at a ball; and here let me mention one very great advantage at such places. According to the modern fashion, you are compelled to change your partner every quadrille, so that you may repeat what you have already said to the former lady, observing whether she is sufficiently distant not to hear you. At a dinner-party you can seldom repeat yourself thus. But as, in case I proceed, there may be considerable danger of my playing the same trick with the reader, I shall make a timely retreat, and bid him farewell! R.



MILTON'S COMUS.

It has been a cause of surprise to many that some of the minor works of Milton are not more popular. Of these even Comus appears, except among scholars, never to have received the share of regard due to its unequalled merit. That this might have happened under what is denominated the Augustan age of English literature, is not matter for wonder. During that inflated period, for which "Gallic" would be a more correct appellative, a poem which had been written in a style semi-barbarous to ears attuned to the monotony of French poetry, the kind then sanctioned by all-governing fashion, however rich in sentiment and imagery, lofty in conception, or moral in object, was likely to be neglected. In the year 1750, Comus was performed for the benefit of Milton's grandaughter; but this being the only one of his writings adapted to a performance on the modern stage, its exhibition then affords us no criterion of the state of popular estimation in which it was held. It wanted the saving virtue requisite to the perfection of the poetic art, in a more rigid adherence to the arbitrary rules which the French critics had introduced, and which their successful example had made the invariable law of poetical composition. It would have been little short of heresy to have denied their authority, and thus the reading part of the public suffered the perusal of the works of our earlier class of writers to go into temporary desuétude. It remained for those who lived under the reign of a better taste, from the later years of the eighteenth century to the present day, to appreciate justly the excellence of our old writers, and to feel the freshness and beauty of works that display an unreined fancy, and an enthusiasm for truth, nature, and feeling. The bard of Twickenham, however, was a poet of too high an order to be insensible to the merit of Comus, which he has acknowledged by exhibiting what he borrowed from it. His obligations to Milton may be traced in several places in his works. "Low-thoughted care," and "grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid *thorn*," are in his Epistle to Abelard. The latter quotation exhibits a sad falling off from Milton. Pope did not here transmute what he borrowed into gold, for the line in Comus "grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades" is sublime, while "horrid thorn" is a mere commonplace expression. The present is the time best adapted for enjoying our loftier and more independent writers. Men think now for themselves upon every subject; and can venture to examine without prejudice all that will pleasure or profit them.

When I take up Comus I know not how to lay it down again. Its

delicious music is breathed over me "like a steam of soft distilled perfumes." There is a mixture of the supernatural, the classic, and even romantic, linked together in it by a mysterious union. Its characters partake of the moral of the poem; they are almost unmoved by human passion, chaste, and severely drawn. Nothing gaudy or flaunting appears any where; all is kept down except the "great argument" in view. The images, save those belonging to the mythology, are taken from nature. The virtue of the lady is that of reason and reflection; not that dwelling in unsuspecting innocence, like Juliet's, such as we most love in woman. It is a lucid purity of heart, that commands our notice, and surrounds her with a severe grace, exciting respect rather than engendering affection. Love would not have suited the design of Milton, and therefore it has nothing to do in his poem. This has rendered it less attractive; for all are awake to the witchery of that soft feeling, but all are not susceptible of the excellence of virtue. Thus while the latter is respected as belonging to reason, love captivates the heart even in its more unholy forms, partly because it belongs to the imagination rather than to reason, and partly because our passions are more dear to our natures, than the agent by which we circumscribe them. Johnson has dismissed Comus with negative praise. He tells us that the fiction was derived from Homer's Circe. This is doubtful, because a Comus written by Erycius Puteanus was published not long before Milton wrote his, and the "Old Wives Tale" of George Peel has a very similar machinery.* Lady Alice Egerton and her two brothers had encountered an adventure in Haywood Forest, similar to that of the lady and her two brothers in Comus; Lawes the musician, and friend of the poet, at whose request it was written, acquainted him with the incident, and hence, simply enough, the real origin and plot of the piece. This *bijou* in our poetry is criticised by Johnson in a series of paragraphs. Each of these begins with praise and ends with censure, as if the last were intended to neutralise the effect of the first. Truth forced from him what he said in favour of Comus, while his careless disregard of the author's lofty design, together with his own personal dislike to Milton's independence in politics, made him resolve to diminish the effect of his praises, or at least to limit the influence of those which he conceded reluctantly. The only unqualified good thing he says of the poem is, "that the dawn or twilight of Paradise Lost may be discovered in it."

If I were asked for a specimen of our best poetry, as respects fine imagery and real inspiration, even for the poetry of poesy itself in my view, I should recommend Comus. There is in it a concentration of poetical beauties; a little world of sweets that never pall upon the sense, a well-sustained march of glowing thoughts, and an elevation of sentiment, that aims at something far above mortal passion, speaking the ardour of the poet, and his desire "with no middle flight" to soar, and to pursue "things unattempted yet in prose or rhime." All the vigour and youthiness of his muse animates his lines; for the edge of her sensibilities had not been blunted, when he penned it, by politics or polemics. Why, then, is this poem not more frequently spoken of? Why is it not for ever on our lips? These queries may

* See Notes to the Lives of the Poets.

be answered, perhaps, by its want of incident, and the sanctity of its character,—both obstacles to popularity. It was, moreover, written for music, and did not admit of intricacy in the plot. The world too often feels greater sympathy with hardy and savage vice in suffering, than with heroic virtue. Now the glory of Milton was the promotion of virtue; and the purity of his mind breathes throughout Comus in a stronger degree, if possible, than through his other works. He stands a great pole-star for posterity, to direct it to virtue and freedom—to shame the political renegadoes and prostituted hirelings of later times, that like the swinish herd of the enchanter—

"Not once perceive their foul dismemberment,
But boast themselves more comely than before!"

The machinery of Comus is simple, and it labours under the defect of not interesting the heart enough, but it would be extremely difficult for Milton to have executed his task differently. It is probable that the author was confined as to subject by the incident Lady Alice Egerton and her brothers met with in the wood, which forbad any use of the common modes of affecting the mind in tragedy. Milton only gave the tale as it was, adding a machinery which left the adventure in the forest untouched, while it interwove with it a beautiful moral. It is plain, by Lady Alice and her brothers being the principal performers, that there were certain restrictions which limited the writer, and he could not do better, where he had no room for delineating passion, than hold up some great virtue to admiration: the virtue he chose was chastity. Lastly, had he drawn characters difficult to sustain, it is possible that Lawes would not have succeeded in filling them up at Ludlow, in the family circle of the Earl of Bridgewater.

Let Comus, then, be taken as we find it,—rich in an exuberance of the rarest flowers of poesy, and full of gems sparkling with immortal colours. In sanctity of character and vigour of description we have nothing in our language that equals it. It is like a sumptuous repast, in which all the different dishes are so matched in flavour and so judiciously selected, that though they abound in lusciousness they do not produce satiety. There is no poem of equal length from whence such exquisite quotations may be drawn, filled with moral sentiment, highly poetical, and exquisitely harmonious. The author aimed in Comus at shewing the excellence of goodness, and, to give it the most interesting personification, he chose a heroine as most agreeable to our sympathies. Unfortunately the nature of the lady's rejoinders to Comus, as well as some of her sentiments, are too masculine. The way in which she resists the solicitations of Comus robs her character of interest. Perhaps Shakspeare would have armed her with tears, and made her touch the enchanter's heart with pity during her thraldom, while she still resisted the proffered bowl. Her boldness prevents our feeling so much for her distress as a less confident demeanour would infallibly attract from us. We love the idea of fragility in woman; her helplessness of herself, her reliance upon us for support, is almost as necessary to our love of her as her beauty. There is a love of the sex in some hearts that lives upon its feebleness, and that would be extinguished if it did not seem to demand support. But

Milton's object was not that which would have been Shakspeare's, namely, to depict nature. That he was able to have given the lady a more feminine cast of character is evident, from his description of Eve, who never assumes a masculine port or language. He had before him all our dramatic writers of the Elizabethan age, by whom the female character had been drawn in its utmost perfection and in every variety. It was not to be presumed, therefore, that the character he has exhibited is any other than he intended it should appear in the representative of chastity, cold, masculine, and severe, as Diana herself is depicted. The mind of Milton, too, was always aiming at objects beyond the earth. He looked into more awful regions for the themes of his verse, and aspired to delineate gods rather than men, while he ever sought to make men soar above their frail natures and to be as gods. However unfortunate it may be considered, therefore, that the personification of chastity in Comus is not more of the woman, and however much it lessens the dramatic effect of the poem, it could have been given no other way with the view Milton took of his subject. Moreover, the public taste in his day was far from rejecting characters, which in ours are so frigid in the exhibition. He regarded the probability of the scene much less than the moral and composition; his was a world of ideality; he had the promotion of virtue rather than the exhibition of human passion before his eye, and he made every thing submit to that object. This was the practice of some of our best poets. In Spenser, nature is subservient to the allegory and moral of the poetry. It was often the fashion of antiquity to do this, and Milton may readily stand excused for following preceding examples. Shakspeare endeavoured both to inculcate virtue and delineate man as he is, and he succeeded; but it may be very justly doubted whether the moral of his pieces be not commonly lost on an audience in the interest excited by the events and actions of his characters, which being those of every man's "business and bosom" attract all the attention, and effectually conceal the moral from sight. Milton made the moral every where so apparent, as to convince the reader immediately that all contingencies must tend to the one great object; he was, therefore, not formed for a dramatic writer of our times, but might have been a tragedian of ancient Greece. He had his eye directed to higher and purer objects. He avoided a minute delineation of vice altogether. Comus is the only vicious character in the poem; his vices are sensual, but their details are veiled from the sight: we have no disgusting picture of profligacy, no exhibition of crime varnished with sentiment, giving sin a venial aspect, and arresting detestation by arousing sympathy. All is in unison with the poet's severe intention. The lady could not have been drawn with the tenderness and softness of the sex, and have displayed sufficient knowledge to have resisted the arguments of the enchanter by reason as well as by the dictates of virtue. Her knowingness may operate against our being touched with her situation, but it speaks the loftiness of the poet's views. Like the attendant spirit, his business was with those only who aspired——

To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity,—

not with those who wished to see a picture of the vices of the world. Milton, had he consulted only nature and probability, would not have

made the lady sing the song of "Sweet Echo," when lost in the recesses of a wood at midnight. She would rather have sought safety by concealment, than excited attention by singing; and if she were alarmed, terror might incite shrieks and "frantic fear," but would not allow her to try her vocal skill in such an exquisite song. I dwell thus long on the lady's character, because it seems at first view most obnoxious to censure of any in the poem, while in reality, with the peculiar object of the author, it is not so. Comus, considered as a vehicle for music, cannot be impugned. Never were the sister arts more charmingly united than in the performance of it, and one can only fear that Milton's genius might have been fettered in so adapting it, though but for this peculiar use the world would never have seen it. Masques and dramatic poems written for music are, after all, unsatisfactory. They may contain fine passages and delightful songs, but the poetry is lost during the representation. Then nature, pathos, and sentiment, are rarely to be discovered in them. The musician, singer, or rather chanter, destroys all the better associations that the finest passages would produce, by the very circumstance of singing them. A drama so exhibited has rarely, in our language at least, produced sublime impressions.* This cannot be said of an Ode, like Alexander's Feast, for example, or of any single narrative or invocatory poem or song. The truth of this is incontestable, and is founded in nature, for no two persons could discourse in verse, in common life, without exciting laughter. Songs may be introduced into dramatic pieces, and sung with effect; but chanted dialogues, except in burlesque writings, will be rejected when a pure taste shall govern the stage. In the present case, however, part was intended to be sung, and part to be spoken.

As to the poetry of Comus, it is impossible to be fatigued with it; it is the "cordial julep" of the enchanter himself,

> That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
> With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.

It is not generally known, that the following exquisite lines in the speech of the attendant spirit ought to be printed after the fourth line from the commencement of the speech—"In regions mild of calm and serene air."

> Amid th' Hesperian gardens, on whose banks,
> Bedewed with nectar and celestial songs,
> Eternal roses grow, and hyacinth,
> And fruits of golden rinde, on whose fair tree
> The scaly harness'd dragon ever keeps
> His unenchanted eye: around the verge
> And sacred limits of this blissful isle,
> The jealous ocean, that old river, winds
> His far-extended arms, till with steep fall
> Half his waste flood the wild Atlantic fills,
> And half the slow unfathomed Stygian pool—
> But soft, I was not sent to court your wonder
> With distant worlds, and strange removed climes:
> Yet thence I come, and oft from thence behold, &c.

* The Editor begs not to be held responsible for this sentiment of the writer, though he does not choose to mar the paper by blotting it out.—Has he ever read Metastasio?

was to personify virtue by characters superior to impulses prompted by common passion; and that with this object, he gave them an action inconsistent in a great degree with real life, but in unison with the peculiar character of his genius—a measure, that while it effected his object, rendered the poem inferior in interest to one founded on human fallibility. For the purest of mankind only was Comus written, and it can only be enjoyed to the full extent of its excellencies by the "pure in heart." Y. J.

PLAIN PREACHING.

A PRIEST—not such as Hogarth drew
With paunch rotund and visage red,
And eyes that glistering like dew
Protruded fatly from his head—
Yet still with look canonical,
Though feminine as any Molly,
Prank'd out in dandihood withal
To the top pitch of fashion's folly:
Full to the throat of Greek and college,
And words 'twould break the jaw to speak 'em,
Though he at best could only squeak'em,
While doling forth his stock of knowledge:—
Asked to ascend a country rostrum,
And "hold forth" to the congregation;
Up-mounted to his proper station,
Carrying his black morocco nostrum
Fill'd with fine sentences omnigenous,
Words ne'er to man nor jay indigenous,
And moral axioms gleaned from heathen scribe,
Displayed his white hand decked with rings,
His cambric handkerchief, and things
That trap the eyes and hearts of lady-tribe.
He was the pink of parsons, essenced o'er
With nard and perfumes from a foreign shore.
He spoke of "theism," the "cosmogony"—
Of vice, that "autocrat pestiferous,"
Of "Hyperborean blasts frigoriferous,"
And how, "disjunct" from home and prog any,
The "boding fowls" the prophet fed,
While "schistose rocks" composed his bed.

The pulpit's owner was a man of worth
Who loved, as Vicars should, his congregation,
And well he knew no mortal power on earth
Could make it comprehend his friend's oration—
Zounds, thought he, college men in this our day
Are sadly gone from good old rules astray,
I'll ne'er ask Finnikin to preach again—
The farmers stare; even Miss Deborah Screw,
Through all the parish noted as a "blue,"
To understand will find no little pain.

The service o'er, the Vicar freely spoke,
"My brother Finnikin, it was no joke
For country folk to sit and hear your lecture—

You are too learned for my paris'¹,
My people's eyes were all vagarish
While striving your hard phrases :o conjecture.
There seem two modes of College teaching,
If I might judge from this your preaching:
Mine for the world, your's for the college bred."—
"Why surely, my dear reverend brother,
They are not fools," replied the other,
"I used the tongue vernacular,
My words would suit Sam. Johnson's ear—
I precedent can plead."
"I use plain words among plain men,"
The Vicar quick replied again,
"I'll prove my course is just—
There's Hodge, my carter—Hodge, I say,
Tell me, what's the cosmogony,
D'ye know, man?"—"Iz, I trust."—
"I thought he knew, my reverend friend,"
Said Finnikin.—"Stay, hear the end,"
The Vicar said, and shook his snowy wig.
"What is it, Hodge?"—"Why, Sur, I know
Az how 'tis zomething that do grow,
de a pig!"

THE LEPREGHAUN, OR GOLD GOBLIN.

"Ireland hath been always accounted a land of wonders."—BURTON.

"CLEAVE to the staunch oak, my son," said Jasper Trevenny to a youth who stood by his side in a dillosk-gatherer's* hut. "Cleave to a tight ship, my boy, as long as the wind·blaeth, and while she lives upon the waters, she'll aye be a mauther to thee. Pine not upon a down pillow ashore wi' pale maids and wrinkled beldames bewailing about thee;—but when thee diest, die like a true heart—the white foam for thy winding sheet, the roaring voice of the ocean for thy death-lament, and a noble bark for thy coffin. What can mate with the great sea? Look thee, my son, it 's beautiful at all times—when it beats against the beach-rocks that hem it in, foaming and raging like a madman wi' his fetters, as well as when the waves be one and all asleep, moving as gently as slumbering babies wi' the broad moon poring like a fond mauther above 'em. What though thee diest, as the Hollanders had like to ha' died an hour aback, in a cockle-shell smack? Even then, thee goest out of the world like a man. You shall hear, brethren," continued the stout Cornish mariner raising his voice as the dilloskers gathered around him. "The brig was scudding away like a sea-bird afore the breeze, and we afearing nought, though 'twas dark as death, having those aboard that knew the course as well as the way to their hammocks, and warranted coming 'thwart o' little 'pon that tack, while the wind spoke Nor' about. Anon the forward look-out, a whistling time after he'd howled out his dismal 'All's well,' jumped upon the cable-coil and shouted wi' all his breath, ''Vast! avast! mates,

* The occupation of these people is gathering the edible sea-weeds laver and dillosk, both of which are boiled for use, but a portion of the latter is often dried in the sun, until it assumes a fine ruddy complexion, when it is esteemed a luxury.

helm a-lee and about ship!—a sail a-head here, all hands, yohoy!' Reuben roared, but 'twas too late. A sloop of a thing, wi' all aboard snoring under hatches, lay just neast our bows. We crushed upon her about midships, and rode her down awfully—most awfully, by G–d. A demurrage, for a second, succeeded the shock, and then on we went again as if nought had mattered. She proved to be a Dutch swab, lurking in yander seas for fish—or something richer mayhap. To put about, or bring to, in time for help, was impossible—moreover every sand in the glass was gold to us. But the yawl was out, and three hearties, with the captain himself, and my fool of a boy here, wer' aboard her in a snatch. It got light in the nick, the moon having struck out from her black cloudy harbour into the broad blue sea of Heaven. We tugged aback wi' heart and sinew, but all was quiet and silent above and about the place where she went down, as a grave at midnight, and nought visible but the trailing feather o' foam which the strong brig left astern. I thought I heard a deep screech in the waters 'below us—'twas fancy mayhap, but it hit me hard like a bullet. 'Twas just as if my heart heard it afore my ear. It reminded me against my will o' the night when my old father sunk abaft the keel (as we say), long ago. Presently up shot a cask and a few spars, then a shoal of hake, skate, and your beggarly ling, some gasping, others quite dead wi' their white bellies and glazed eyes glittering in the moonlight. We heard a dash and a splutter windward, and upon looking about, to our awful wonder, eyed a little out-o'-sorts creature kicking and spluttering amid another troop o' floating milk-bellies, and laying among 'em wi' his arms, like a windmill in a hurricane. His face was lean, hard, and tawny. It looked like old gold horribly tarnished by time, but age could not wrinkle it. Sometimes he stood aloft, and clamouring knee-deep about in the sea; then he sunk fathoms, and we saw nought of him for a time again. We were one and all mortally gallied at the sight, but the captain. The yawl lay like a log upon the waters, while we stood to glowy at the wonder. Anon, however, the captain doffed woollens, and, dashing among the pieces of wreck that now covered the sea's face, grappled the tawny one, and towed him manfully alongside. Upon hauling him aboard, smite me, cousins, but there was a most enormous Hollander hanging by his legs, and he came up, clumsily wriggling in the wake, like a thumping club at the tail of a fisherboy's muckworm, ha! ha! But I must tellee, the whole crew (three Dutchmen and a black boy) was saved by line or spar, and preciously swabbed was the captain about it; howsomever, just as we'd hove in sight of your blazing hearth, he tacked about, and bore away like a Geneva pink that has run full upon a king's ship in a fog."

As Jasper Trevenny concluded his tale, the dillosk-gatherers were summoned to front about to the hearth, by the deep voice of their patriarch and Brehon King, old Fergus Consadine the wise. The Cornishman, who had entered the hut with his boy to seek refreshment after landing the Hollanders, now beheld for the first time, as the dilloskers opened on either side, the gaunt old monarch of the beach. Although reposing on the oak-log, which had been the throne of his predecessors for ages, it was plain, that, when erect, he towered far above even those of surpassing stature who gathered around him. His huge legs, encased in dark brown leather trowsers instead of the custo-

mary hose, wandered along the floor, seeming like the main roots of a giant oak in its senility, than the limbs of a man. His mantle of yellow frieze*, curiously embroidered at the edges, was thrown entirely from one shoulder, so as to reveal the bandel cloth vest, and studded bark belt beneath it, and streamed down in great plenitude of fold to the base of his oaken throne. His long hair was turned back in the ancient Glibb or Cooleen fashion, and surmounted by a burred or conical woollen cap: moreover, it was of so peculiar a complexion and wavy a nature, as (like the bard's of old) to be compared to a living stream of milk. His large features, worn as they were by time and mischance, bore an imposing similarity to a mouldering ruin of which sufficient masses remain to shew what it had been in the days of its glory. The transient smile upon the one, as the passing sunbeam upon the other, illumined but to expose. A wreath of the red sun-dried dillosk-weed, mingled with old laver, encircled his brows, and while his bony left hand wandered lovingly among the light tresses of a sleeping girl, he supported its fellow on one of the bends of a huge black staff, warped and scotched by nature or art into the figure of a snake. This was the Brehon King's sceptre, the symbol of his authority, and all in his domains paid implicit obedience to the laws promulgated by him who wielded it, for the time being, on the oaken log of ages. Tradition and legend were fertile in its honour, but neither Bard nor Shanaghos could narrate the story of its mysterious origin. The general belief was, that it had been vital, and would again resume its pristine nature, to the infinite peril of man, if ever the old Tanistry laws and Brehon Kings should be banished from Erin.

"My sons," said old Fergus to his attentive dilloskers, "you have heard enough from the Sassenach, to put every young limb among you in motion. Far be it from one who sits on the oak of old times, to rise up against the festivals which our fathers rejoiced in and honoured—above all, so sacred a one as that of the Wren on the holy tide of Saint Stephen—may the Bancointha† wail over poor Onagh, the dear child of my child, when I do so! But, my sons, the honours of the day are done—you have ensnared the kingly little Wren on the brown furze—you have enthroned him in the green holly bush, set off with white love-knots and the fair tresses of your most comely virgins; you have carried him far and near in glory and state, and lastly, raised him above your broad board while feasting on what men have bestowed on you, as homage and gift to the king of all birds‡. 'Tis now near unto morning, and the reign of the Wren is over. Bestir yourselves, boys. Misfortune has come upon a crew of strangers on your coast. They are now, perhaps, watching with eager eyes for the remains of

* The choice colour of the old Irish.

† The praises of the dead are sung prior to interment by the Bancointha or Cointaghaun, who is hired by the friends of the deceased for that purpose. A similar custom prevails among the Greeks. *Les pleureuses publiques* are mentioned by *Pouqueville*, in his *Voyage en Morée*, and there seems to be but little difference between their occupation and the Bancointha's. The whole ceremony of a burial, as described by him, approaches remarkably near to a rural wake and funeral in Ireland.

‡ The Wren feast is still kept up in Munster with the ceremonies detailed by the Brehon.

their wreck on the morning tide. They may lack a brotherly hand to aid them. Away then, all of you—prove yourselves strangers to the cursed blood of inhuman Kerry, and my blessing be on his head who proves first in the good work!"

The young dilloskers tumultuously rushed out of the hut as old Fergus concluded, and hurried on towards the beach; young Paudrigg Dooley, the swiftest of foot among them, taking the lead. Christy Scanlon, the next in repute for speed, as usual, outstripped the mass of his companions, and trod close upon the steps of Paudrigg. On emerging from a little valley dingle that broke abruptly upon the beach, he came on a sudden in full view of the timorous Dooley, not in high action as he had expected, but pale and motionless as a wind-bleached hill-rock. "What happened you, Paudrigg?" was the young dillosk-gatherer's first question on reaching his fellow. "Is it elf-struck ye are, man? or has one of old Finn's giants been down from the Sliabh and scared you? or maybe the heart's kilt in your body by the cruel kiss of a wave girl:—Avoch! avoch! he's dead dumb!" "Husht! husht! asy, Scanlon," whispered Paudrigg; "asy, boy Christy, and look above there." "Where? what?" eagerly inquired the youth. "Now see him," replied Paudrigg, "across the crake to the right of the bushes where the ship struck, and all died long ago when the sea flowed up to the glynn. It's the spirit of a father cursing the rocks that wracked all his little ones." "Powers, now I have him," shouted Christy; "the spirit of a father, said ye?—Paudrigg, ye're a fool—a caubeen entirely, boy—It's a gold spirit!"—"A Lepreghaun?"—"Ay that is he, as sure as Maccoul built the Binguthan—isn't the first myself saw."—"Will we be able to get a clutch at the treasure he watches, think ye?"—"Maybe yea, maybe nay,—but look, Paudrigg—by the holy Lough Darragh* the creature's vanished."—"My grief then! he heard us, Christy, and sure enough he'll build up a whole legion of rocks in a minute, twin brothers to the one he stands by, and we'll have no mark of his station."

The whole body of dillosk-gatherers had by this time joined the two youths, and drank with greedy ears the residue of their discourse. "But was it indeed a gold goblin, think you, Paudrigg?" "As sure as you're a simpleton, Dinnis," replied Dooley to the inquirer; "Christy himself said it was. The crature tallied to a hair with the song in the wake mummery—an't I right, Christy?

"Aged and warped, and yellow was he,
As the dry dead leaf beneath the tree,
On a crooked root he shivering sat,
Till scared by the moth or flapping bat,
Then round and over the gold grave shot,
As if whirl'd by winds—but left it not;
'Twas a miser's ghost, a Lepreghaun,
Whose doom is to watch from dark till dawn,
By the brown turf shroud where his own gold lies,
And keep it by craft from mortal eyes."

* Lough Darragh was always accounted holy. In a copy of the articles of faith, which, it is said, was found in the pocket of priest Murphy, who was killed at the battle of Arklow, the 26th article runs thus, "We are bound to acknowledge the lake in the north to be holy, called Lough Darragh." St. Patrick's purgatory is situate on a small island in the lake.

"I know 'twas a Lepreghaun," concluded Paudrigg; "and mark me, boys, there's coin in the crags."--"Coin!" said Jasper Trevenny approaching; "coin in the crags yander? What dost prate about? Coin indeed! Why thee'd sooner find coin in a tin-shank." There was a lurking expression in the Cornish mariner's face which told the dillosker, that notwithstanding his sneering tone, he would willingly be convinced of the probability of discovering a treasure, even on the rough unpromising skirts of the glynn; and Dooley, who was unaccustomed to the pleasure of being attentively listened to, immediately entered into an elaborate detail of all the old proverbs and pithy rhymes current on the subject. Jasper continued to sneer, and interrupted the dillosker from time to time by exclaiming, "Oh! thee'rt mazed, mun, clean gone, a fool, mazed as a wether." Nevertheless he moved with huge strides towards the creak. Christy in vain attempted to restrain his countryman's injudicious exposure of the gold grave "to a Sassenach, who, by the look of him, would just murther a worm for the sake of his hide and fat. It was a sin in the face of the country—so it was—to let a stranger share in the rich produce of the soil; meat and drink all were welcome to, but a Lepreghaun's gold none ought to touch but a Milesian."

The creek was forded with little difficulty, and, on reaching the crags, the party took different paths, and earnestly sought out the treasure grave. Paudrigg thought that the rocks were prodigiously multiplied, and the sand (which appeared to have been recently disturbed in different places) he asserted was dug up by the wary Lepreghaun and his manifold fellow sprites, for the purpose of bothering them. Christy said nothing; but, observing the Cornishman preparing to seek round the little rock, which he felt assured had been the goblin's temporary resting-place, the passionate youth violently wrested a small hatchet from the belt of Paudrigg, and proceeded to cut up the hard gravel and sand with such energy, as to attract the undivided attention of his anxious companions. In a few moments his edge sunk deep in the side of a coffer, which lay buried in a cavity at the root of the crag; a few vigorous blows shattered the oak, which verily proved to be a gold-coffin.

All was mute. Trevenny was the first who broke the long silence, by unconsciously uttering a short prayer, as Christy with a trembling hand dragged forth a large heavy untanned bull's-hide bag, from which the eloquent voice of gold emanated at every jerk.

They soon regained the dillosk-hut; and no sooner had Scanlon thrown his precious load upon the board, than Trevenny attempted to sever the thongs which bound its mouth. His knife was keen, but the tough hide altogether defied its edge; and the irritated Cornishman growled forth a tremendous oath, as he suddenly drew his blade athwart the bellying side of the gorged bag. A flood of tarnished silver and gold, mingled with precious stones, (some of which were naked, and others richly encased) streamed from the gash. Jasper gazed in ecstasy upon the glorious spectacle for a moment. He then thrust a handful of the coins into his bosom, and bathed his rough face in the mass. "I never was so freighted in my life," said he, appearing to be totally unconscious of the dillosk-gatherers presence. "Mine, all mine—right Jacobuses, and true gold too, by Saint Joes." He next proceeded to

replenish the bag; but Christy and his companions, who had hitherto stood motionless, although by no means indifferent spectators of the scene, suddenly rushed forward with one accord, and laid hands upon the treasure. "Ah! what!" roared Trevenny, "Hands off, you devils! Pouch paws, I say, by blood else you'll rue it. An' poison me but I'll scat the first he that meddles wi' a dollar dead upo' the planchin." At that moment the door of the dillosk-hut began to tremble upon its hinges, and opening slowly to its full extent, at length revealed a stunted, gaunt-looking, yellow-visaged figure, tottering athwart the threshold.—It was the Lepreghaun!

All eyes were at once fixed upon the goblin, who advanced slowly towards the board, and laid his brown palm upon the naked arm of Trevenny. "What! flesh and blood after all?" cried Jasper, as the Lepreghaun touched him. "Why mun, I counted 'pon seeing a pixy at least, instead o' thou, my dainty bait-worm. What's come o' the Hollander porpoise we fished up in your wake, mun, eh?"—"We parted," replied the supposed gold-goblin, to the amazement of the dilloskers, "we parted on the beach—may he be as successful in his quest as I have been in mine!"—"Quest! thine! What's thee prate about, 'oosbert?" asked Trevenny.—"This—ay—this is my gold," firmly replied the diminutive creature.—"Thine?" quoth Jasper, "thine? ha! ha! why thee 'rt witless. It 's a godsend, my chap, a fee, finder's chattels afloat."—"I buried it," resumed the supposed sprite, beneath the glynn crags, seaman, on the day when, in the extravagance of my affection, I endowed an unworthy nephew with the bulk of my possessions, and demeaned myself to sit as a guest at the board where I might rightfully have presided as lord of the feast. I was soon punished for my folly, cruelly punished by the misdeeds of him in whom I had placed my hopes. The allurements of the harlot, the wine-cup, and the gamester, were too mighty for his youth. The old gold flowed in streams from the fountain-coffers of his ancestors; his broad lands passed away from his possession, and the plough of the stranger furrowed his hearth. Shame for his guilt at length drove him from the land of his fathers, to wander an outcast upon the face of the earth. What had I to do in Erin then? I left the land in madness, and heeded not my buried gold. I return a pauper, bitterly sensible of its value in all parts of the world, and solemnly claim my own. It is equally valuable to me now with the very blood of life."—"Come, thee'st a good running tackle," said Jasper; "the coin o' thy tongue's mint may pass current enough wi' clods, but it melts not Trevenny. Harkye, chap, so I suppose thee wast coming for thy gold across the seas?"—"In the frail vessel which you ran down last night in the roads. Wearily have I sought for my coffer since you put me on shore."—"Sure!" quoth the Cornishman. "And pray who bees the rogue of a nevey thee tell'st about."—"His name," was the reply, "is well known here—Morty Quann."—The Cornishman staggered—"Quann! Morty Quann!" shouted he, "Blood, Sarrah, how so? Quann, say'st thee? Here's a land-shark, my cousins. He wants to berogue us wi' lies and what not. Let un swim, shall he? Let un float in a sieve, or a torn podger, shall he? We mustn't be gallied out o' the gold so, brethren. This is the little nestle-tripe we hoisted out o' the brine to-night, cronies."—"We!" said the other petulantly; "say

not we, fellow. To your chief I owe my life;—but for you—I might have perished before you would have thrust out a straw to aid me in my mortal strife." "What, Sarrah!" cried Trevenny, his brow assuming a deeper red; "this to Trevenny of Lostwithiel?—Jasper Trevenny that was hunted from home for his milkiness in the matter o' float-flesh? Stand aback, cousins—stand aback—I'll pitch un half way to Penzance at a jerk." As he spoke, the passionate Jasper moved round the board towards the old man, who, terrified at his threats, hastily retreated to the vacant Brehon throne, and, leaping upon it, loudly called upon the dillosk-gatherers for protection. "Save me, my sons," said he, "save me from the knife of the robber. Visit not the sins of my nephew upon me;—forget, if you can, that your patriarch's grandchild was a victim to his guiles. Give me a weapon at least! Does no one stand out? Are ye Irishers? Is there not one of my old faction—not a single O'Dwyer among ye?"—"My mother was one, Sir Morough; for him I take you to be," shouted the tempestuous Christy Scanlon, "and by her death-blessing I'll be with you to the last of my life. Hear that now, and come on, all of ye." The dilloskers stood irresolute. The sight of the gold and jewels; the sudden appearance of old Morough, whom they at first feared as a Lepreghaun; and the daring manner of Trevenny, had completely overpowered them. For a moment their passions were stagnant, and Jasper was just about to grapple with Christy, when a pale girl, on whose handsome features present joy appeared to be struggling with the memory of by-gone grief, followed by a tall figure, in the ruddy prime of manhood, glided like a spirit into the hut.

A glance from the manly stranger instantly subdued the sturdy Cornishman, and the pale young beauty having taken down the wren-bush from the low roof, and placed it on the floor in front of Christy, began to chant one of the verses which are still used by the merry wren-boys when they "sound for collection along."

"On Saint Stephen's day, the little king bird
In his green holly bower is always heard,
Claiming homage and gift from maids and men:—
Heart-cankered be they who frown on the Wren!"

This fearful malediction from the honoured grandchild of the old beach king, poor Onagh, the spendthrift's victim, effectually smoothed the knotted brow of Christy. Meantime Trevenny endeavoured to palliate his guilt, by stating the cause of the uproar. "At last," concluded he, "my little hero said without a stammer, but outright and full as I speak it, that you, even you, Morty Quann, was the roguish nevey he'd been prating about. That was too much, Captain, I couldn't pouch it, to say nought of his beslavering me:—so you see—" The Cornishman's speech was here cut short by an exclamation of joy from the old man, as he staggered into the arms of Morty—for Morty himself the stranger was—"My preserver! my kind-hearted, brave, forgiven boy," said Morough, "do I indeed owe my life to thee? Bless thee, Morty—bless thee—bless thee!"—"Procure my pardon from Fergus Consadine, uncle," said Quann, bowing to the revered Brehon king, who had just re-appeared, "and let Onagh share your blessing as my bride. I shall then be as happy—" "Thy bride, Morty!" interrupted Morough.—"We have plighted troth together

messengers too that go up and down the whole range of her empire with unwearying activity, and search out novelties, to satisfy her insatiable demands. Her extremest votaries are nearly always in the ranks of weak intellect, while every fool of a particular class in life is a certain devotee. How degrading is this devotion of mankind to a reasonless phantom; yet how mysterious in its origin! Youth with its generous sympathies catches the contagion, and the aged, in spite of experience, are as much wedded to it as the young. A great portion of the cold heartlessness of the many, is owing to the practice of duplicity and insincerity instilled by fashionable manners, arising from the constant efforts of men to appear what they are not, and to hide under a glozing courtesy envy, hatred, "and all uncharitableness." An air of fashion borne by many honourable individuals, it must be granted, sets off the innate good principles they possess; such would scout fashion if she made them hypocrites—they are what they seem, they mean all they say—they may be trusted. But how few is the number of such as confer honour upon fashion, not fashion upon them! Yet all must more or less adopt a portion of it to pass current in the world with,—as in taking our necessary food we must ever swallow some portion of a deleterious poison. The wise must therefore follow fashion at a sober distance, while its intoxicated disciples press close on its heels, and try to hug themselves in its harlequin garments. There is no object on earth so vapidly disagreeable as your superlative man of fashion, encounter him under any circumstances. I do not mean the well-bred gentleman, but him of the bastard breed, who is the reverse in character—yet is he at the *acme* of exalted life. Meet him in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table, in the theatre or the street, he is a nuisance, an object for the contempt rather than the detestation of the wise. He is proud; but his is not the pride of principle or the weakness of high birth, which latter, considering the fallibility of human nature, may sometimes be excused, when he who shews it has better qualities to weigh it down. It is the inflation of self-consequence, from the imaginary possession of every thing superior to other men. He is as mean in solicitation, as he is insolent in triumph. Does he make a request of you, he makes it like a "fawning greyhound," with a "deal of candied courtesy."—You instantly think with the peer in addressing Sir Plume, that it is a pity—

"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain!"

The honey of Nestor without the wisdom hangs on his lips. He is insinuatingly persuasive: talks of "immense obligations" and "grateful feelings," while he is circumventing you, as he imagines, by his stratagems of speech, or a downright lie or two, if nothing else will serve his turn; all which you easily see through, but must not quarrel with for fear of the *ultima ratio* with a man of honour! The next day at Lady W.'s he will not recognise you. Vanity is his reigning passion; whoever will administer to this may command him wholly; he wishes all to look at his appliances and appendages, to trumpet their cost and magnificence, and to acknowledge that their owner must be the noblest of created bipeds. This is known, and obtains him *friends*, who feed themselves and his folly at the same time. Mothers, too, with marriageable daughters, plot to make him a son-in-law, and are eager to sell off

their kine, where, while they live in a state little above prostitution, except indeed in name, they satisfy their avaricious views for their young stock. One fashionable apes another, even in his defects. I have heard a healthy brawny fellow, habited in the pink of the mode, declare his envy of a hobbling beau, equally high dressed, because he bore emaciated legs and a mealy visage, expressive of ill health from long dissipation, which threw over his gait a modish languor, exactly squaring with certain *bizarre* ideas of the most exquisite of fashion's masterpieces. Life, with the man of fashion, evaporates in essences and perfumes. Knowledge, except its outscourings, is the butt of all such, and reason has no place in their vocabulary. Natural impulses must be limited, and never transgress set forms and customary ordinances. Honesty, virtue, or talent, are of no avail in a circle of fashion, if the air of the *ton* be wanting—it is well they have better supporters. Wit might be voted an agreeable accomplishment in a man of fashion from its rarity—we have no George Selwyns now; but in one whom Stultz or Weston had not clothed it would be declared a bore. The mental acquirements of the man of fashion are comprised in the smaller chit-chat of the day; politics are above him, even if drawn from the skim-milk of some obscure newspaper—the Koran of fashion's disciples. He is learned in the racing-calendar, knows the state of the betting at Tattersal's; can speak the names of the *figurantes* at the Opera; makes a good leg; plays whist, only not as well as some maiden ladies; dances a quadrille; knows the slang of the club-rooms; dices with legitimate oaths; frequents the Fives Court for the improvement of his vocabulary; knows a dozen kept women of the town, and can drive a chariot tolerably. His acquirements are all copied; he has nothing original, though he may go farther than others in the beaten track. His tailors are his most benefited auditors, and they as usual scantily *en poche*. Rough and coarse on the coach-box, when in the drawing-room he is so delicately essenced, he looks as if he might be "brained with his lady's fan"—*si il a vu*. Yet he leads a certain number of admirers even there, like the *ignis fatuus* of a marsh, into the maze of his own stagnation. Safe under the shelter of fashion's wing, he struts the favourite of the softer sex and the envy of his own—the B——l of his circle.

Walk the fashionable streets at four o'clock in the day, and mark the equipages that rattle along. One stops: the footman descends and thunders at a door—fashion is at work in another form. *A morning call* is to be made. The visitant mounts to the drawing-room floor; she enters, makes obeisance, and seats herself. Five minutes interchange of the veriest common-place succeeds, and the *morning call* is concluded. Strong professions of friendship and regard are made while the door of the room is opening, and reiterated invitations to visit, all which are mere moonshine—the parties hate each other! The chariot drives off; the same farce is repeated ten houses farther down the street. The visitor is *disappointed*. The visited does not choose to be at home, though she really is; a card is left, and the visitor hies to a third mansion, enters the room, and a conversation ensues, which is ever nearly in the same strain, and has the convenience of being easily comprehensible—mere parrot's-talk phrases of rote, full of friendly professions. The visitor again retires, and as the door of the room shuts upon her, Lady V. has just time to tell her "humble

companion," that Mrs. —— is a frump, an odious woman—when a second knock announces a new call; the same scene is acted, and, mayhap, the new comer "is welcomed as the former"—by as friendly professions and as hollow a reality. Thus the butterflies of fashion, like monarchs, have few real friends, though they have the consolation left of reflecting, that they serve each other alike—*à fourbe, fourbe et demi*, and that all are equally destitute of what none can personify in good earnest. How heart-sickening is all this! how doubly valuable does it make sincerity and real friendship! How "stale, flat, and unprofitable" are these usages to him who reflects on the nobler destinies of man—of what he may be, of what he ought to be! of what he has been! How little, after all, of what is worthy the intellectual man prevails even in this refined age! Let those who are smitten with the frippery and glitter of the *haute monde* peep behind the thin veil drawn before its deformities, and then desire to be of it with "what appetite they may." Some urge in its defence that all these matters are well understood in modern intercourse; and that, therefore, there is no insincerity. But *all* cannot be comprehended, or who would thanklessly toil in a sickly pursuit, and "make pale their cheeks" at the midnight orgies of fashion, conscious of its folly? The truth is, that a few to whom it has become necessary from custom, at length see its emptiness; but, having been caught in its orbit, they are retained there in spite of themselves. Who that loved social intercourse and refined conversation, such as the French are famous for, but which our fashionables know little about, could enjoy an English rout?—they might go, but they would quit it in disgust. Yet there Fashion revels: "joyless and unendeared," it is true: but not the less glittering her sphere on that account to her disciples—not the less attractive to those whose notion of the highest human pleasure is to exhibit

their gaily gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

The rout is the carnival of fashionable life, and is adapted to the meanest capacity in its ceremonies. It is a well-dressed mob, with much of a mob's practice in elbowing, shuffling, cramming, whispering, and idle confabulation. Yet how important is a rout! For weeks the house of the receiver is in a course of preparation for it. Carpenters, painters, confectioners, chandlers, upholsterers, and heaven knows who, are placed in requisition. The newspapers are solicited to emblazon the fame of the donor, and raise the expectation of the guests to the loftiest pitch of excitement—"On Thursday next the Hon. Mrs. Ogle will entertain a large party of the first rank and distinction at her house in Sackville-street; *all* the beauty and fashion of the metropolis are invited." Those roguish newspapers, how they deal in hyperbole!—*all!*—all the beauty and fashion of a city containing a million of souls is to be huddled into three rooms, the largest only forty feet by eighteen, the others scarcely half the size! The important day arrives;—at ten at night Mrs. Ogle's house resembles Covent-garden Theatre at a royal bespeak. The Duke of Dunderhead's carriage-pole fractures Lady Betty Leatherhead's coach-pannel—the footmen curse each other most unchristianly—linkboys move about

like banditti in the mud and smoke, with the light of their torches reflected on their haggard visages, in breechless expectation of a penny fee—ladies, at other times all timidity, dash in their carriages amid the hubbub, undismayed at the uproar, and with tumultuous bosoms hasten to the crowded scene, from the windows of which brilliant lights are displayed and sounds of music descend—within all is confusion, uproar, 'delightful squeezing,' as the ladies have it, crowd, suffocation. Strangers are introduced to the lady of the mansion, who have not elbow-room to bow to her—the guests, unknown to each other, stare around, in hope of meeting an acquaintance to break the tedium of their peopled solitude—many a sweet damsel's "silver-tinselled feet" are rudely crushed by intruding toes, and many a lovely countenance obscured by the intervention of an unwieldy peeress's huge bulk, or the still more appalling convexities of a Dutch nabobess glittering with Eastern plunder. A circulation of guests is kept up: some, after remaining a half-hour, go away to a second display of the same kind at Lady Twirlabout's or Lord Doodle's; and others arrive who have already been both at her ladyship's and his lordship's parties. At length not one half remain, and a confined corner may be found about one in the morning to commence quadrilling—*ennuyants* still retire, and the number of "twinkling feet" increases. The dance is kept alive until the fifth or sixth hour, though it did not commence until after three hours' standing, jostling, and fatigue, had well nigh exhausted the powers of the more tender portion of the visitants. About six o'clock the remnant of company retire from sultry rooms to their cold carriages and the morning air, beauty's eternal foe, to doze on their feverish couches till an hour or two after the meridian of day. This is a rout, the *maximum* of enjoyment!—the elysium of the gay—the revel of fashion! Haply, for the first time, some lovely girl of eighteen from the healthful country—some "cynosure of neighbouring eyes" at her father's mansion, has visited London, and in the slang term "come out" at this very entertainment—fresh in colour as the morning rose, having eyes that lighten with mild and modest radiance, a form like Psyche's, all animation, tempered by refined manners—a heart and disposition sincere, confiding, truth itself—hither she has come, to be initiated into a way of life that must reverse all her better habitudes. From this evening the languor of fashionable existence, slowly at first, but not the less sure, will begin to steal over her frame. Her vermeil beauty of cheek will fade into pallor, her limbs will lose their firmness and become flaccid, her simplicity and candour of manners will be exchanged for coquetry and art, every unsophisticated charm will be no more. In a season or two she will be the pale, artificial, languid victim of town dissipation. If the heat of apartments not a tenth part large enough for the company that enters them to breathe freely in, the want of accustomed sleep, the warmth of a London bed in certain seasons of the year, the rising not with the lark but the owl, wear not out life itself, still the countenance, it will too soon be said,

> —— is charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
> The lilies languid, and the roses dead.

Numerous are the victims offered upon the altar of Fashion—the Moloch of Britain, the devourer of her children. Consumption, in the Metro-

polis, at present snatches more victims than at any former period; and its prey are, for the most part, the young, the beautiful, and the gay!

When late hours are proved to be so prejudicial to health, and we have so much time in the day for enjoyment, the evil might be remedied were it not that Fashion, like Comus, pertinaciously exclaims:—"What have we with day to do!" But, alas! one might as well

> Send our precepts to the Leviathan
> To come on shore—

as by the deductions of sober sense change a particle of the mode! Ere I conclude, I must mention the present fashion of numerous dinner-parties. What Babel confusion reigns over them! The ancients understood such things better, and built theatres for the crowd, but kept their houses open to their friends, who, they well knew, could be but few in number really worthy the name. 'Never less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses,' was their established rule. They loved social intercourse, and preferred seeing friends every day to feasting a mob once a-year. We cannot afford a plate or two for our friends daily, because we must give large dinner-parties at such and such times; and thus we starve our friendship to fatten our ostentation—"Out upon such half-faced fellowship!" Defend me from dinners in the fashion and routs *à la mode!* Give me the dance, merry from the heart—the conviviality of health and reason—the communion of grace and simplicity in pleasure—interest instead of indifference—sparkling wit instead of frivolity—innocent mirth of the heart in place of that which is faint and sickly on the lip—

> Give me a look, give me a face,
> That makes simplicity a grace;
> Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
> Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
> Than all the adulteries of art,
> That strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.

But every thing fashionable is constrained and servile: to be an adept, as Richelieu told Corneille, one must possess *un esprit de suite*, for Fashion takes her tone from the titled ones of the earth; your courtiers are always slaves of the mode; and in fashion the example of the greatest "bestrides the earth like a Colossus."

I might trace fashion in a thousand other shapes—in operas, at watering-places, through town and country; but I will only briefly notice it in one more. The natural desire of the fairer part of creation is to please the other sex, and this accounts for the extreme love of fashion among women. What less than life would it cost a lady of the *ton*, to be obliged to dress for the remainder of her days like a quaker? The worship of the goddess of "many colours" is, however, more venial in woman than in man. From the earliest time ocean has been dived into, deserts crossed, mines ransacked, invention tortured, and art only not quite exhausted, to minister to her wants and changes. A female twelve months behind the mode, would be considered as outlandish as a mermaid. A man, if he be a gentleman, may wear a one-year-old coat and pass well enough in society; but a lady, in a dress completely out, would be scorned and shunned, ridiculed and slandered. The ladies formerly had a doll imported monthly from Paris, when that city led the fashion. This waxen beauty was the sylph that gave her aid—

To change a flounce, or add a furbelow,

on the garments of all England's daughters :—it was Fashion's graven image. The attachment of the fair to fashion, to operas, and * * * * ———— But I must hold my pen—I see a lovely face approaching my writing-table—it already frowns upon me for beginning my last paragraph—it asks me upbraidingly how I can presume to censure its idol, and flutters past me repeating—

Poor moralist! and what art thou!
* * * * * *
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;

and archly concludes, with mortifying emphasis in an old man's ear,

We frolic while 'tis May!

I.

TABLE TALK.—NO. VI.

Dreaming.

Dr. Spurzheim, in treating of the *Physiology of the Brain*, has the following curious passage:

"The state of somnambulism equally proves the plurality of the organs. This is a state of incomplete sleep, wherein several organs are watching. It is known that the brain acts upon the external world by means of voluntary motion, of the voice, and of the five external senses. Now, if in sleeping some organs be active, dreams take place; if the action of the brain be propagated to the muscles, there follow motions; if the action of the brain be propagated to the vocal organs, the sleeping person speaks. Indeed, it is known that sleeping persons dream and speak; others dream, speak, hear, and answer; others still dream, rise, do various things, and walk. This latter state is called somnambulism, that is, the state of walking during sleep. Now, as the ear can hear, so the eyes may see, while the other organs sleep; and there are facts quite positive which prove that several persons in the state of somnambulism have seen, but always with open eyes. There are also convulsive fits, in which the patients see without hearing, and *vice versâ.* Some somnambulists do things of which they are not capable in a state of watching; and dreaming persons reason sometimes better than they do when awake. This phenomenon is not astonishing," &c.—*Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, p.* 217.

There is here a very singular mixing up of the flattest truisms with the most gratuitous assumptions; so that the one being told with great gravity, and the other delivered with the most familiar air, one is puzzled in a cursory perusal to distinguish which is which. This is an art of stultifying the reader, like that of the juggler, who shows you some plain matter-of-fact experiment just as he is going to play off his capital trick. The mind is, by this alternation of style, thrown off its guard; and between wondering first at the absurdity, and then at the superficiality of the work, becomes almost a convert to it. A thing exceedingly questionable is stated so roundly, you think there must be something in it: the plainest proposition is put in so doubtful and cau-

tious a manner, you conceive the writer must see a great deal farther into the subject than you do. You mistrust your ears and eyes, and are in a fair way to resign the use of your understanding. It is a fine style of *mystifying*. Again, it is the practice with the German school, and in particular with Dr. Spurzheim, to run counter to common sense and the best authenticated opinions. They must always be more knowing than every body else, and treat the wisdom of the ancients, and the wisdom of the moderns, much in the same supercilious way. It has been taken for granted generally that people see with their eyes; and therefore it is stated in the above passage as a discovery of the author, "imparted in dreadful secrecy," that sleep-walkers always see with their eyes open. The meaning of which is, that we are not to give too implicit or unqualified an assent to the principle, at which modern philosophers have arrived with some pains and difficulty, that we acquire our ideas of external objects through the senses. The *transcendental* sophists wish to back out of that, as too conclusive and well-defined a position. They would be glad to throw the whole of what has been done on this question into confusion again, in order to begin *de novo*, like children who construct houses with cards, and when the pack is built up, shuffle them all together on the table again. These intellectual Sysiphuses are always rolling the stone of knowledge up a hill, for the perverse pleasure of rolling it down again. Having gone as far as they can in the direction of reason and good sense, rather than seem passive or the slaves of any opinion, they turn back with a wonderful look of sagacity to all sorts of exploded prejudices and absurdity. It is a pity that we cannot *let well done alone*, and that, after labouring for centuries to remove ignorance, we set our faces with the most wilful officiousness against the stability of knowledge. The *Physiognomical System* of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim is full of this sort of disgusting cant. We are still only to *believe in all unbelief*—in what they tell us. The less credulous we are of other things, the more faith we shall have in reserve for them: by exhausting our stock of scepticism and caution on such obvious matters of fact as that people always see with their eyes open, we shall be prepared to swallow their crude and extravagant theories whole, and not be astonished at "the phenomenon, that persons sometimes reason better asleep than awake!"

I have alluded to this passage because I myself am (or used some time ago to be) a sleep-walker; and know how the thing is. In this sort of disturbed, unsound sleep, the eyes are not closed, and are attracted by the light. I used to get up and go towards the window, and make violent efforts to throw it open. The air in some measure revived me, or I might have tried to fling myself out. I saw objects indistinctly, the houses, for instance, facing me on the opposite side of the street; but still it was some time before I could recognise them or recollect where I was: that is, I was still asleep, and the dimness of my senses (as far as it prevailed) was occasioned by the greater numbness of my memory. This phenomenon is not astonishing, unless we choose in all such cases to put the cart before the horse. For in fact, it is the mind that sleeps, and the senses (so to speak) only follow the example. The mind dozes, and the eyelids close in consequence: we do not go to sleep, because we shut our eyes. I can, however, speak to the fact of the eyes being open, when their sense is shut; or rather,

when we are unable to draw just inferences from it. It is generally in the night-time indeed, or in a strange place, that the circumstance happens; but as soon as the light dawns on the recollection, the obscurity and perplexity of the senses clear up. The external impression is made before, much in the same manner as it is after we are awake; but it does not lead to the usual train of associations connected with that impression; *e. g.* the name of the street or town where we are, who lives at the opposite house, how we came to sleep in the room where we are, &c.; all which are ideas belonging to our waking experience, and are at this time cut off or greatly disturbed by sleep. It is just the same as when persons recover from a swoon, and fix their eyes unconsciously on those about them, for a considerable time before they recollect where they are. Would any one but a German physiologist think it necessary to assure us that at this time they see, but with their eyes open, or pretend that though they have lost all memory or understanding during their fainting fit, their minds act then more vigorously and freely than ever, because they are not distracted by outward impressions? The appeal is made to the outward sense, in the instances we have seen; but the mind is deaf to it, because its functions are for the time gone. It is ridiculous to pretend with this author, that in sleep some of the organs of the mind rest, while others are active: it might as well be pretended that in sleep one eye watches while the other is shut. The stupor is general: the faculty of thought itself is impaired; and whatever ideas we have, instead of being confined to any particular faculty, or the impressions of any one sense, and invigorated thereby, float at random from object to object, from one class of impressions to another, without coherence or control. The *conscious* or connecting link between our ideas, which forms them into separate groups, or compares different parts and views of a subject together, seems to be that which is principally wanting in sleep; so that any idea that presents itself in this anarchy of the mind is lord of the ascendant for the moment, and is driven out by the next straggling notion that comes across it. The bundles of thought are, as it were, untied, loosened from a common centre, and drift along the stream of fancy as it happens. Hence the confusion (not the concentration of the faculties) that continually takes place in this state of half-perception. The mind takes in but one thing at a time, but one part of a subject, and therefore cannot correct its sudden and heterogeneous transitions from one momentary impression to another by a larger grasp of understanding. Thus we confound one person with another, merely from some accidental coincidence, the name or the place where we have seen them, or their having been concerned with us in some particular transaction the evening before. They lose and regain their proper identity perhaps half a dozen times in this rambling way; nor are we able (though we are somewhat incredulous and surprised at these compouud creations) to detect the error, from not being prepared to trace the same connected subject of thought to a number of varying and successive ramifications, or to form the idea of a *whole*. We think that Mr. Such-a-one did so and so: then, from a second face coming across us, like the sliders of a magic lantern, it was not he, but another; then some one calls him by his right name, and he is himself again.

We are little shocked at these gross contradictions; for if the mind was capable of perceiving them in all their absurdity, it would not be liable to fall into them. It runs into them for the same reason that it is hardly conscious of them when made.

——"That which was now a horse, a bear, a cloud,
Even with a thought the rack dislimns,
And makes it indistinct as water is in water."

The difference, so far then, between sleeping and waking seems to be, that in the latter we have a greater range of conscious recollections, a larger discourse of reason, and associate ideas in longer trains and more as they are connected one with another in the order of nature; whereas in the former, any two impressions, that meet or are alike, join company, and then are parted again, without notice, like the froth from the wave. So in madness, there is, I should apprehend, the same tyranny of the imagination over the judgment; that is, the mind has slipped its cable, and single images meet, and jostle, and unite suddenly together, without any power to arrange or compare them with others, with which they are connected in the world of reality. There is a continual phantasmagoria: whatever shapes and colours come together are by the heat and violence of the brain referred to external nature, without regard to the order of time, place, or circumstance. From the same want of continuity, we often forget our dreams so speedily: if we cannot catch them as they are passing out at the door, we never set eyes on them again. There is no clue or thread of imagination to trace them by. In a morning sometimes we have had a dream that we try in vain to recollect: it is gone, like the rainbow from the cloud. At other times (so evanescent is their texture) we forget that we have dreamt at all; and at these times the mind seems to have been a mere blank, and sleep presents only an image of death. Hence has arisen the famous dispute, *Whether the soul thinks always?*—on which Mr. Locke and different writers have bestowed so much tedious and unprofitable discussion; some maintaining that the mind was like a watch that goes continually, though more slowly and irregularly at one time than another; while the opposite party contended that it often stopped altogether, bringing the example of sound sleep as an argument, and desiring to know what proof we could have of thoughts passing through the mind, of which it was itself perfectly unconscious, and retained not the slightest recollection. I grant, we often sleep so sound, or have such faint imagery passing through the brain, that if we awake by degrees, we forget it altogether: we recollect our first waking, and perhaps some imperfect suggestions of fancy just before; but beyond this, all is mere oblivion. But I have observed that whenever I have been waked up suddenly, and not left to myself to recover from this state of mental torpor, I have been always dreaming of something, *i. e.* thinking, according to the tenor of the question. Let any one call you at any time, however fast asleep you may be, you make out their voice in the first surprise to be like some one's you were thinking of in your sleep. Let an accidental noise, the falling of something in the next room, rouse you up, you constantly find something to associate it with, or translate it back into the language of your slumbering thoughts. You are never taken completely at a *nonplus*—summoned, as it were, out of a state of non-existence. It is easy for any one to try the expe-

riment upon himself; that is, to examine every time he is waked up suddenly, so that his waking and sleeping state are brought into immediate contact, whether he has not in all such cases been dreaming of something, and not fairly *caught napping*. For myself, I think I can speak with certainty. It would indeed be rather odd to awake out of such an absolute privation and suspense of thought as is contended for by the partisans of the contrary theory. It would be a peep into the grave, a consciousness of death, an escape from the world of non-entity!

The vividness of our impressions in dreams, of which so much has been said, seems to be rather apparent than real; or, if this mode of expression should be objected to as unwarrantable, rather physical than mental. It is a vapour, a fume, the effect of the "heat-oppressed brain." The imagination gloats over an idea, and doats at the same time. However warm or brilliant the colouring of these changing appearances, they vanish with the dawn. They are put out by our waking thoughts, as the sun puts out a candle. It is unlucky that we sometimes remember the heroic sentiments—the profound discoveries—the witty repartees, we have uttered in our sleep. The one turn to bombast, the others are mere truisms, and the last absolute nonsense. Yet we clothe them certainly with a fancied importance at the moment. This seems to be merely the effervescence of the blood or of the brain, physically acting. It is an odd thing in sleep, that we not only fancy we see different persons, and talk to them, but that we hear them make answers, and startle us with an observation or a piece of news: and though we of course put the answer into their mouths, we have no idea beforehand what it will be, and it takes us as much by surprise as it would in reality. This kind of successful ventriloquism which we practise upon ourselves, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for from the short-sightedness and incomplete consciousness which were remarked above as the peculiar characteristics of sleep.

The power of prophesying or foreseeing things in our sleep, as from a higher and more abstracted sphere of thought, need not be here argued upon. There is, however, a sort of profundity in sleep; and it may be usefully consulted as an oracle in this way. It may be said, that the voluntary power is suspended, and things come upon us as unexpected revelations, which we keep out of our thoughts at other times. We may be aware of a danger, that yet we do not choose, while we have the full command of our faculties, to acknowledge to ourselves: the impending event will then appear to us as a dream, and we shall most likely find it verified afterwards. Another thing of no small consequence is, that we may sometimes discover our tacit, and almost unconscious sentiments, with respect to persons or things in the same way. We are not hypocrites in our sleep. The curb is taken off from our passions, and our imagination wanders at will. When awake, we check these rising thoughts, and fancy we have them not. In dreams, when we are off our guard, they return securely and unbidden. We may make this use of the infirmity of our sleeping metamorphosis, that we may repress any feelings of this sort that we disapprove in their incipient state, and detect, ere it be too late, an unwarrantable antipathy or fatal passion. Infants cannot disguise their thoughts from others; and in sleep we reveal the secret to ourselves.

It should appear that I have never been in love, for the same reason. I never dream of the face of any one I am particularly attached to. I have thought almost to agony of the same person for years, nearly without ceasing, so as to have her face always before me, and to be haunted by a perpetual consciousness of disappointed passion, and yet I never in all that time dreamt of this person more than once or twice, and then not vividly. I conceive, therefore, that this perseverance of the imagination in a fruitless track must have been owing to mortified pride, to an intense desire and hope of good in the abstract, more than to love, which I consider as an individual and involuntary passion, and which therefore, when it is strong, must predominate over the fancy in sleep. I think myself into love, and dream myself out of it. I should have made a very bad Endymion in this sense; for all the time the heavenly Goddess was shining over my head, I should never have had a thought about her. If I had waked and found her gone, I might have been in a considerable taking. Coleridge used to laugh at me for my want of the faculty of dreaming; and once, on my saying that I did not like the perternatural stories in the Arabian Nights, (for the comic parts I love dearly,) he said, "That must be because you never dream. There is a class of poetry built on this foundation, which is surely no inconsiderable part of our nature, since we are asleep and building up imaginations of this sort half our time." I had nothing to say against it: it was one of his conjectural subtleties, in which he excels all the persons I ever knew; but I had some satisfaction in finding afterwards, that I had Bishop Atterbury expressly on my side in this question, who has recorded his detestation of Sinbad the Sailor, in an interesting letter to Pope. Perhaps he too did not dream!

Yet I dream sometimes; I dream of the Louvre—*Intus et in cute.* I dreamt I was there a few weeks ago, and that the old scene returned—that I looked for my favourite pictures, and found them gone or erased. The dream of my youth came upon me; a glory and a vision unutterable, that comes no more but in darkness and in sleep: my heart rose up, and I fell on my knees, and lifted up my voice and wept, and I awoke. I also dreamt a little while ago, that I was reading the New Eloise to an old friend, and came to the concluding passage in Julia's farewell letter, which had much the same effect upon me.—The words are, "*Trop heureuse d'acheter au prix de ma vie le droit de t'aimer toujours sans crime, et de te le dire encore une fois, avant que je meurs!*" I used to sob over this passage twenty years ago; and in this dream about it lately, I seemed to live these twenty years over again in one short moment! I do not dream ordinarily; and there are people who never could see any thing in the *New Eloise*. Are we not quits!

THE HOUNDSDITCH ALBUM.—NO. II.

Second Letter from Miss Hebe Hoggins.

Miss Caustic, I am sorry to say, is elected a member of our society, in spite of my blackball, and has already begun to gratify her envy, hatred, and malice. Mr. Skinner, the tanner, of Norton Falgate, has undertaken a poem of the most comprehensive and daring kind, entitled the Creation, which promises completely to eclipse Sir Richard Blackmore's, and of which the headings of the different chapters are already composed. We are told, exclaimed Miss Caustic, after reading the plan of this noble work, that at the creation every thing was made out of nothing, but it appears to me, that this author has made nothing of every thing. In answer to my observation, that Mr. Schweitzkoffer's verses were destined to immortality, she cried with a sneer,—"Yes, because he writes them to no end;" and when an erudite sonnet of Mr. M'Quill's was pronounced to smell of the lamp, she peevishly whispered,—"Ay, it would smell of the fire if it were treated as it deserves." But the chief object of her illnatured ridicule is a literary phenomenon whom I am patronizing, a genius of the first order, although at present in the humble occupation of carman to Messrs. Tierce and Sweetman, grocers in Whitechapel. This prodigy, if I be not grievously mistaken, will speedily eclipse all the Bristol milkwomen, farmers' boys, Ettrick shepherds, Northamptonshire peasants, and Dumfries stonecutters, that ever burst their bonds, and set themselves to work with their heads instead of their hands; and yet the members of our club make him the subject of their jealous banter and illiberal sarcasm, venting their misplaced jokes upon his employment, which constitutes his principal claim to admiration. Miss Caustic observes that he will be able to *drive* a good bargain with the booksellers, and that, as he goes every morning to take orders, he will be soon qualified for the living of Horsclydown, or the curacy of Whitehall, in which case he would be quite at home in the Stable-yard; but Mr. M'Quill suggests that he may be one of Horace's *Carmen Seculare*, and of course ineligible to spiritual dignities, although by the nails in his shoes he seems already to be of the order of Pegasus. This gentleman sneeringly calls him the philosopher Des*cartes*, and at other times terms him my Lord *Shafts*bury, observing that his bad grammar is one of his Characteristics. Even Mr. Schweitzkoffer, who ought to have been superior to such vulgar raillery, anticipates that his wit will be attic, because he must always have dwelt in garrets, and have frequently been to Grease, unless his wheels were scandalously neglected.

My bosom beat high at the interesting moment when I first introduced him to our Academus that he might recite one of his poems, and I felt assured that he would make these jeerers ashamed of their witticisms, which, after all, were nothing but a string of miserable puns. He appeared with his whip in his hand, to which instant exception was taken, as completely reversing the established order of things, and the customary relation between poets and critics, it being exclusively reserved to Lord Byron to lash his reviewers. Mr. M'Quill accordingly went up to him, and exclaiming,—"Parce, puer, stimulis," took the instrument from him, and deposited it on the table. George Crump,

for that is the name of the phenomenon, then drew a paper from his pocket, and very unaffectedly began by scratching his skull, at which an ignorant titter was heard, and Miss Caustic addressing herself to me, flippantly cried,—"Well, I am agreeably disappointed, for I begin to think the man really has something in his head." A young lady by her side hinted that he was only pulling out verses with his nails, as a skull, like any other territory, must be ploughed to make it productive; but I silenced these stupid sarcasms by informing the sneerers that this species of application is particularly recommended to authors by Aretæus, and is a recorded poetical practice of such high antiquity, that it is presumed to have suggested the mythological allegory of Jupiter wounding his head in order to let out Minerva.

Mr. Crump having cleared his throat by a loud hem! and spit upon the ground, at which Miss Caustic affected a ridiculous disgust, began with a loud voice to read his

Evening, an Elegy.

APOLLO now, Sol's carman, drives his stud
Home to the Mews that 's seated in the West,
And Customs' clerks, like him, through Thames-street mud,
Now westering wend, in Holland trowsers dress'd.

So from the stands the empty carts are dragg'd,
The horses homeward to their stables go,
And mine, with hauling heavy hogsheads fagg'd,
Prepare to "taste the luxury of—Wo!"

Now from the slaughter-houses cattle roar,
Knowing that with the morn their lives they yields,
And Mr. Sweetman's gig is at the door,
To take him to his house in Hackney Fields.

Closed are the gates of the West India Docks,
Rums, Sugars, Coffee, find at length repose,
And I with other careless carmen flocks
To the King's Head, the Chequers, or the Rose.

They smoke a pipe—the shepherd's pipe I wakes,
Them skittles pleases—me the Muse invites,
They in their ignorance to drinking takes,
I, bless'd with learning, takes a pen and writes.

Here there was such an unmannerly burst of laughter that Mr. Crump was unable to proceed, and several voices at once declared that it would be disreputable to the society to admit such ungrammatical compositions into their Album. Senseless objection! These are the very evidences of their genuineness, and I would no more have them removed, than would Martinus have wished to scrub the precious ærugo from the brazen shield, and invest it with a new polish. When Mr. Capel Lofft told us that he had merely corrected a few verbal inaccuracies in Bloomfield's early productions, their charm was at once broken, for we knew not the extent of these revisions, and what was wonderful in a peasant, would have been poor enough in a gentleman. As to Miss Caustic's assertion that Mr. Crump enquired of her, whether Mount Ætna was to be spelt with a whipthong, (meaning dipthong,) I believe it to be a spiteful fabrication; and as to her pretended regret, that he would

no longer be able to drive his cart straightforward, because I had completely turned his head, I consider it a mere impertinence. To the thoughts and descriptive parts of his elegy no objections can be urged; it is obvious that he paints from the life, and the allusion to the regular appearance of his master's gig at the door, so perfectly in accord with the punctual habits of that respectable tradesman, is a felicity of local truth which must come home to the bosom of the most careless reader. However, jealousy of a rising luminary prevailed; the remainder of the elegy, declared to be inadmissible, has gone to join the lost books of Livy and the missing comedies of Terence, and I esteem myself happy to have preserved the exordium, which I now confidently present to a candid and judicious public.

In casting my eye over our Album, I venture to extract the following epigram and epitaph, from the pen of Mr. Skinner the Tanner:

Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew,
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

Were the subject of this inscription a stranger, I should scruple to circulate this couplet; but, as she was a particular friend of mamma's, who declares the character to be strictly merited, I hesitate not to give it publicity.

From Mr. Schweitzkoffer's serio-comic epic, The Apotheosis of Snip, of which I promised you further extracts, I select for my present communication the description of the hero.

"His lank and scanty hair was black,
His visage sallow, and his back
As broad and strong as Plato's;
His grey eye on his face so wan,
Look'd like an oyster spilt upon
A dish of mash'd potatoes.
In shape his phiz was like a river,
Which at the mouth is broadest ever.
His teeth were indurated sloes;
Then he'd a nose—oh, such a nose!—
It was not certainly so bad
As that which Slawkenbergius had,
Nor that recorded by the poet
Whose owner could not reach to blow it;
No, that was Ossa to a wart,
For this was just as much too short.
What was it like?—why nothing, save
The mutilated Sphinx Egyptian,
So flatten'd, that it neither gave
Handle for blowing nor description.
I know not what to call a snout
Described before by no man,
But if it had been turn'd about,
It would have been a Roman.
In short 'twas like the knave of clubs,
The very snubbiest of the snubs.

Although there was a cavity
Where his proboscis ought to be,
Yet dirt beneath said plain enough
"This is the House of Call for snuff,

And witnesseth by this indenture,
That nasal attributes are meant here."
Such was his face—his form was what
Is term'd in vulgar parlance—squat.
Compared to him, so plain, so wan,
  Such dumpy legs, and bow knees,
A Satyr was Hyperion,
  And Buckhorse an Adonis."

As conjugal portraits should be always hung up in couples, I send you the drawing of his wife, with which I shall conclude at present, in the full assurance that the delineation of so tempting a creature will excite an intense curiosity for a further development of her charms ir future communications.

His rib—(to judge by length alone,
I ought to call her his back-bone,)
  Tall as a maypole ran,
Two feet of which alarming space
Were dedicated to her face
  (Her chin was full a span);
Nay, no incredulous grimaces,
This is the age for length'ning faces.
Her eyes were always running o'er,
And the two squinting balls they bore,
As if afraid of being wet,
Beneath her nose's bridge would get.
So fond were they of this inversion,
  That they were always in eclipse,
  Save when on pleasurable trips
They popp'd out on a short excursion.
Her meagre sandy hair was frizzly,
And her appearance gaunt and grizzly.

This rawboned nymph was christen'd Rose,
But why, no human being knows,
Unless when young she might disclose,
  Like other blooming misses,
Roses which quickly fled in scorn,
But left upon her chin the thorn,
  To guard her lips from kisses.
Her character I need not sketch,
You'll find it as we onward stretch;
But to make all assurance sure,
Behold it here in miniature.
She relish'd tea and butter'd toast,
  Better than being snubb'd and school'd.
Liking no less to rule the roast,
  Than feast upon the roast she ruled;
And though profuse of tongue withal,
Of cash was economical.

H.

EDINBURGH GRADUATION-DAY.

Wednesday last was our Graduation-Day. However interesting this may appear to us, or to those who care any thing about the profession, it seems to attract very little notice on the part of the good people of the most excellent town of Edinburgh; and really, when one considers the plentifulness of doctors in those parts, it is impossible to feel any surprise at it. But to a student, particularly if he chance to be of a contemplative turn of mind, and addicted to dreaming, as I am, the day and the ceremonies thereof are full of interest, and even of solemnity. To me, when taking leave of my preceptors, the day seemed like that on which I took leave of my parents; and every act of disobedience, every impatient word, deed, and even thought, with a thousand sins of omission, seemed to rise up before me as something for which I was to repent and weep bitterly. To those too, who have opportunities of knowing the *materiel* (as the French military writers say) of the medical students of Edinburgh, and what manner of young men from all quarters of the earth resort to that famous university for instruction in the noble art of medicine, and how devotedly industrious they must be and are, who feel something above the "hard and worldly phlegm" of those who are destined to slumber in everlasting oblivion, before they can present themselves for examination;—still more to those who look more closely than the crowd into the feelings of the "college *lads*" (as the Edinburgh mob denominate them)—to those who mark how many of the best of them (for these are the most prone to despond) grow pale and sickly in their progress, how many give up the pursuit in despair, and how many even sink untimely, and even rapidly, into their graves;—to such it is a gratifying spectacle to see those who have got honourably through all that is required of them, receive the reward of their labour, care, and perseverance; of their daily fatigue and nightly anxiety;—and who, having given an earnest of all the industry, at least, that is called for in their profession, receive on this day their diplomas to practise it legitimately.

At twelve o'clock then, on the kalends of August, *horâ locoque solitis*, all our examinations being passed, and our immortal inaugural dissertations valiantly defended, we assembled in the lecture-room of the Materia Medica Professor,—that very room to which we had often resorted on cold, dark, wintry mornings, at the inclement and unjustifiable hour of eight, some of us with eyes smarting from studies too far prolonged into the night, and others with cruel headachs revenging irregularities prolonged into the morning. Not to dwell longer on past griefs, *here* we were once more—but in the full light of the happiest day of our lives:—here we robed, that is, we arrayed ourselves in black gowns (*borrowed*, it was said in a whisper, from another learned profession):—and then, two and two, we proceeded at a pace which was an odd mixture of the measured step of a procession and the "skipping of the heart," as somebody has (or has not) called it, and in a most unmerciful rain, to the old library. Many, particularly those of a dark complexion, dark eyes, &c. in short, of what we call the melancholic temperament, were inclined to consider the weather inauspicious; but those of the sanguine cast thought it the best wea-

ther they could possibly have, well-knowing that by such weather, in a great measure, they must *live.* Nor is this altogether theoretical; I could prove, if I had time, that the wealth and respectability of physicians ... depends on the dampness of the climate. In such countries ... and Spain, but particularly the latter, the rank of a physicia... little above that of a billiard-marker. *Sed hæc hactenus.* On e... ...e old library, we were arranged round it in two ranks, a long ...ng placed at the head of the room, with some very majestic ... ...s, which were to be occupied by the principal and the profess... ...ilst we were waiting for these personages, I had time to look ... my fellow-graduates;—and if I saw among them some whom I ... *ere* have least expected—

"Write it not, my pen!"

The s... countenances of many of my friends were very amusingly ...ed with the hollow, care-worn, anxious, bilious faces they ...d about with them during the fearful months of the precedi..., and of which the lines and the hue had become "deeper ar... still," even unto the evening of the day of the *primum peri*... ...ich past, all their functions once more went on cheerily, an... ...e themselves again. I beheld the Scottish students, with t... ...perturbable steadiness of person, and the same equivocal smi... I had remarked for years at lectures. I saw the Irish, the ..., idle, care-for-nothing fellows that they had been through ... ...issitudes of *grinding.* I saw the wealthy Indians of the We... ...he same happy indifference to every thing but their appearanc... I had long remarked but never admired. Good Genevese, ...ble Germans, and combustible Americans saw I too, thinki... ...distant homes, and looking too happy for words. Lastly, ... English, looking, as usual, as if they feared that simple pro... ...uld force some coarse neighbour into acquaintance with ... all these I contemplated for the last time —never more t... ...y heart with the heavy smile of the studious and perse..., with the hot-headed virtues and vices of the talented ...; wi... the unqualified inanity of the rich and idle West In... the su...cilious solitude of the proud, but high-minded and ... ...t Saxon.

In the ...y, we awaited the principal and professors: the space ... bar was crowded by students looking through the vista ... ...e same honours, and believing (alas! how unjustly!) us ... without a care in the world:—here and there you might se... ... heads of these, the face of a father fixed on *one* figure ... many, and rejoicing in the dignities of his son:—and in the ... corners, mounted on steps, or chairs, or even book-shelves, ...was their exhilaration,) friends, flattering friends, looking forward ...e joyous hour of dinner, when the new *doctor's* health was to be ...unk in a bumper, and "prosperity to the old University" in another. There was a gallery also, not as the newspapers say "crowded with beauty and fashion," but silent, dusty, and deserted, with not one lady there to reward the actors with a smile, or in any way to temper the severity of the spectacle.

An oath was now read by the Deacon of the Faculty, and taken by

all the graduates, quakers excepted, who swear not at all on this or any other occasion, but affirm as stoutly, and upon occasion as obstinately, as any body. And now took place the pompous entry of the University *mace*, carried gallantly on by Mr. Wilson (mind, not Mr. Wilson the Professor of Moral Philosophy, but the very ingenious janitor,) before the dignitaries of that ancient and learned institution—the graduates all rising respectfully at their entrance. Before we again became seated, a Latin prayer was offered up by the very reverend the Principal, whose peculiarly impressive manner on public occasions is well known. The silent crowd, the gloomy furniture of the library, the long file of solemn robes, the grave portraits of doctors of the olden time, the busts of those of later years, the piled-up wisdom of ages by which we were surrounded; the decorous carriage of the professors, with their dignified Principal standing in the midst of them and of the graduates; the "dim religious light" shed through the narrow and antique windows; the importance of the occasion—seemed well fitted to moderate our very natural feelings of joy, and to check any exuberant and thoughtless levity. Without affectation I may say, I was "shrouded in thoughts" of the most imposing description, and was never in my life more thankful that I had no light unballasted chattering friend near me to dispel the pleasing and illusive melancholy of my reflections.

I could not help contrasting the high hope depicted in the countenances of the graduates, with the calm and settled dignity of those of their preceptors:—the first had the world all before them, drawn and coloured by their fancy, and pictured full of success, of honours, and rewards; the last had seen and known the world; had passed through those years of experience which rob us of our brightest aspirations; and they looked back on the scenes of that same world of which the colours could no longer boast of the "hues of heaven," but were softened in the perspective of years, or injured by accidental calamities; and *they* felt, perhaps, the vanity and emptiness of all. I could not help fancying that the former part of my life was about to be marked off as something scarcely more to be thought of, or shut out for ever, as by the gate of a Happy Valley, and that a course entirely new was about to be opened to me, in which, if every thing were not to be better, every thing was at least to be different—not only a new denomination, (though, no doubt, that was *something*)—but new duties to be performed, new projects to be pursued, new hopes to be indulged. Nothing could be more foolish than this. It is humiliating to find one's self looking forward with anxiety to a life too short for us to gain or lose any thing in it worth a struggle or a care, and flattering ourselves concerning that part of existence which is yet before us—years which we know can only lead us, *at the best*, through a path of hop[illegible] appointments, griefs, anxieties, troubled honours, and unq[illegible] —to retirement, old age, and death. If there were no hop[illegible] the grave, I am at a loss to conceive what inducement could [illegible] ful enough to make us contemplate acting and suffering through such a sure succession of scenes so hollow and so unsatisfactory!

The next part of the ceremonies of the day was the delivery of a Latin oration, setting forth the merits, the toils, the perils past, of those now presenting themselves for a degree. This task fell to the

Professor of Chemistry, and was performed not without considerable elegance. Those who have heard the prelections of Dr. Hope, will und ... that the oration lost nothing in the delivery. I made no secr... ...pring the neglect—I may almost say the contempt, of class... ...ng in the Edinburgh university (though I hope the auth... ...*Horæ Subsecivæ* will cause these things to be a little more looke... I willingly, and indeed very gladly acknowledge, that this co... was sufficiently creditable to it; and nobody could say with ...at it was a word too short—least of all, those who were going ... ...ery day by the Carlisle mail, or those who were to sail for ... he afternoon:—of these last there were *seventeen*; and their nu... and high spirits, it is said, deterred any female passenger ... in the vessel.

All thir... r, "which have a limit," as the learned imitator of Dr. Jo... profoundly remarks, "must be brought to a conclusion." ...tion ended; we separately walked up, as our names were ... the library-table, to sign the usual oath or engagement. ...of the ceremony is a very popular one; and to say the truth ... small amusement to see the different air and carriage of d... n, as they marched up to the table in alphabetical order. ...nt sheepishly, and some boldly; some calmly and some hurr... ...e were silly enough to *look* as if the exaltation and the displ... ...n the gown they had on, were above their merits; some ... assed the heyday of life, and some who had absolutely *dim*... ...lves with study, marched quietly and coolly, as if to someth... ell and truly deserved. Some allowed their gowns to hang ... their shoulders so low as to give at a distance the appear... petticoat, looking as if their prudent friends had endeavoured ... them, or (as a wicked wag from Huntingdonshire remarke... ...ne) as if they had been rehearsing the celebrated part of J... ...hers, but not without desperate struggles, kept their gow... ...re were tall men with gowns above their knees, looking ... ...ere about to "tread a measure," or act a part in a Spa... ...l there were short men, holding their heads and chins ... their disproportioned gowns (borrowed from the t... ...ers) swept the library-floor. Then some had powd... ...d gowns on; and some figured in those which ag... a dull speech had rendered brown; and many a man had ... a tattered one. Some of these walk... gravely and demurel... ...ag priests in a procession—some trippingly, as men in a ... Some, the most amusing of all, had a kind of consequential ... ...ger, and made all kinds of comical faces, intended to expr... Some were of so astringent an aspect, that they seemed ... walking to their own execution; or, as a Limerick student ..., to *their own* funeral: and I now and then detected an old surgeon wrapping his gown round him like a military cloak. It ...ome time before we got to the end of the alphabet. The last ...e called was Winter; and a pale student, whom I had often re...rked, answered to it. As he left his seat, he agreeably enough observed—

"Pale Winter comes at last, and shuts the scene."

Which being done, the Principal rose from his seat, and desiring the candidates to do the same, conferred upon us, with great form, and amidst palpitations audible all round without the aid of the stethoscope, the title and privileges of Doctors of Physic, with full leave to practise it, and, if we chose, to teach it, *ubique gentium*—all over the world: —"amplissimam potestatem Medicinam ubique gentium legendi, "docendi, faciendi"—"aliaque omnia privilegia, immunitates, jura, "quæ hic aut usquam alibi ad doctoratûs apicem evectis concedi "solent." Then, leaving his station at the head of the room, he proceeded down each delighted rank to place on our honoured heads *the cap*. This cap, independent of its peculiar property of fitting every head, no matter what organs there may be within or without, is intrinsically a remarkable one:—some say, indeed, I know not by what tradition supported, that it actually belonged to Geordie Buchanan: —be that as it may, it deserves particular notice, and, if I knew how, I should very much like to describe it. It is a cap *sui generis*—not a high cap, nor yet a square cap; not three-cornered, not tasseled, not mobbed, not long-eared; not like a forage-cap, not like a night-cap, not in the smallest degree resembling the cap of the Lancers—least of all is it a fool's cap. But let others "describe the indescribable"—whatever it is, it was the Cap of Liberty to us, and with the magic of its momentary touch it made us——what we are.

Here again was an opportunity of observing the diversities of men's minds and characters; for, as the Very Reverend the Principal came round to place the cap on our heads, some bent submissively and reverently forward as to a confirming bishop; others rolled their eyes upwards with an expression absolutely *untranslatable* into any language of which I am master: some grinned facetiously, not at all, in my opinion, to their credit—such doctors would grin at death itself: some looked uncommonly and unnecessarily grim; and others looked most abominably frightened. As for myself, I cannot say how I looked; but I remember that I felt most prodigiously grave.

The concluding part of all the ceremonies (which, however the levity and want of dignity in some of the subordinate actors might mar and disfigure them, are in their nature solemn and affecting,) was this:—the Principal and Professors, leaving their majestic chairs, formerly mentioned, came round to shake hands with each of us, to congratulate us, and to bid us farewell. I should think very contemptibly of that student who felt nothing on bidding adieu to men whose exertions for his advancement in knowledge had been so steadily exerted, and whose assistance in his arduous attempts

——————"to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

was always cheerfully afforded when it was modestly asked for;—as regards the Principal, our gratitude for his recent honours conferred upon us had not of course yet had time to cool; but, if there had been no gratitude in the case, *his* paternal smile, and the absence of all that was magisterial in our preceptors, was very exhilarating, or, as the orators of the North say, "a very refreshing thing." I feel averse to quitting this remembrance, and could dwell with pleasure on the individual expressions of kindness uttered:—this, however, I shall abstain

from; but every man who witnessed what I describe will remain as long as he lives impressed with the benevolence, I could almost say the affection, evinced in the look and manner of good old Andrew Duncan, the venerable Professor of the Theory of Physic, one of those delightful old men who have neither been corrupted nor rendered callous by long and active intercourse with mankind:—respect might restrain the expression of it, but there was not a heart which was not ready to say *God bless him!*

Some, too, there were, and I hope they may be forgiven for it, who looked back with sadness and regret on the time when the noble form of the late Professor of the Practice of Physic graced the company of his colleagues; and sorrowed inwardly, even at that moment, over the extinction of that mighty *mind*, which, for nearly half a century, gave a tone to physic and physicians, in which intelligence, penetration, decision, manly independence, and the absence of trick, quackery, and pretension, were ever conspicuous:—but, alas! we had but a few months before followed the illustrious Gregory, in mournful procession, to his grave!

Last of all, the graduates all shook hands with one another, and even the coldest threw "so much of heart" into the deed, that I began to think we were making a rapid progress towards ultimate perfectibility.

Having shaken hands, then, *once* more, we depart,—some east, some west, some south, some (very few, however) *north*. We bid adieu, for ever, to faces which have become familiar to us, though we hardly know the owners of them: we take an eternal leave of our preceptors, and in that moment we feel nothing but respect and gratitude:—more than all, we bid a sad farewell to friends and fellow-students, most of whom, in this world at least, we shall *never* meet again. The pleasing anxious days of preparatory study, the brightest, perhaps the wisest, of our lives, are gone, never to return: other anxieties less noble, more oppressive, receive us. We betake ourselves to our respective posts, which are seldom to be deserted, even for a day: we are to become the local beings we have perhaps despised, with local attachments, local prejudices, local vanities: we are to form parts of circles of which the other parts are yet wholly unknown to us, and are to be loved or hated, admired or disliked, sought for or neglected, by those whom we have never yet seen or heard of; and all this often on the slightest grounds, and owing to the merest accidents.

Farewell, then, to the College, and farewell to teachers and students! Farewell careless and romantic days; dreams of high enterprise; days of grinding; nights of glorious reveries;—farewell. The narrow limits of academic ambition are no more. The freedom of youth is fled for ever. The business of an anxious world, and "graver follies, but as empty quite," await us! C.

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near! once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek, then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, e'en where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
—Dim grows the semblance, on man's thought impress'd;
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd!—
—Now gaze! and bear the silent to his rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amongst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where Death has power, may Love be bless'd!
—Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?
—Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
—Too still and sad the smile upon his face,
Yet that, e'en that, must fade!
Death will not hold unchanged his fairest guest:
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your last embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd!—For him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and bless'd!
—Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

* These lines were suggested by a part of the Greek funeral service, which summons relatives and friends to bid their last adieu. During, and after the recitation of this service, they kiss the cheeks and forehead of the deceased, who is laid in an open coffin. See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean.*

STATE OF PARTIES IN DUBLIN.

In a Letter to a Friend.

You express your astonishment at the proceedings which have taken place in the Irish Metropolis, and ask me for a detail of what I have seen and felt amidst this incoherent and distracted people, who are so widely removed from our English habits of action and of thought, as to excite that sort of curiosity which attends an investigation of the manners of a remote and outlandish race. Ireland is, indeed, a kind of Terra del Fuego—the country of fire and passion, and almost at the extremity of the political world. I landed in Dublin shortly after the departure of the King. The factious feelings, which had been restrained by his presence, did not for a little time after his valedictory admonition, resume their undisguised and stormy force. They stood in awe before their sovereign, and were checked by his rebuke. It had been well if the promoters of division had not been merely censured, but chastised. The King paused at the "*Quos ego*," and directed less of his attention to the task of retribution than of peace. The vehement spirits retreated for an interval to their recesses. However indignant, they limited the expression of their anger to the walls of the Common Council. They were imprisoned, but grumbled round their den "*magno cum murmure mentis.*" When, however, they were relieved from the abashment which the presence of Majesty had inspired, the Æolus of this boisterous party impelled the ancient missiles over the boundaries within which their ferocity had been confined, and let them loose upon the community. "The glorious and immortal memory" was flung by the Lord Mayor from the civic throne against the barrier of decorum, by which the tempestuous fury of the Corporators had been reluctantly restrained. The insulting commemoration was hailed by the Orange faction with a sort of barbarous joy. Alderman James was accounted the regenerator of sound principle, and raised into an importance to which neither his station nor his wealth gave him any legitimate claim. Such is the miserable condition of this province, sheriffs and lord mayors are lifted into political consequence, and almost participate in the government of the country! The violation of the royal precept was considered as an achievement—a sort of chivalry was discovered by the Orangemen of Dublin in the offence which was offered at their orgies by the bacchanalians of the Common Council; and the opprobrious celebration of the disasters of their country was received by them as a pledge of the unendangered continuance of their old immunities of insult. Their pride, however, suddenly moulted its feathers, when the appointment of Lord Wellesley as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in room of the nobleman who had given countenance to this wanton contumely, was announced. The intelligence produced dismay among the Orange faction, and a feeling of proportionate gratification in the great body of the people. Yet, upon the entrance of Lord Wellesley into the city, a circumstance occurred which excited a general surprise. The Lord Mayor advanced to receive him in compliance with a mere customary form. It was anticipated that he would meet with any thing but a demonstration of favour. Judge, then, of the general astonishment, when the man who had given the obnoxious

toast, was selected as the primary object of the viceregal partialities. Alderman James was touched by the talismanic sword, and started into "Sir Kingston." In making him a Baronet, I doubt not but Lord Wellesley imagined that he might conciliate the party to which he belonged. Yet the Marquis was sensible of the anomaly of his conduct, and cast upon his native air the blame of this inconsistent act. He said that he had committed a blunder, and a convenient gentleman took a portion of its discredit to himself. Mr. Blake, his lordship's intimate friend, attributed the mistake to his own inadvertence. "Sir Kingston," he intimated, resolutely rejected the inglorious notoriety of a knighthood, and demanded a Baronetcy as the only remuneration which was at all adequate to his services. "In the hurry of the moment," said Mr. Blake, "I could not avoid the gratifying his vanity; and my noble friend, at my instance, threw the thing away." By this expedient, a double object was secured by Mr. Blake—he relieved his patron from an embarrassment, and signified his own influence to the public. The history of this shrewd and ingenious gentleman is not a little singular, and affords an example of the felicitous combination of sagacity and good fortune, which is necessary to elevate a man, so suddenly, from a comparatively inferior condition to the enjoyment of consequence and power. He is, I have been informed by his friends, the younger son of a respectable family belonging to the county of Galway, with fully as many ancestors in their genealogy as acres in their estate. An ensigncy in the militia was his first grade in the ladder of success. His mind was active, and, although without the advantage of regular service in the line, he soon acquired so much skill and knowledge as to become adjutant to the regiment. The troops committed to his raw instructions were soon distinguished by their superiority over the rest of these pacific levies. Upon the exchange of militias, Mr. Blake went to England, and, with the accustomed good luck of his countrymen, formed a useful and happy matrimonial alliance. He was urged by his new connexions, and impelled by an instinctive consciousness of his abilities, to go to the Bar. He was well aware (for he not only possesses a knowledge of others, but the rarer science of knowing himself) that he had few of the qualifications necessary to distinguish himself as an advocate, and chose the less brilliant, but more certain path of equity pleading. Having studied mankind, as well as law, he speedily obtained employment. Professing the Roman Catholic religion, he engaged in the transactions of the London board of noblemen and gentlemen of that persuasion, who are associated for the attainment of their civil rights. In this body he soon gained an ascendancy. He was greatly superior in address to the devout patricians, whose noble blood had been so regularly interchanged among each other, from the pious and aristocratic fear of contaminating their faith in their descent, that it had meandered for centuries through a few virtuous and highly titled families, undisturbed by any violent infusion of vulgar intellect, and unsullied by a single intermixture of heterodox love. Circulating through the same channels, it began to stagnate at last. In an assembly so constituted, it was not unnatural that this intrepid barrister should speedily obtain a considerable sway. He became intimate with the chief Catholics of England, and was em-

ployed by them, in his professional capacity, in the management of their affairs. In effectuating various arrangements with their creditors, he displayed so much practical dexterity that his financial reputation was gradually diffused among the nobility:—through the medium of these useful accomplishments he was introduced to Lord Wellesley. Mr. Blake ingratiated himself into his favour, and was soon intrusted with his bosom thoughts. These circumstances, combined with his professional talents, which are considerable, accelerated his progress at the Bar. Lord Eldon could not but smile upon the prosperous associate of the nobles of the land; and he rose into full business. In Ireland, howeve , little had been heard of him; and when the approaching arrival of Lord Wellesley was announced, the paragraphs in the London papers which mentioned that his Lordship was accompanied by his friend Mr. Blake, and that he had set off from his house to prosecute his journey to this country excited a general curiosity. It was soon ascertained that he was among the dispensers of fortune. He furnished an early evidence of his influence over the new viceroy, in the instance which I have already specified; and succeeded to a certain extent in allaying the resentment of the people, at the distinction conferred upon the person who had been the first to impinge the injunctions of the King. The marked civilities which were paid him by Mr. Plunket, confirmed the general notion of his importance. The obsequious assiduity with which that learned gentleman courted the favourite of Lord Wellesley, stood in strong contrast with his habitual coldness and reserve. It was understood that Mr. Blake was consulted upon measures and upon men: he was known to be a puller of the wires in the political puppet-show. Another remarkable proof of his sway with the Lord Lieutenant occurred soon after his arrival: Lord Wellesley was invited by the Corporation to a public dinner. Mr. Blake was, of course, among the guests, and his health was proposed in compliment to the Marquis. The representative of the King started up to return thanks. This excited universal astonishment. Mr. Blake sat beside him, and, interposing between his friendship and his dignity, superseded his viceregal proxy, and expressed his gratitude himself. I have dwelt upon the merits and good fortune of this prosperous barrister, because the distinction conferred upon him by Lord Wellesley made him a conspicuous feature in the political picture, and because the strength of friendship entertained for him by so illustrious an individual, throws a light upon the character of the latter, as it reflects honour upon the object of his regard. Lord Wellesley disclosed other traits of a peculiar mind at the civic banquet. He made many speeches, and in every one of them gave indications of a love for oratorical exhibition. He indulged in encomiastic expatiations upon the achievements of his family, which, in a man of questionable merit, would have excited something like a smile, and which, with all his talents, could not fail to produce amongst his most sincere admirers a feeling of mingled surprise and regret. The fire and nobleness of his manner, and the power of his diction, were thrown away upon such an audience. He flung his fine thoughts, like pearls, upon a porcine herd; while a certain peculiarity of character, and an overweening self-complacency, struck the dullest observer of them all. Of one fact, however, he apprised the assembly, which was not

wholly unimportant—namely, that his illustrious relative was not ashamed of his country. This disclosure produced a strong concussion of tables, and large libations were offered up in celebration of the newly disclosed patriotism of his Grace. Upon the succeeding day, the orations of the Lord Lieutenant were the subject of general comment. It was admitted that he was a splendid luminary, but it was also observed that he had a rotation upon himself. There were some, however, who divined much policy in the indulgence of these egotistical propensities. By talking of himself he successfully avoided any treading upon topics which were full of smouldering fire. Whatever may have been his purpose, whether his praises of his family were the pourings out of natural vanity, or the glossing over and evasion of delicate and dangerous subjects, he escaped for some time any direct collision with the Orange party: and even when Mr. Saurin—the head of that party—was removed from the office of attorney-general, to make room for Mr. Plunket, Lord Wellesley was not so much the object of their indignation as the successor to their fallen and extinguished cynosure.

This change in the law department was the first measure of a decisive character which distinguished Lord Wellesley's administration. Mr. Plunket was the chief advocate of the Catholics; and his promotion was, in some degree, an intimation of a sentiment in the British cabinet favourable to that body. The High-Churchmen, however, suppressed their vexation; and when the first levee was held at the Castle, it was attended by both parties. The concourse of Roman Catholics was considerable. Until Lord Wellesley's arrival, they had studiously avoided the gates of the Irish palace. They had been ill-used at court; and Lord Fingal himself, with all his disarming gentleness of demeanour, had been insulted by a cold and repulsive formality, which even his meek spirit could not calmly brook. A fungous trader or two might be seen there exhibiting their daughters in the vulgar sentimentality of a minuet, through which they were conducted by Sir Charles Vernon, with a mixture of official mockery and *nonchalance*; but, with such exceptions, scarcely a single Roman Catholic debased himself by the unrequited servility of attending the provincial court. Upon the arrival of Lord Wellesley, however, both parties thronged at his levee, and seemed to vie with each other in the proffer of their emulative respect. He received the different factions with cordiality, and paid particular attention to Mr. O'Connel, who made his first appearance upon this occasion in the character of a courtier. It was said that Lord Wellesley requested his cooperation in his efforts to tranquillize Ireland. The flattery had a momentary operation. The infusion of oil allayed his turbulence for a little while; but Mr. O'Connel was too shrewd to be long deceived. He soon became aware that this was the mere language of courtesy, in the strict etymology of the word. He was never once invited to dine "with his Excellency;" and what was much more important, he, and every other Catholic, perceived that the patronage of the government, instead of being equally and indiscriminately distributed among the members of both religions, was confined to its former channels, and flowed exclusively among the professors of the opposite creed. The government of Lord Wellesley did not advance in popularity. The country was desolated by famine and insurgency. The measures adopted for the suppression of both were judicious, but lost

nothing in the description which was given of his generalship and benevolence in the despatches which were transmitted to the British cabinet. Ireland was represented as the theatre of regular warfare; and the evolutions of a few regiments of dragoons were recorded with all the minuteness of specification with which an historian would have commemorated the events of an illustrious campaign. Lord Wellesley appeared to have mistaken Captain Rock for Tippoo Saib. The pigsties of Ballynasmuck were transmuted, in his visions of military renown, into the battlements of Seringapatam. A horde of savages, maddened by hunger, were magnified into Mahratta myriads; and their inglorious slaughter was swelled, with "bombast circumstance," into rivalry with the viceroy's Oriental triumphs. The fact was, that Lord Wellesley was fitted for a greater theatre, and was like a fine actor in a village, who wastes the same energy of genius upon the wretchedness of a contracted scene, which he had before displayed upon a wider and more exalted stage. The mock-rebellion was easily repressed, and the exigencies of the peasantry were gradually removed by the generosity of the English nation, aided by the summer-sun, whose glorious bounty it resembled. The political surface was not agitated by any strong collision of parties, and the machinery of government went on in noiseless regularity through the stagnation of the public mind. The Orangemen were restored to a perfect security, that the system had only nominally changed; and the liberal party, habituated as they were to disappointment, sunk back into the quiet of despair. As, however, the 11th of July approached, a revived solicitude arose respecting the steps which would be adopted by Lord Wellesley with regard to the commemoration of the national dishonour, in which the Orangemen were in the habit of indulging upon that day, with the annexation of every irritating circumstance that their perverse ingenuity could devise. It was asked, "Will Lord Wellesley tolerate this insult? Will he permit the reenactment of the annual outrage, and shew us by proof, what we had before been only taught by conjecture, that his mission is a mere delusion, and that he will now throw away the very forms of that conciliatory purpose for which we were told that he was sent amongst us?" The Orangemen, on the other hand, looked forward with an equal anxiety to the result, as they considered the investment of their idol in his symbolic trappings, the irrefragable test of their authority. On the day immediately previous to that of this factious celebration, Mr. O'Connel addressed a letter to Lord Wellesley, couched in phrases of affected respect, but insinuating a suspicion of his sincerity, and an anticipation of the recurrence of the insult, with the connivance, if not with the actual sanction, of the Irish Council. This letter attracted general notice. It was said to have galled Lord Wellesley, and threw him into a practical dilemma. If he prevented the dressing of the statue by the forcible exercise of his authority, it would be said that he had been terrified into energy by the leading demagogue of Ireland; and if he did not interfere, the popular feeling would be fired into additional exasperation, by the previous excitement produced by the passionate appeal of the Catholic barrister. I am inclined to think that Mr. O'Connel foresaw these consequences when he addressed the viceroy, and retaliated upon him for the hollowness of his professions. To himself, Lord Wellesley endeavoured to escape from this embarrassing condition, by

employing the influence of government to induce the Orangemen by gentle remonstrance to discontinue the offensive practice; and at his instance, Master Ellis and Sir Abraham Bradley King exerted themselves in the Orange lodges to persuade their associates to comply with the desire of the Lord Lieutenant. But the Orangemen rejected the proposition with disdain, and in the morning the statue stood arrayed with more than its usual tawdriness of decoration. The popular party were aghast. The Orangemen exulted with an increased ferocity of triumph; and the mutual animosity of both was proportionably augmented. The political rancour created by these unhappy causes hardly needed the interposition of a churchman, to lift it to an overflowing height. Doctor Magee had been raised to the archiepiscopal see, through the patronage of his college friend Mr. Plunket. He had, when a fellow of the University of Dublin, been distinguished by the liberality of his sentiments, which put him into strong contrast with that learned body. His book on the Atonement was indeed embittered by a good deal of the *odium theologicum*, but allowance was made for the almost unavoidable necessity of seasoning so unpalatable a topic with the stimulants of invective. It was supposed, that as soon as he had obtained the archiepiscopal throne, he would revert to his former opinions, and, having no farther object of ambition to prosecute, would profess the sentiments which a peculiarity of situation had induced him to suppress. But the Dublin public little understood the real character of this successful prelate, in supposing that he would limit his aspirations to a provincial see. He had risen from a sizarship in the University to this singular elevation, in which another would have reposed. But in the Alpine progress of such a mind (if I may use the expression) new and more glittering heights arose at every step in his ascent; and York and Canterbury gleamed on him in their holy loftiness, the moment he had reached the exalted station which opened a wider and more heavenly horizon to his views. Lord Sidmouth was understood to have said, when he attended the King to Dublin, that during all his intercourse with political life, he had never seen a man of a more ambitious temperament than this pious divine, and that he had realized all that he had imagined of the political passion in its most exclusive and engrossing force. Just after his promotion, he exhibited a most fantastic aspect. There was a mixture of Wolsey and Doctor Syntax about him. Great talents seemed to be combined in a strange confederacy with the pedantry of the college. I should proceed in my description of this person, but that it would lead me beyond my limits; and I must reserve him for a future delineation. This humble successor of the first propagators of Christianity contributed, in the effervescent state of the public mind, to swell its fermentation. He delivered an address to his clergy, which contained an invective against the creed of six millions of his fellow-subjects; and lest his satire should not adhere where it was directed, it was barbed with an antithesis. The Dissenters, he said, had a religion without a church, and the Papists had a church without a religion. This single phrase threw the Catholic clergy into a paroxysm of indignation; and pamphlet upon pamphlet was volleyed from the theological press at the head of the mitred heretic. The Catholic Bishop of Carlow, Doctor Doyle, was the ablest among the many antagonists who entered the briary field of controversy against

the Protestant prelate. The effects upon the two parties were fatal to the restoration of public amity between them. The streets were placarded with religious tracts, and all the monstrosities of sectarian hate were exhibited in every corner of the city. The Harlot of Babylon was carted, upon one hand, in all her scarlet gorgeousness and impurity; and hell was opened, with all its flames, for the misbelieving heretic upon the other. It was impossible to pass through the most sequestered lane without being stunned with reciprocal denunciations of the devil. You were assailed by clamorous boys in every quarter, who importuned you with their shrill cries to purchase their twopenny confutations.

In the midst of this confusion, two personages of great polemical renown precipitated themselves among the combatants, and the fight was suspended by all others to witness their matchless prowess. Doctors Magee and Doyle fell into insignificance in the shock between Sir Harcourt Lees and the Reverend Mr. Hayes, the worthy representatives of the ferocious factions to which they respectively belonged, and whose achievements surpass the most glorious feats of the heroes of the Lutrin. Mr. Hayes is already known to the English public, through the medium of a court of justice, in which he instituted proceedings for the injury sustained by his virgin reputation, which was estimated at five pounds. The former is a parson, who had been long notorious as an eminent lover of the chace, and had recently become a sort of Nimrod in controversy, and hunted down the unfortunate Papists through the dens and forests of their obscure and bewildering creed. Father Hayes averred in the pulpit that he had witnessed an exorcism in Rome (from which he had himself been just exorcised by the Pope), and that Beelzebub had been vomited by a young lady of fifteen in the shape of a brass button. These were his claims to the public credit. Sir Harcourt saw an assassin in every Papist, and imagined that his valuable life was the great stay of the established church. and the object of universal conspiracy in Ireland. His fancy was bespattered with blood, and, as he was vain of his powers of authorship, the visions of his religious malady acquired new horror in their transmission from his brain to paper. The better class of both religions laughed at these champions of orthodoxy; but, unhappily, the lower orders were inflamed by their insane malevolence. They infected ignorant readers with the distemper of the head and heart under which they reciprocally laboured. The public mind was in this unhappy condition when the fourth of November arrived. This is one of the days on which the statue of William is dressed; and, to the astonishment of Dublin, in place of being attired with its Orange memorials, it was surrounded by a body of troops, who effectually prevented all access to the obnoxious emblem. Its forlorn idolaters beheld it from a distance, with a heavy heart, unadorned by a single ribbon, and reft of the gaudy pageantry with which it was wont to be festooned. Lord Wellesley had recovered the energy of his character. His mind had started from its oblivion of what was due to the country and to himself. Disabused of all idle hope of being able to tame the hyena, he resolved to inclose it in its den. The measure to which he resorted was advised by Mr. Plunket, and approved of by the British Cabinet. But Lord Chancellor Manners, and the ex-attorney-general, Mr. Saurin, (the Gog and Magog of the Orange party) declared the step to be ille-

gal. Emboldened by such an alliance, the faction converted their murmurs to invective. Meanwhile Lord Wellesley rose rapidly in the favour of the people; and, taking advantage of the popular sentiment, for the first time went publicly to the theatre. You are already aware of the outrage which was perpetrated within its walls. The details of this atrocity have been so minutely set out in the evidence laid before the public, that it would be superfluous to recapitulate it. A generous indignation at the Orange crime pervaded the great mass of the Irish public; and although in a few instances the sheriffs of counties endeavoured to thwart its expression, it burst out from all parts of the country. In Dublin the most respectable meeting which I ever saw convened in Ireland, addressed Lord Wellesley in the language of unsophisticated regard. He was so much gratified by the friendship of his countrymen, that he resolved to receive the address in public, and the gates of the Castle were thrown open to the citizens of Dublin. Great numbers went in court-dresses, but access was given to every person of decent appearance who thought proper to approach him. I entered with the crowd. Two o'clock was the hour appointed for presenting of the address, but the Lord Lieutenant did not arrive until four, from his country residence in the Phœnix Park. The tædium of expectation was relieved by an abundant supply of Hock and Madeira, which was distributed indiscriminately among the somewhat motley assembly. To many the taste of either beverage was attended with the delight of novelty, and their patriotism was not a little exhilarated by the liberality of their potations. The copiousness of their draughts was attended with the natural results, and the liquid brightness of eye, and warm suffusion of cheek, bore attestation to the presence of the rosy god. It was pleasant to observe the wonder with which the worthy citizens surveyed the abode of viceregal majesty, and the air of fidgety importance with which they endeavoured to assume the manners and demeanour of the practised courtiers, who eyed them with a glance of ineffable disdain. I stood beside a huge man of commerce, whose purse and person were said to be correspondent to each other, and perceived that he was endeavouring to imitate the deportment of Sir Charles Vernon, the master of the ceremonies at the Castle. The latter became aware of his purpose, and in the spirit of whim, which has since proved fatal to his fortunes, threw himself into a variety of antic attitudes, which were copied with ludicrous fidelity by the honest gentleman, who had unfortunately selected the court-jester as his prototype. The frolic was soon felt by the group about them, and produced much merriment at the expense of the innocent person who followed his model through every evolution of grimace. My attention was drawn from this piece of practical humour by a figure not less preposterous. A student of Trinity college, dressed in the costume of the University, had drunk of the Court nectar to intoxication, and began to declaim in broken Latin with a barbarous volubility. He speedily attracted the general notice, and was accompanied from room to room by a troop of mockers, who urged him on in his career of visionary disputation (for he imagined himself to be engaged in some scholastic controversy) by the repetition of some of the jargon of Murray's Logic. At length he fastened upon the Archbishop of Dublin, who was rocking himself with an hierarchical swing through St. Patrick's

Hall, and threw down the gauntlet to that ingenious divine. Doctor Magee did not at all relish the proposal, and endeavoured to escape from him; but the relentless logician pursued the doctor with a torrent of strange gibberish, until he was compelled to apply to one of the beef-eaters to interpose between him and this inveterate disciple of the stagyrite. At length Lord Wellesley arrived with all his suite, and his appearance was full of imposing effect. The day was advanced into evening, and little of its beams broke through the windows of the lofty and expansive room in which a great concourse had assembled. The crimson curtains of the throne, which had been raised for the King during his visit, were illuminated by broad and brilliant lights, and threw a rich and gorgeous tone over the [illegible]. The splendid dresses of the persons in immediate waiting upon the Lord Lieutenant, filled the depth of the back-ground with gold and silver, and before him stood a vast and breathless mass of men which reached to the opposite extremity of the hall. Lord Wellesley was before the throne, and, while the Lord Mayor read the address, I had full opportunity to observe him. With a person almost diminutive, he had, notwithstanding, a most dignified deportment. I never saw a finer head. It realized the "beau ideal" of all that I had previously conceived requisite for the physiognomy of a statesman. His fixed and illuminated eyes—his lofty and vaulted forehead, sprinkled with a few white hairs,—his bold and commanding mouth, and the aspiring and eagle-like expression of soul which pervaded his countenance, struck me with admiration. I had heard that his body had been wasted by time and pleasure, but he appeared in perfect health and vigour. In place of the emaciation which I had anticipated, and that pale cast of thought which we associate with legislative cares, his face was fresh and almost ruddy. "The pure and eloquent blood spoke in his cheeks." While the address was reading, I could perceive a deep and generous emotion about him, and forgave him at once for all the egotism which in his printed speeches had startled my sense of propriety, but which was mitigated, if not completely justified, by its companionship with so much nobleness and elevation as were associated with his aspect. When the Lord Mayor had concluded, there was a long pause, and for some moments Lord Wellesley remained silent. But "his look drew audience." At length his mind broke out in high, piercing, and measured accents, which were fraught with strong and exalted sentiment, and attended with an intenser excitation than I remember ever to have witnessed in a popular assembly. His intonations were perfect: they were not subdued by the cold rules of diplomatic etiquette, but ascended into fine and impassioned oratory.—His whole frame seemed agitated and inspired. His person seemed to have lost the pettiness of its dimensions, and to have been heightened by the informing spirit. The enthusiasm which was produced, burst through the restraints of strict propriety; and almost every sentence was cheered by repeated acclamation. I feared that this unusual expression of the public feeling would have alarmed his sense of decorum; but, in place of disturbing him in his course, he appeared to derive a new fervor from the cordial applause which he received. In one instance, however, he fell into exaggeration, which, redeemed as it was by his admirable delivery, did not at first surprise his hearers, but was afterwards observed upon. He said that he had attained such a high pitch

of happiness, that he could scarcely hope for the recurrence of so much felicity; and that "if the poniard were lifted against his bosom, he would bid the assassin strike." This somewhat melodramatic sentiment was delivered very much in the manner of Kean, and both in conception and enunciation certainly savoured of "The Boulevards." But, altogether, the speech, with a few of such imperfections, was a piece of noble, and, I believe, of sincere eloquence. The meeting dispersed with an unqualified feeling of admiration for the nobleman who had given so fine an utterance to his generous sentiments, and expressed so genuine and so rare an affection for his country. Lord Wellesley's reply added to the exasperation of the Orange party; and the events which succeeded raised it to its height. The grand jury, composed in a great degree of affiliated Orangemen, threw out the bills of indictment tendered by the Crown against the perpetrators of the outrage at the Theatre. Mr. Plunket announced his resolution to proceed by *ex officio* information; and a day was appointed for a trial at bar. The most anxious suspense awaited its arrival. A deep pulsation throbbed through the city. The ordinary occupations of life appeared to be laid aside in the agitating expectation of the event which was to set a seal upon the future government of Ireland. It engrossed the thoughts and tongues of men, and exercised a painful monopoly of all their hopes and anticipations. At length the day of trial appeared amidst the heaviness of a grey and sombre morning. It was announced beforehand, that the judges would take their seats precisely at nine o'clock; the doors of the court to be opened at half-past seven. The earliness of the hour, immaterial as it may seem, had the effect of throwing society out of its ordinary habits. Whiskey-punch, and early rising, are sworn foes. The citizens of Dublin are much fonder of putting on their nightcaps than their morning dress at cock-crowing. But on this occasion all accustomed comforts were nobly sacrificed. Politicians of every class and mind,—corporators, beef-eaters, catholic, Orange, liberal and radical,—all bravely started up at half-past six to exchange the soothing glories of a tipsy dream, for the raw encounter of the cold realities of a winter morning. I reached the hall of the Four Courts about eight o'clock, but had the mortification to find that I was too late. The Orangemen, true to their principle of making a push on every occasion for the Protestant ascendancy, were in the field before me. As soon as the doors were opened, one tremendous rush filled in an instant the galleries and every avenue of the court. However, I remembered the Irish saying, that with patience and perseverance a man may open an oyster with a rolling-pin. I acted upon this doctrine, and by dint of shoving and insinuation, contrived, after a full hour's hard work, to attain a place in one of the dark side-lobbies of the court, from which, by standing on tiptoe, I could catch a view of what was going on within. Even this I could achieve only through one small aperture; and the effect was as if I had been looking at some gorgeous spectacle through the eye-hole of a rareeshow-box. The proceedings had not yet commenced, and I had time to examine in detail the silent scene. There was not a murmur in the court; but the first glance at the auditory would have satisfied you that deep passions were working there, and could not long be hushed. The signs of this were most apparent in the galleries. You saw it in the scowling brows

of the Orange partisans—and few else were there;—in the compressed lip—in the roll of ferocious confidence with which their eyes went round the scene that reminded them of their strength—in the glare of factious recognition with which they greeted the accused, and assured them of a triumph. My eye next rested upon the crowded benches of the bar. They, too, betrayed a consciousness of being themselves upon their trial. Instead of the legal *nonchalance* with which they usually await the coming on of the most important cause, they now presented a series of countenances quivering with political resentment. Of all the classes in the community, this body had felt perhaps the most intensely the late determination to controul the pretensions of the Protestant ascendancy; for within it all prescriptive privileges had been most complete and undisputed. It was easy to trace their emotions in their looks,—in the fixed and deadly sneer—in the flush of haughty indignation—in the impassioned gestures, with which, in whispers among themselves, they arraigned the whole proceeding, and foretold the disasters it would bring upon the land. The sentiment of alarm and exasperation extended to many who had heretofore been regarded by others, and by themselves, as free from the taint of party; but in the heat of the times, their countenances (like their native marble when brought near the fire) had broken out in spots and stains which had hitherto lain concealed beneath the surface. As I looked round upon this scene of prejudice and anger, the first question that pressed upon me was, whether the present was an occasion upon which impartial justice could be expected;—whether in such an audience a jury could be found (for the panel was dispersed through the galleries) who could shake off the passions of even that single morning, and remember nothing but the evidence and their oaths. I could not venture to pronounce in the affirmative. Still it was quite refreshing to perceive, that in despite of every obstacle that faction could interpose, the cause of justice had one great and certain stay. When I turned to the bench and witnessed the steadfast and cheerful dignity of the judges, I felt assured that in that quarter the public interests were secure. The appearance, and the respective characters of the men, forced this cheering conviction upon the mind. There was Bushe, pledged by his whole life against the cause of religious persecution, and too strong and proud to be panic-struck. Burton, a gift to Ireland, from a country where law is sacred—cautious, sagacious, and enlightened—vigorous and independent at all times, and "best when provoked." Jebb and Vandeleur—gentle and efficient in the discharge of their ordinary functions—as yet untried upon any great occasion, but sure to be firm and upright upon an emergency. It seems fated that in this tragicomic nation, however a public proceeding may terminate, it should not pass away without many a hearty laugh. In the present instance, the business of the day opened with a joke. Mr. Plunket rose "to call the attention of the court to a matter of some importance:"—a dead silence prevailed. The Attorney-General proceeded with much gravity to state, "that he had been anxiously awaiting the arrival of his colleagues, the Solicitor-General and Mr. Sergeant Lefroy; and that, after a long search for them in all directions, it had been just discovered that they were both in one of the avenues of the court, firmly wedged in among the popu-

lace, with a prospect of immediate suffocation, unless their lordships should be pleased to interfere in their behalf!" The political tenets of the two learned sufferers were well known; and the most bigoted Orangeman in the galleries could not refrain from a loud giggle at the notion of two such personages writhing under the horrors of a popular embrace. The Chief Justice contrived to draw the veil of judicial gravity over the rising smile, while he gave the necessary orders; and Mr. Sheriff Thorpe, with the most heroical alertness, rushed out of court, breathing from his looks the determination to employ all the powers vested in his Lilliputian person by the constitution, to rescue his friends from so novel a situation. He soon returned triumphantly, producing the two learned bodies in proof of what his civil prowess could achieve; and the proceedings of the day were no longer deferred. The proceedings of this singular trial are now before the public; I take it for granted you have read them—if you have not, they are far too voluminous for me to detail; nor will my limits permit me to offer any thing in the way of minute criticism upon the specimens of Irish oratory elicited upon this occasion. Mr. Plunket's speech was on a level with his subject, but scarcely with himself. The Solicitor-General's was tame and technical: he felt too much sympathy with Orange principles, and he openly avowed them, to prove a formidable denouncer of Orange excesses. Mr. North's address was the most applauded; but had I space, I should hardly think it fair to forestall the ingenious author of the Bar sketches, by whom Mr. North's admirers expect to see him presented, ere long, in vivid colours to the public. By the way, it was whispered about, during the present trial, that this forensic portrait-painter, respecting whom much grave conjecture has been afloat here, was actually in attendance; and no other than a lady of rank—Lady R—— (*not* the Dowager of the name, who was resuscitated at eighty-six to give evidence upon this trial, and who looked like Erichtho, filled with the re-animating spirit of faction.) The fair reporteress daily occupied a prominent situation in the gallery, where her Scotch physiognomy was contrasted with the Cromwellian visages that glared about her. She held a silver pen, that was pressed occasionally against her lips, while her eyes gleamed with the most intense anxiety for the fate of the prisoners, with whom she seemed to participate in emotion; and the instant the least circumstance was mentioned at all favourable to them, her white hand darted to the paper before her, on which she scrawled, with an agitating velocity, for a moment, and then assumed her attitude of restless vigilance again. This "recording angel," the only person of her sex in the gallery, pressed and jammed collaterally, and *a posteriore*, by the incumbent mass of low Orangemen among whom she was stowed, struck me as one of the most singular features in this strange and fantastic scene. The final result of the trial was what many had anticipated; and under the peculiar circumstances of this distracted province, it was perhaps the most fortunate that could have occurred. The Orangemen fondly counted upon a verdict of acquittal to the last. Their sympathy never flagged for an instant. During each succeeding day of the proceedings they were the first to fill the court; and the space outside was regularly occupied by a phalanx of them in close columns, where they remained from nine to six, insensible of fatigue, with outstretched necks,

to catch a rumour of what was going on within; and communing in muttered curses with each other, as often as the report was wafted to them, that the prophane hand of the Attorney-General was farther withdrawing the veil which had heretofore enveloped the sublime mysteries of their association. But I feel that I have exceeded the boundaries which I had prescribed to myself, and must postpone to some future letter, the detail of the events which took place subsequent to the trial, and which are now passing before my eyes. The Dublin election—the chairing—the conflict between the College and the mob—the beef-steak club—the Chancellor and Sir Charles Vernon, will furnish materials for my next communication. It is probable, that further subjects will in the interval start up. The dragons' teeth will never cease to spring from this prolific soil, and every hour will add to the abundance of the disastrous harvest. "Alas! poor Country."

CRITO.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

THIS is, to our feelings, the least agreeable of all the productions of its author. We risk something in making this frank declaration, for we believe the opinion is contrary, not only to that of the great mass of readers, but to the judgment of some whose praise is fame. It makes unquestionably more pretension to rank as a complete and well-digested whole; it has more semblance of beginning, middle and end, than several of his later romances. But we have never admired the Scottish novelist for any supremacy in those qualities which give attraction to the tales of ordinary writers: his plots have usually been rambling and ill-connected; and with one remarkable exception, the Bride of Lammermuir, his novels have had little consistency, except that of character. He is the very reverse of Richardson, whose most impressive scenes derive their interest from a thousand minute traits elaborately dwelt on, and are realized to us by a routine of preparation, which compels us to believe in the author as we involuntarily put faith in a circumstantial narrative. His best scenes are lighted up by a few masterly touches; a fine, free, glancing pencil; and each of them has an interest of its own, independent of the links by which they are connected. We think of him, not as associated with a certain succession of events, in the midst of which we seemed to live and have our being, but as the author of a crowd of delightful characters: as the great magician, at whose touch the noblest groups have started from the canvass of history and glowed with present feeling; as the fine detecter of the redeeming qualities of our nature, who has not elicited them by the spade of laborious philosophy, but the divining rod of intuitive genius; as the inventor of grand, heart-stirring scenes, which are not thought of as chapters of Waverley, the Antiquary, or Old Mortality, but of the great book of human life. We mention the names of the works, but it is not of them we speak; it is of Nicol Jarvie, of Elspeth, of Meg Merrilies, of Rebecca, of Rob Roy, and of a hundred more that we are ruminating; and when we recur to the fisher's funeral, to the last moments of Fergus M'Iver, to the dying revelations of Elspeth, to the death of the Smuggler in the glen of Derncleugh, or

to the tremendous situation of Henry Morton, bound before the clock which visibly announces his doom, they have distinct places in our recollection, and an interest which the context can neither increase nor diminish.

In the work before us, the author has given us less matter with more attempt at art. He would make the show of labour pass for the unlaboured exhibition of characteristic, descriptive, pathetic, and imaginative power. Instead of giving us pictures of nature and manners, hints of terrific superstitions, and glimpses into the inmost grandeurs of the soul, he presents us with facts as facts, and tries to weave a long and ingenious puzzle of events, which he solves very indifferently, and which is not worth solving at all. To this we prefer the lightest and least coherent of his sketches. The Monastery, for example, has the least possible *momentum* as a story; and yet we would rather have The White Lady of Avenel gleaming delicately in the dubious horizon of literature, than a whole labyrinth of intrigues of the Court of Charles the Second. The "Legend of Montrose" is full of impossibilities, and is entirely without interest as a story; and yet is Captain Dalgetty, or even his horse Gustavus, worth the whole line of the Peverils. "Nigel" is very loosely put together, and no one can care for the result; but its vivid description of the tribe of gallant apprentices; its masterly picture of Duke Hildebrod in his Alsatian state; the deeply-tragic scenes in the usurer's dwelling; the beautiful pettishness of Margaret Ramsay, her dimpled chin resting in the hollow of her little hand; and the exquisite feminineness of the frail Dame Christie, are not dependent on the light thread by which they are connected for vitality, but will live till Waverley is forgotten. It is, then, because Peveril is not replete with treasures like these that we regard it as inferior, rather than because the attempt to supply their place by an intricate plot has utterly failed in its execution. Let us, before we glance at the demerits of its story, just run over the list of its principal characters.

The first of these, and intended manifestly to be the most prominent, is Major Bridgnorth, the Presbyterian gentleman of the age of Charles the Second. To say that this picture has not the vigour of Balfour of Burley, or even of the humbler Covenanters, would not be censure; for the enthusiasm of the English Puritans had rarely the military fierceness, and never the traits of wild grandeur which rendered the folly of the Scottish sectaries romantic. But the character is not only comparatively feeble, but inconsistent: it is exhibited in three different aspects without any intermediate gradations; first, it is reasonable, though scrupulous; then it changes, without any assignable cause, to a ferocious bigotry; and at last it degenerates into absolute madness. The Major, too, is perpetually introduced as a mere agent to push on the story, and yet frequently makes long speeches, which seem to have no object but to retard it. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, the stout supporter of church and king, is well imagined, but faintly drawn; and there are no very good fellows (though we might reasonably expect them) among his servants. Lady Derby, who affects to play the queen in the Isle of Man, and shews her decision by ordering a brave man to be shot dead without lawful authority, is to us exceedingly revolting. We can endure Helen Macgregor, in the moment of agony and rage, directing a wretched exciseman to be thrown into the Highland lake; for she

makes no pretensions to humanity, and acts consistently as an infuriated savage. But Lady Derby, the mild, the motherly, the courteous, is not to be borne; her softness shocks, and her gentleness sickens us. Julian Peveril, the hero, is described by the author as "a gallant and accomplished youth," and he certainly does nothing to discriminate himself from the mass of such brave and amiable heroes. Alice Bridgenorth, the playmate of his infancy and the mistress of his riper years, is scarcely more distinguishable from the crowd of the fair and the faithful. There is scarcely a trait of the Puritan about her, except a taste for making long and elaborate speeches, which she freely bestows on her lover. Would it be believed, that any one of our author's heroines could, in a most critical moment frame her lips (we can say nothing of her heart) to give such a reason as the following for not eloping with her lover?—"If hereafter in your line there should arise some who may think the claims of the hierarchy too exorbitant, the powers of the crown too extensive, men shall not say these ideas were derived from Alice Bridgenorth, their Whig grand-dame." Is not this prudent foresight for a beautiful girl in the spring-time of youth and love? Jenny Deans, though she refused to equivocate to save her sister (which was a fault), would never have talked such washy trash to poor Reuben Butler!

The characters of Christian and his daughter, which are very elaborately drawn, seem to us little short of monstrous. It is easy to conceive a man burning passionately to revenge the death of one who was near and dear to him: or to imagine a degraded wretch, more vile than even the Hypocrite of Molière, assuming the garb of sanctity to betray the daughter of his friend to infamy, in order to obtain the gratification of his own desires for wealth and power. But to suppose the union of these, is to conjecture a grosser impossibility than if heroic virtue were linked to groveling sensuality; for the vices are more opposite to each other than either is to virtue. Such a being must be at once the most disinterested and the most selfish of men; he must be ready to seek wild justice for himself at the risk of all worldly advantages, yet willing to inflict studied injustice on others to secure those very benefits; and while thus thirsting for luxury and for blood, must be able to mask the hero and the pander under the forms of the straitest of sects! Fenella is, in her way, no less a prodigy. A creature almost dwarfish in form, whom yet Buckingham might love; capable of acting the part of a deaf and dumb child for years, yet subject to violent irritations of mind; doating with impotent passion on a man who is attached to another, and forcing herself perpetually on his notice—is scarcely worthy to deface the noble humanities of the author of Waverley. And this being is the mysterious agent to the piece, who works its miracles, glides into an inmost cell of Newgate at midnight, is present every where moving the parties like puppets, and baffles the Duke of Buckingham by jumping from a high window! Is she, after all, a supernatural agent? No; there is an explanation of her conduct and powers on the most intelligible principles: she has acquired her versatility and skill as a rope-dancer's apprentice, and has been placed by her father in the family of Lady Derby, in order to betray its secrets! Surely it is better to deal in mighty magic, than to resort to such feeble extravagances within the dreary confines of the possible. We would

believe in witchcraft, alchemy, and the Cock-lane ghost, before we would put faith in the human Fenella!

Much of the heaviness of this work arises from the period of time which its author has chosen. There is no period of history more barren of exalted virtue; more replete with disgusting and heartless profligacy; more destitute of generous error, or noble obstinacy, than that which succeeded the restoration of Charles to the English throne. A worldly-minded, yet infatuated populace;—a timid and luxurious court, gratifying the rage of the people, even when it cried for blood;—fraudulent, cunning, and ferocious judges;—with the indescribable villains who invented the plots which kept the nation in feverish and fatal action—form but unpromising materials for a fresh and liberal spirit to work on. Oates, Bedlowe, and Dangerfield, execrable as they were, may rather be regarded as the virtual representatives of the general character of the time, than as individuals monstrous for their groveling ambition and climbing infamy. The great distinctions of party in politics and in religion were broken down; sturdy prejudices were clipped away, and petty interests substituted in their room; and the ostensible objects of contention were strangely reduced in magnitude, while the fury of the combatants was kept alive by baser stimulants. There was no such thing as a deep-rooted attachment or an honest quarrel. Hence the season, though prolific in crime, presents little scope for an historical novelist, who must produce his effects by seizing on the prominent features of the age, and succeed by strength of contrast and by breadth and richness of colouring. The opposition of Claverhouse and Burley is striking; it is a fair battle between two great causes, headed by appropriate champions, which forms a noble spectacle; but there is no pleasure in tracing out the internal disorganizations of a party, in seeing how gallant spirits may suffer from the neglect of those who should reward them, or in watching the petty game of intrigue played off at a court by mistresses and sharpers. In Peveril we have not only Oates and Dangerfield, but the pander Chiffinch, and his odious associates, from whose unalloyed villainy we seek relief in the goodnature of the King, who seems to throw a redeeming grace into the scene when he instructs his lord chief justice to procure the acquittal of his friends. The introduction of Buckingham is well contrived, and his voluptuous irresolution is fairly portrayed; but nothing can surpass in absurdity the idea of his plot, the machinery by which it is detected, and the facility with which it is forgiven. Our author's Kenilworth discloses a group of unamiable characters; but they belong to a statelier age, are associated with more intellectual power, and are set off by a finer varnish than the courtiers of Charles, who have their exits and their entrances in "Peveril."

The plot of this novel may be divided into three portions;—the first comprising the infancy of Julian, and the first intercourse and quarrel of Bridgenorth and Sir Geoffrey; the second embracing the scenes in the Isle of Man; and the last pursuing Julian's journey to London, and the occurrences in court and prison, to the winding up of the tale. Of these, the first is the best written; the second the most interesting; and the last, in all respects, the worst. There is a great deal of promise in the opening chapter: a strong interest is excited for the house of Peveril, and the ground seems laid for a series of affecting

incidents, arising from the matured love of the children and the opposite sentiments of the fathers. There is something very real in the account of Sir Geoffrey's visits to his desolate neighbour, and of the manner in which they rouse him from his grief; and Bridgenorth's recurrence to them long after, when his fanaticism has taken a gloomier colouring, is one of the most affecting of our author's touches. In excuse for his regard to Julian he says, "The spirit of his mother looks from his eye, and his stately step is as that of his father, which he daily spoke comfort to me in my distress and said 'The child [illegible].' This recognition of the same step which he had waited for day by day in the beginning of his loneliness, and the sound of which had never died away from his heart, is, in the best sense of the term, pathetic. Again, Bridgenorth refusing the challenge is a fine sketch, and might supply a good subject for a painter. Of the elaborate description of the procession of cavaliers and puritans to the Feast, we do not think highly: the antithesis is absolutely painful; and the violent attempt at effect defeats its own object, by placing all the characters in violent and unnatural attitudes.

There is no romantic air cast over any part of these volumes, except that which we have called the second division. The description of Holm Peel Castle is given with great appearance of truth; Julian's fishing excursion is well imagined, and the sudden introduction and unexpected courtesy of Bridgenorth excite no small curiosity in the reader. All the situations in which the lovers are placed are excellent, but the conversations are woefully didactic.

We are now come to that part of the novel where "light thickens." The clinging of Fenella to Julian is very strange and tiresome, but it awakens no desire to arrive at the truth of the minikin mystery. In the scenes where Julian meets with Chiffinch and Christian, there is much lightness of touch and grace of manner, but the villainy of the parties is absolutely oppressive, and makes their joviality sickening. There is some power in the description of the Puritanic supper at Bridgenorth's house, whither Julian is carried; but the subsequent attack of the miners is very inefficiently given for so masterly a portrayer of sieges and skirmishes. Nor is the meeting of the son and his parents, under the terrible circumstances in which they are placed, at all wrought up to the pitch of expectation; it does not suspend the breath of the reader, or dwell on the memory. Almost all which takes place after the parties arrive in London is utterly unworthy of the author. There are one or two redeeming traits—as the intense recollection of Bridgenorth, to which we alluded, and the recognition of Julian by his mother from a window in a tower, whence she drops a handkerchief wet with her tears: and there is a degree of life and pleasantry about the scenes where Buckingham gives scope to his humour; but the rest is only written to sell. We have Fenella dancing Julian into an interview with the king—Alice rushing out from a room in the apartments of Chiffinch, followed by Buckingham into the presence of Charles, and there meeting her lover, who walks off with her in sullen dignity—an affray in the street, in which the lady vanishes by one of those provoking chances from which the sufferings of Miss Burney's heroines arise—and the commitment of the hero to Newgate. Here an incident occurs which is absolutely farcical; Julian entreats that he may be lodged with his father, and he is gravely introduced to the dwarf, Sir

Geoffrey Hudson, instead of Sir Geoffrey Peveril. This little valiant creature is always in the way: he interposes at the trial of the father and son, and turns the most serious passages into foolish jests. How the author could expect to redeem a person who boasts of having been served up in a pie and finally creeps out of a fiddle-case, by any intellectual traits of gallantry and honour, is surprising. The trial scene would be a poor one, even if the little prisoner did not make it ridiculous; for no justice is done to the witnesses, or to Scroggs, in whom there was matter worth handling. Then we have the "acquitted felons" of the day, entrapped in a cutler's shop by Bridgenorth, which is connected with a secret assembly of two hundred armed fanatics;—the Countess of Derby coming up to London to demand a trial, but kindly sent home without one;—and a plot formed over a glass of Champagne, detected at an evening party, by the substitution of the male for the female prodigy in a fiddle-case, and passed over as a mere frolic by the King, whom it was intended to depose. Buckingham is restored to favour, the lovers to happiness, Sir Geoffrey to his country-seat, and the fiddle to its right use! This is the catastrophe of a most intricate series of events, which have neither probability to realize, nor dignity to redeem them.

We have written thus freely of the defects of Peveril, because the author can afford to fail. His haste has hitherto been deplored as preventing him from doing full justice to his own conceptions; but here it is more lamentable, as it has hurried him on to the conception of a work comparatively barren of resources. Let him dash off as many fine sketches as he can, if he will not wait to finish them; but let him not try to work out a story from an exhausted brain, if he would not be beaten by a hundred mechanists in the art. If his works be replete with characteristic, with descriptive, and with poetic excellences, their best scenes will live when the poor scaffolding of his plots shall long have rotted away; but if he depends on mere story, they will pass from the public ear "like a tale that is told." *

SONNET FROM ZAPPI.

Cento vezzosi pargoletti amori.

A HUNDRED smiling infant loves one day
Were sporting unrestrained in frolic grace,
When one began in wanton mood to say,
"Come let us fly." they all replied, "Which way?"
He answered, "To the charming Cloris' face!"
Then to my gentle love they winged their flight,
Like clouds of bees to some fresh opening flower;
Some sought her hair, whilst others sighed delight
From her sweet lips, more balmy from their power;
Two were reposing in her radiant eyes,
Nor knew they well whose place to deem the best,
Till one, who failed to kindle roseate dyes
On her fair cheek, fell on her fairer breast,
Then cried exulting—"Who is now most blest!" E.

* We have given no formal analysis of the plot of this novel, nor any extract; because we think that either would be unjust to all who have read it, and more unjust to all who mean to read it;—which two classes will nearly comprise all the "reading public" of the three kingdoms, whatever may be said by the Critics.

In a former number we noticed Las Cases' Journal, conjointly with the Historical Memoirs which Napoleon dictated to his Generals at St. Helena. Having received a fresh volume of the former work, but no continuation of the latter, we must necessarily confine our attention, for the present, to Las Cases.* The matter of his publication still continues to be multifarious, and to be given in the shape of a diary without any systematic arrangement or digestion of its contents. In reading the book for mere pastime, we were too much amused with it to quarrel with its desultory nature; but, on being called upon at very short notice, and within scanty limits, to give some account of its character, we felt this circumstance unpropitious to the facility of rendering such an account. Its points of interest are distractingly numerous. It exhibits the conversation of Napoleon, glancing over an infinity of topics, through which it is captivating to follow him as a mere spectator, but arduous to discriminate his truth from his dogmatism, as an impartial judge. If any man could have benefited the world by political confessions, it was Napoleon. Here we have certainly many of his confessions, apparently from the heart; but Las Cases is, on the whole, much more the giver of his last unction of praise, than his confessor; and, in fact, Napoleon appears, on the rock of St. Helena, as complete a despot of conversation, as he ever was in his palaces. In order to have reaped the full benefit of his mighty mind, breathing its last reflections in solitude, it would have been necessary to have had some highly intellectual friend, equally confidential with Las Cases, but more independent and less disposed to flatter him—some Englishman or American, of great endowments, knowledge, and liberality, who might have sounded his thoughts, contradicted him in the spirit of kindness, brought him to closer explanations, and thus helped us nearer to solving the mysterious problem of the proportions which his colossal virtues and faults bear to one another. Las Cases was manifestly unfit to accomplish any thing of this sort. He could not speak with free impartiality of the substance, of which he was proud to be the shadow. Nevertheless, he has given us a very interesting book.

His work will undoubtedly contribute some materials, whereby the future historian may be enabled to discriminate the true from the false glory of Napoleon, though the author himself is unfit to perform this task. He is a Frenchman of the old school as to loyalty; and though, in transferring that loyalty to the Emperor, he has mixed it up with some of the liberal principles of modern times, yet he has not done so in a sufficient degree to prevent him from being an implicit idolater of his master. Perhaps it is easier for any one to deride the feelings of our author towards his hero, than to have kept free from it in the circumstances in which Las Cases stood—as a self-devoted attendant, whose whole heart and fortune were involved in the fate and glory of so extraordinary a man. It would require, nevertheless, very sublime recollections of Napoleon's greatness, to prevent one from smiling at the importance which the Count attaches to the most insignificant actions

* Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, by the Count de Las Cases. Parts III and IV.

of his imperial master; as for instance, when he describes the miniature of his toilette:

"The Emperor," he informs us, "shaves in the recess of the window nearest the fire-place. His first valet-de-chambre hands him the soap and rasor, and the second holds before him the looking-glass of his dressing-case, so that the Emperor may present to the light the side that he is shaving. It is the business of the second valet-de-chambre to tell him whether he shaves clean. Having shaved one side, he turns completely round to shave the other, and the valets change sides. The Emperor then washes his face, &c."

What follows is more characteristic and worth being put upon paper.—

"After he has finished shaving each side of his beard, he sometimes good-humouredly looks his valet in the face for a few seconds, and then gives him a smart box on the ear, accompanied by some jocular expressions. This has been construed by libellists into the habit of cruelly beating those who were about him."

Napoleon's conversations are, of course, the cream of our author's Journal. In these we naturally watch with ardent curiosity for his opinions of contemporary men and events, more especially the former. We shall detail some of his opinions, and very gladly and proudly begin with those respecting two of our own countrymen. His remarks at least reflect honour on himself, whatever honour they may be thought to confer on the subjects of his eulogy.

"Lord Cornwallis," said the Emperor, "is the first Englishman that gave me, in good earnest, a favourable opinion of his nation; after him Fox, and I might add to these, if it were necessary, our present Admiral (Malcolm).

"Cornwallis was, in every sense of the word, a worthy, good, and honest man. At the time of the treaty of Amiens, the terms having been agreed upon, he had promised to sign the next day at a certain hour: something of consequence detained him at home, but he pledged his word. The evening of that same day, a courier arrived from London proscribing certain articles of the treaty, but he answered that he had signed, and immediately came and actually signed. We understood each other perfectly well; I had placed a regiment at his disposal, and he took pleasure in seeing its *manœuvres*. I have preserved an agreeable recollection of him in every respect, and it is certain that a request from him would have had more weight with me, perhaps, than one from a crowned head. His family appears to have guessed this to be the case; some requests have been made to me in its name, which have all been granted.

"Fox came to France immediately after the peace of Amiens. He was employed in writing a history of the Stuarts, and asked my permission to search our diplomatical archives. I gave orders that every thing should be placed at his disposal. I received him often. Fame had informed me of his talents, and I soon found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him. We often conversed together, upon various topics without the least prejudice; when I wished to engage in a little controversy, I turned the conversation upon the subject of the *machine infernale*; and told him that his ministers had attempted to murder me; he would then oppose my opinion with warmth, and invariably ended the conversation by saying, in his bad French, *First Consul, pray take that out of your head.* But he was not convinced of the truth of the cause he undertook to advocate, and there is every reason to believe that he argued more in defence of his country, than of the morality of its ministers."

The Emperor ended the conversation, by saying: "Half-a-dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation.. With such men I should always have agreed; we

soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have [illegible] peace with a nation at bottom most worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together."

We should have pleasure, if we had room, to add to his list of eulogies those which he has assigned to many of his own countrymen, particularly to his military contemporaries—such as Dessaix, whom the Arabs surnamed the Just—Marceau, at whose death the Austrians voluntarily offered an armistice for the sake of his funeral obsequies being performed – and the young General Duphot, who died, like our own Sir Philip Sydney, the reputed emblem of virtue. Of prejudice on the side of praise we are little inclined to suspect Napoleon; his adamantine mind could often resist the impression of admiration for virtue, but he was too proud and shrewd and cool to bestow either hypocritical or misplaced admiration. It is not to be supposed, however, that he was so rigid in his justice and self-command, with regard to the censure which he dealt about him. Any man might be proud of his praise, because it was difficult to win. He rested on men's astonishment and admiration, not their friendship, and was obliged to be a niggard in his commendation; but it does not follow from thence that every one whom he blamed or contemned, was bound to be humiliated by his censure. Surrounded with all his dignity, he had still the common and natural irritability of human beings, and he had, like all great men, more enemies than friends. When we add to this consideration, that Las Cases was, like himself, soured and exasperated by exile and misfortune, we shall be disposed to receive Napoleon's censures on private character, with a plentiful allowance for the prejudices that must have tainted their sources as well as their channel. No doubt they may be often very shrewd and very just. Who can suppose, after what we have seen of the councils of the Holy Alliance, that Prince Metternich is calumniated, when he is accused of lying and dissimulation? But, generally speaking, it behoves us to be cautious of lending implicit credence to the portrait-paintings of Las Cases. With regard to Sir Hudson Lowe, we decline making any observations on a man whose case is *sub judice* and before the public.

In speaking of the successive characters of the French revolution, Napoleon, according to his reported conversations, dispenses blame with a free, or, as we rather suspect, with an arbitrary hand. The cause of our suspicion is, that so many men who opposed him, are treated with a severity that is repugnant to the current, and therefore probable, impressions of their contemporaries. If Moreau had not been the opponent of Napoleon, we should have been more inclined to believe, on our author's assertion, that the battle of Hohenlinden was gained without genius or merit on the side of the victor, and by mere accident. As matters stand we are inclined to doubt the assertion. Among the French statesmen whom the Emperor is willing to devote to eternal infamy, is the ex-minister Fouché, otherwise named the Duke of Otranto:—but, before we listen to what Napoleon has to say of Fouché, let us hear what Fouché has to say of Napoleon. In a work which has been in print these six years*, and in which there are

* Sketch of the Public Life of the Duke of Otranto. London, Leipsic, and Amsterdam, 1816.

letters of Fouché, the authenticity of which has never, to our knowledge, been impugned, the Duke of Otranto proves that he has given at sundry times to Napoleon better counsel than his Imperial Majesty ever thought proper to follow. Fouché endeavoured to dissuade him from invading Spain. Napoleon (according to Fouché) was offended, and demanded of the ex-minister to deliver up his (Napoleon's) letters. The Emperor accompanied his demand with menaces; but the Duke of Otranto proudly refused to deliver up the Emperor's correspondence. In 1813, Fouché (if we may believe the same Life and Letters) conjured Napoleon to give peace to Europe, and to abandon his system of universal domination. He closes his letter to Napoleon on this subject by saying, "*For the dignity of man it is affecting, that I should be the only one who dares to tell you what he thinks.*" When the Emperor returned from Elba, Fouché declares that Napoleon assured him of Austria and England having secretly approved of his escape. Fouché wrote to Vienna, and found that this was untrue. It is difficult to conceive what species of loyalty he owed to Napoleon after such a discovery. Las Cases on the other hand asserts, on Napoleon's authority, that the Chambers of France would have stuck by him after the battle of Waterloo, if it had not been for Fouché's duplicity and treachery; and that it was he who terrified the Legislative Body into an opinion, that Napoleon meant to have assumed the dictatorship. Yet Las Cases very simply suffers the truth to escape, that Napoleon himself actually thought of that very alarming plan, though at last he found it too bloody to adopt. He allows, moreover, that Napoleon's friends exceeded their commission in spreading that alarm. So that, allowing Fouché to have been treacherous, the indiscreet friends of the half-intending dictator did at least as much mischief by their zeal, as Fouché could have done by his duplicity. But indeed, unless the letters of Fouché which are published in the Life to which we have alluded, be an absolute and audacious forgery, they evince a heart and head in their author, which induce us to doubt the fact of his having betrayed Napoleon.

If the Chambers had supported him, Bonaparte meant to have fought it out with the Allies in the centre of France. He was a sanguine gamester, but his eventual project is worth hearing. "We asked the Emperor (says Las Cases) whether, with the concurrence of the Legislative Body, he thought he could have saved France. He replied without hesitation, that he would confidently have undertaken to do so, and that he would have answered for his success. In less than a fortnight, continued he, that is to say, before any considerable mass of the allied force could have assembled before Paris, I should have completed my fortifications, and have collected before the walls of the city, and out of the wrecks of the army, upwards of 80,000 good troops and three hundred pieces of horsed artillery. After a few days firing, the national guard, the federal troops, and the inhabitants of Paris, would have sufficed to defend the intrenchments. I should have had 80,000 disposable troops at my command. It is well known how advantageously I was capable of employing this force. The achievements of 1814 were still fresh in remembrance. Champaubert, Montmirail, Craone, Montereau, were still present in the imagination of our enemies. The same scenes would have revived the prodigies of the preceding year."

It appears by his own confession, that he did not decide upon yielding to the storm till after ideas of a terrible and desperate resistance had passed through his thoughts.

"Will they (the French) he says, ever know all that I suffered during the night that preceded my final decision? In that night of anguish and uncertainty I had to choose between two great courses: the one was to endeavour to save France by a great struggle, and the other was to yield to the general impulse. The measure which I pursued was, I think, most advisable. Friend and enemies, the good and the evil disposed, all were against me, and I stood alone. I surrendered; and my decision being once adopted, it could not be revoked. I am not one who takes half measures; and besides, sovereignty is not to be thrown off and on, like one's cloak. The other course demanded extraordinary severity. It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals, and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed, and then who can tell where we should have stopped? What scenes of horror might not have been renewed! By pursuing this line of conduct should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes, and abominations of every kind with which libellists have already overwhelmed me? Should I not therefore have seemed to justify all that they have been pleased to invent? * * * * For a moment I entertained the idea of resistance. I was on the point of declaring myself permanently at the Tuileries along with my ministers and counsellors of state. I had thoughts of rallying round me the six thousand guards who were in Paris, augmenting them with the best-disposed portion of the National Guard, who were very numerous, and the federate troops of the Fauxbourgs; of adjourning the Legislative Body to Tours or Blois, and thus exerting my efforts, singly as a dictator, for the welfare of the country."

These were Napoleon's thoughts for a time, but his better judgment informed him that farther resistance would be desperate.

On the broad disk of Napoleon's character there are certainly more spots than could be wished, though not so many as malevolence has represented. It would be degrading our ideas of Nature to suppose that she had not imbued a mind of such magnificent powers with some high aspirations for the promotion of human happiness. Accordingly, apart from his victories, or rather in spite of them, he has left many monuments of his zeal for the good of the empire which he commanded. If there were no other, the code of laws which bears his name, would be an immortal monument. His fame, therefore, will shine in history through real tarnishes; and it will dissipate all the imaginary ones which envy and prejudice have excited. Already it has begun to do so. If we have erred in taking up the cause of some of the characters which our author has censured, it is from no wish to side with the bigots against Napoleon's memory. Perhaps the apostles of bigotry can find nothing more to their heart's content than a testament of censures on so many of his contemporaries and countrymen, dictated by Napoleon in the moments of spleen and suffering. Every thing that lowers the men or women of the new school in public estimation, whether a Madame de Stael, or a Talleyrand, or a Fouché, is so much added to their stock of materials for discrediting all innovation. Now, let the eminent characters of modern France, who have happened to displease the Emperor, fall beneath facts, if they can be adduced; but let them not be crushed beneath the mere weight of his authority. Sweeping and hasty proscriptions of public reputations can be of no use at any time. To proscribe the surviving eminent politicians

of France at this crisis must be peculiarly noxious. Neither Fouché nor Talleyrand may be better private moralists than other men, but they are much wiser than the mass; and France would require at this moment the union of all experienced talents. They must be brought back to her cabinet-councils, or France will be lost and Europe endangered.

It is equally desirable, for the sake of purity in public opinion, that the memory of Napoleon himself should not be immolated, as a burnt-offering, to the hatred of the old school of politicians, who hate him only because he sprang out of the revolution. It can be the interest of no liberal man in Europe to overrate him; but it is the deep and express interest of the illiberals to underrate him, because he rose to his power from being the hero of the people, and because the legitimates are preparing to curse Europe with projects, for the execution of which it would be exceedingly convenient for them, if it were possible, that France should forget she ever had a hero. On this account we are sure that right-minded readers of Las Cases will turn with pleasure to those pages of his work, where he endeavours to exhibit the great traits of Napoleon in a calm and unexaggerated light. And in this light the great man seems to be truly pourtrayed, when he is described as presiding for the first time after assuming the Consular government in the Council of State.

"In that body," says our author, "he created a great sensation on becoming First Consul. He constantly presided at the sittings for drawing up the civil code. Tronchet was the soul of this code, and Napoleon was its demonstrator. Tronchet was gifted with a singularly profound and correct understanding, but he could not descend to developements. He spoke badly, and could not defend what he proposed. The whole council at first opposed his suggestions; but Napoleon, with his shrewdness and facility of seizing and treating numerous and new relations, arose, and without any other knowledge of the subject than the correct basis furnished by Tronchet, developed his ideas, set aside objections, and brought every one over to his opinions. The minutes of the council have transmitted to us the extempore speeches of the First Consul, on most of the articles of the civil code. At every line we are struck with the correctness of his observations, the depth of his views, and, in particular, the liberality of his sentiments. Thus, in spite of the opposition that was set up to it, we are indebted to him for that article of the code which enacts that every individual born in France is a Frenchman. He distinguished himself no less by his support of the article which preserves the privileges of Frenchmen to children born of Frenchmen, settled in foreign countries; and this law he extended in spite of powerful opposition. In another debate on the decease of soldiers, some difficulties having arisen relative to those who might fall in a foreign country, the First Consul exclaimed with vivacity—The soldier is never abroad when he is under the national banner. The spot where the standard of France is unfurled becomes French ground."

On the subject of divorce the First Consul was for the adoption of the principle; and spoke at great length on the ground of incompatibility, which it was attempted to repel. It is not very likely that he ever read, or even heard of our Milton's Tetrachordon; yet his ideas on the subject strikingly coincide with those which Milton boldly exhibited in that treatise. Those who are accustomed to be biassed by the prevailing cant, which opposes all liberal doctrines on the plea of religion, will be ready to perceive, in Bonaparte's support of free notions on the

subject of divorce, nothing more than a symptom of his irreligion. But, in point of fact, Milton has defended his theory of divorce on scriptural grounds, or shewn at least that the passages in scripture, alleged in support of our narrow system, afford it no justification. He has adduced the laws of the first Christian Emperors, the opinions of eminent early reformers, and a projected statute of Edward the Sixth, as proofs that some of the most enlightened and religious men have thought the power of divorce ought not to be rigidly restricted to those causes, which render the nuptial state unfruitful, or which taint it with a spurious offspring. Regarding mutual support and comfort as the principal objects of this union, he contends, that whatever [illegible] of these ends, essentially vitiates the contract, and must necessarily justify its dissolution. "What God hath joined (it is often repeated) let no man put asunder. But here," says Milton, "the Christian prudence lies to consider what God hath joined. Shall we say that God hath joined error, fraud, unfitness, wrath, contention, perpetual loneliness, perpetual discord?"—"Unfitness and contrariety (he observes in another treatise on divorce) frustrate and nullify for ever, unless it be a rare chance, all the good and peace of wedded conversation, and leave nothing between them enjoyable, but a savage and prone necessity, not worth the name of marriage, unaccompanied with love."—Milton's Tetrachordon and Colasterion.

With unconscious similarity of sentiments, Napoleon pleaded on the same subject in the Council of State:

"It is pretended, (said he) that divorce is contrary to the interests of women and children; but nothing is more at variance to the interests of married persons, when their humours are incompatible, than to reduce them to the alternative of either living together, or of separating with publicity. Nothing is more opposite to domestic happiness than a divided family." . When opposing the drawing up of an article, to specify the causes for which divorce would be admissible, he said, "But is it not a great misfortune to be compelled to expose these causes, and to reveal even the most minute and private family details? Besides, will these causes, even in the event of their real existence be always sufficient to obtain divorce? That of adultery, for instance, can only be successfully maintained by proofs, which it is always very difficult, and sometimes even impossible to produce. Yet the husband, who should not be able to bring forward these proofs, would be compelled to live with a woman he abhors and despises, and who introduces illegitimate children into his family. His only resource would be separation from bed and board, but this would not shield his name from dishonour."

Resuming the support of the principle of divorce, and opposing certain restrictions, he continued, "Marriage is not always, as is supposed, the result of affection. A young female consents to marry for the sake of conforming to the fashion, and obtaining independence and an establishment of her own. She accepts a husband of a disproportionate age, and whose tastes and habits do not accord with hers. The law then should provide for her a resource against the moment when, the illusion having ceased, she finds that she is united in ill-assorted bonds, and that her expectations have been deceived.

"Marriage takes its form from the manners, customs, and religion, of every people. Thus its forms are not everywhere alike. In some countries, wives and concubines live under the same roof; and slaves are treated like children: the organization of families is therefore not deduced from the law of Nature. The marriages of the Romans were not like those of the French.

"The precautions established by law for preventing persons from contracting unthinkingly, at the age of fifteen or eighteen, an engagement which extends to the whole of their lives, are certainly wise. But are they sufficient?

"That after ten years passed in wedlock, divorce should not be admitted but for very weighty reasons, is also a proper regulation. Since, however, marriages contracted in early youth are rarely the choice of the parties themselves, but are brought about by their families for interested views, it is proper that, if the parties themselves perceive that they are not formed for one another, they should be enabled to dissolve a union on which they had no opportunity of reflecting. The facility thus afforded them, however, should not tend to favour either levity or passion. It should be surrounded by every precaution, and every form calculated to prevent its abuse. The parties, for example, might be heard by a secret family council, held under the presidency of the magistrate. In addition to this, it might, if thought necessary, be determined that a woman should only once be allowed to procure divorce, and that she should not be suffered to re-marry in less than five years after, lest the idea of a second marriage should induce her to dissolve the first. That, after married persons have lived together for ten years, the dissolution should be rendered very difficult, &c

"To grant divorce only account of adultery publicly proved, is to proscribe it completely; for, on the one hand, few cases of adultery can be proved, and, on the other, there are few men shameless enough to expose the infamy of their wives. Besides, it would be scandalous, and contrary to the honour of the nation, to reveal the scenes that pass in some families; it might be concluded, though erroneously, that they afford a picture of our French manners."

Our author reports Napoleon's conversations on all the great events of his reign. It is satisfactory to find him regretting his attempt to subjugate St. Domingo. Respecting the business of Spain, we find him acknowledging that he ought to have given a liberal Constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution—not his brother Joseph, who of all men had the qualities least fit to support a daring outrage on the principles of succession. That there was injustice in setting aside Ferdinand, the Emperor undauntedly owns; but contends that posterity would have extolled his design if it had succeeded, on account of the vast and happy results which it would have brought. By the failure of his plans the outrage appears stript of all loftiness in idea, and of the numerous benefits which it was his intention to confer. But, if there was outrage on the Spanish succession, he solemnly maintains that it was open and not insidious aggression; and that in no instance was there any breach of faith, any perfidy or falsehood, and what is more, there was no occasion for them. The Royal personages of Spain, he affirms, were not brought to Bayonne by stratagem, but by choice, and by rival eagerness—the party of Charles, to obtain vengeance on Ferdinand, and Ferdinand, to obtain protection from the Emperor, and a wife at his hands. At Valency, he says, Ferdinand was scarcely guarded, and did not wish to escape. An Irishman, Baron de Colli, gained access to his person, and offered, in the name of George III. to carry him off; but Ferdinand, far from embracing the offer, instantly communicated it to the proper authorities. Las Cases gives a letter, in which the Emperor blames the Duke of Berg for his precipitate entrance into Madrid. It is dated nine days after that fatal event. It would be well for the French ultras to peruse that epistle, in which Napoleon seems to forebode the disasters of his own cause in Spain, though he was then (in 1808) at the very height of his military power; because Spain (he says) has an hundred thousand men in arms,—a force more than necessary to carry on an internal war with advantage.

In speaking of the Russian war, Napoleon appears to throw the blame on a fatal precipitancy and want of tact on the part of the diplomatists on both sides. For some time a misunderstanding had arisen between France and Russia; France reproaching Russia with a violation of the Continental system, and Russia requiring an indemnification for the Duke of Oldenburg, besides preferring other pretensions. Troops had been collecting for some time, yet he was still far from being determined on war, when, all of a sudden, a new Russian army commenced its march towards the Duchy of Warsaw, and an ultimatum, couched in an insolent note, was presented by the Russian Ambassador, threatening to quit Paris in eight days, which the French Emperor considered as a declaration of war. It was long since he had been accustomed to this tone, and he was not in the habit of allowing himself to be anticipated, and he commenced his march; but, when he reached the frontier, he considered it his duty, though Russia had declared war by withdrawing her ambassador, to send his (Lauriston) to the Emperor Alexander at Wilna:—he was rejected, and the war commenced. Yet, who could credit it? (he adds) Alexander and myself were in the situation of two bullies, who, without wishing to fight, were endeavouring to terrify each other. I would most willingly have maintained peace—I was surrounded and overwhelmed with unfavourable circumstances—Alexander was still less eager for war than myself: but Romanzoff had assured his master that the moment was come, when Napoleon, to avoid embarrassments, would readily make some sacrifices to avoid war; and that the favourable occasion was not to be lost for obtaining indemnity for the Duke of Oldenburg—for acquiring Dantzick, and thus giving an immense weight to Russia in the scale of Europe. Such, Bonaparte alleges, was the cause of the movement of the Russian troops, and of the insolent note of Prince Kurakin, who, doubtless, was not in the secret, and who had been foolish enough to execute his instructions in too literal a way. Scarcely had the campaign opened, when Alexander despatched a messenger to Napoleon, offering to enter on negotiations, if his antagonist would fall back as far as the Niemen. Napoleon affirms, that, had he been convinced of Alexander's sincerity, he would have doubtless acceded to his proposition; but he took it for a stratagem. It is impossible to read this apology, be it true or false, and to recollect the tremendous scenes of human calamity that succeeded, without a sentiment of horror at the idea of the destinies of men being dependent on the calculations of arbiters so fallible even according to their own account. Surely the civilized world will one day provide, that questions of war and peace shall be matters at least of public and national deliberation.

We turn from political to other topics of Napoleon's conversation, with no other apology for abrupt transition than that the work itself is a tissue of desultory materials. Whatever may be thought of Napoleon's portraits of individual characters, his abstracted ethical observations bear the high impress of his bold and original mind. With all his consciousness of talent, the dying and discrowned Emperor is not a misanthrope in his moral theory; on the contrary, he speaks of the prospects of mankind with bursts of inspired eloquence. On hearing of certain events in Europe (the precursors of the Bourbon invasion of Spain) he rose from his couch, and, stamping his foot on the ground, exclaimed,

"How unfortunate was I in not proceeding to America. From the other hemisphere I might have protected France against re-action; the dread of my re-appearance would have been a check on their violence and folly. But the atmosphere of modern ideas is sufficient to stifle the old feudalists; for henceforth nothing can efface or destroy the grand principles of our revolution. We have washed away their first stains in the flood of glory, and they will henceforth be immortal. Liberal ideas flourish in Great Britain—they enlighten America—and they are nationalized in France; and this may be called the tripod, whence issues the light of the world. Liberal opinions will rule the universe. They will become the religion, the morality of all nations; and, in spite of all that may be advanced to the contrary, this memorable era will be inseparably connected with my name."

Napoleon's literary criticism forms a surprising trait in his conversation. He seems to judge of, and understand, a book with the same rapidity and accuracy of perception with which he looked on the movements of a battle. Had he lectured at the Lyceum, he would beat La Harpe as hollow as he beat old Wurmser in Italy.

How just and short is his character of the *Mahomet* of Voltaire.

"Voltaire," said the Emperor, "in the character and conduct of his hero, has departed both from nature and history. He has degraded Mahomet, by making him descend to the lowest intrigues. He has represented a great man, who changed the face of the world, acting like a scoundrel, worthy of the gallows. He has no less absurdly travestied the character of Omar—which he has drawn like that of a cut-throat in a melodram. Voltaire committed a fundamental error in attributing to intrigue that which was solely the result of opinion. Those who have wrought great changes in the world, have never succeeded by gaining over chiefs, but always by exciting the multitude: the first is there source of intrigue, and produces only secondary results; the second is the resort of genius, and transforms the face of the universe."

The beauties of Homer reached him even through translation; and he selects those traits in the Homeric muse which evince his admiration to have been enlightened and unaffected. He was fond, too, of reading the Bible. One day after dinner, says Las Cases, the Emperor asked us what he should read, and we all decided on the Scriptures. This is certainly edifying, said Napoleon; it would never be guessed in Europe. He read to us the book of Joshua—observing almost at every town or village that he named, "I encamped there—I carried that place by assault—I gave battle here," &c.

It was a matter of surprise at the time of Napoleon's first abdication, that he had not bargained for the possession of his native island, instead Elba; as it was generally believed that he might have obtained the one as easily as the other. The humour of the moment, he said, decided him against retiring to Corsica; or rather the fear of its being said that he had provided a proper asylum for himself, and for none of his friends. But he spoke of the place of his birth with affection. He dwelt much on the charms of his native country, which, from his early recollections, was to him superior to any other spot in the world. *He thought that the very smell of the earth would enable him to distinguish his native land, even were he conducted blindfold to her shores.* None but the native of a mountainous country, or one who associates the recollections of youth with that peculiar fragrance which the herbs of the mountains give to the air, can have a full conception of the touching force of these words: they are affectingly poetical. Had Rogers heard them in his

youth, his fine genius would have incorporated them in English poetry by using them as an illustration of the "*Pleasures of Memory.*"

In coming thus near to the close of our limits, we ought perhaps to feel some contrition for having dissertated throughout so much of this article, instead of having made it the pure vehicle of quotations from a work on so interesting a subject--a work pourtraying the familiar hours and the eclipsed grandeur of the hero, whose name not only excites our most momentous recollections of the past, but involuntarily plunges our thoughts into the future. He is a subject not likely for many years to pass on the public curiosity. Many people wondered that his death created so little sensation; but they were mistaken if they argued from thence that it was of little importance. The changes of fate in the moral world are often as silently performed as the vicissitudes of light and darkness on the face of external nature. Bonaparte's death may be negatively the cause of as great results as his life. Whilst he lived, the bare fact of his drawing the breath of existence left room for contingencies sufficient to affect the fate of nations. His rest in the grave permits events at this moment to go on, which would not proceed were he known to exist even at the bottom of a dungeon. It has unchained the ruling powers of the earth to act with a contempt of popular opinion, and with an insolence towards England, as the representative of free government, in which they durst not have otherwise indulged. One would think the Three Gentlemen of Verona had got drunk in celebrating his funeral. England would have sobered them by simply shaking at them the leash in which she held her captive. How would the blasphemous invokers of the God of St. Louis have skipt at the threat of England restoring him to liberty!

After all, the world of reality presents *denouements* in its moral drama more wonderful than fiction can surpass. In our own remembrance, what was so formidable as Napoleon, and what prospects of a happy millennium were not anticipated from his fall! It has turned out, however, that the nations of Europe have differed in their notions of the circumstances that were to constitute this millennium. The prostitute political writers of Vienna,--such as Gentz and Frederick Schlegel—the sophists of slavery and manufacturers of the Yarbuch, who denominate the love of liberty "the English malady"--those men pictured the future peace of the world as likely to consist in the castles of feudalism being rebuilt, and the human mind retiring back to the faith and ignorance of the middle ages. The Bourbons, who completely falsify the proverb that experience teaches fools, proposed to open the reign of the Saints by a few pious and well regulated massacres of the patriots in Spain—whilst the Emperor of Russia dreamed that the golden age was to be illustrated by his possession of Constantinople and the Balearic Islands, and by his being empowered to let loose a few myriads of Tartars, with horse collops under their saddles, to settle, on any given emergency, the forms of government in Europe according to Calmuc ideas of civilization. This proposed state of things, however, has not exactly accorded with the ideas of Englishmen. The nation which rescued all the other governments of Europe, when they were kicked, licked, and trampled upon by Napoleon, is now perhaps the nation that, next to France, regrets his not being still alive.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. II.

Hampton Court.

In visiting, for the purpose of examining its treasures of Art, this once favourite residence of a King's favourite, and since then the chosen abode of a whole line of kings themselves, it is scarcely possible to avoid recurring, for a moment, to its former state, and contrasting that with its present forlorn and forsaken condition. They are as strikingly different from each other as were the fortunes of its first master, Wolsey. Here that most fortunate and unfortunate of mankind—more magnificent in his elevation than the Prince who raised him to that high estate, and more mean in his fall than the same Prince, who, "for something, or for nothing," cast him down in a moment, lower than the lowliness from which he had been lifted—here Wolsey once enjoyed a degree of power, and exhibited a degree of splendour, that no subject ever before possessed in a Christian land. Some conception of the magnificence of Wolsey's means, when he was in favour, may be formed from a satirical poem written upon him by one Roy, a brother priest:

> "Doth he then on mules ryde?
> Yea—and that with so shameful pryde
> That to tell it is not possible,
> More like a god celestiall
> Than any creature mortall,
> With worldly pomp incredible."

He continues to describe the manner in which "dayly he proceedeth forthe." What follows is but a small part of the detail.

> "Then hath he servauntes fyve or six score,
> Some behinde and some before,
> A marvelous greet companye,
> Of which are lordes and gentlemen,
> With many gromes and yemen,
> And also knaves among."

He adds afterwards,

> "Hath the Cardinal any mansion?
> Greet palaces, without comparison,
> Most glorious of outward sight,
> And within decked poynt-device,
> More lyke unto a paradyce
> Than an erthely habitacion."

Another contemporary poet*, speaking of this palace in particular, says,

> "The kynges court
> Should have the excellence;
> But Hampton-court
> Hath the pre-eminence."

If the words of others must be sought to tell of Wolsey's greatness, let his own words and actions speak his fall. When the brutal tyrant,

---

* John Skelton, the laureat, who paid for his temerity in ridiculing the all-powerful favourite, by his liberty for the rest of his life. He was obliged, in order to avoid a worse fate, to seek shelter from the Cardinal's fury in the only place where it was then to be found, namely, the sanctuary of the church. He betook himself to the precincts of Westminster Abbey, where he remained till his death. Laureats know better now-a-days. If they do offend kings and their favourites, it must be [illegible]

his master,—after having taken him from his houses, and seized upon them, and all the treasures *they* contained—sent a mocking message after him, to induce him to suppose that he would soon be restored to the royal favour, the equally contemptible servant alighted from his mule, and falling on his knees in the dirt, threw himself into an attitude of impious thanksgiving to heaven. Perhaps, if Wolsey did not deserve his rise, he still less deserved his fall—until he *had* fallen. But certainly he did nothing that called for the manner in which he was, as it were, kicked from the pedestal of his greatness. From the more than princely splendours of Hampton Court and York Place, he was compelled to retire to where there was "neither beds nor sheets, tablecloths nor dishes to eat their meat, nor money wherewith to buy any." These are his own words. He said afterwards, on taking leave of his late dependents, "But now it is come to pass, that it hath pleased the king to take all that I have into his own hands, so that I have now nothing to give you, for I have nothing left me but the bare clothes on my back." It had been well for him if he had never possessed more than even *they* were worth; for the poet whom I have quoted above as describing his "dayly going forthe," speaks of his *shoes* as having cost a fortune in themselves:—

> "He hath a payre of costly shewes,
> Which seldom touche eny grounde,
> They are so goodly and curious,
> All of golde and stones precious,
> Costynge many a thousand pownde."

Such was the change in the condition of the first master of these princely halls; and the change in their own state is little less striking. From perpetually echoing to the more than regal revelries by which Wolsey's unbounded wealth enabled him to further the views of his equally unbounded ambition, they have come to be as silent as their dead master's tomb: from witnessing the proud airs and peerless glances of court beauties, and reflecting back the humble whispers of supplicating lovers, they have come to find their best boast in the painted effigies of those beauties that hang upon their otherwise bare walls; and they have nothing to listen to but the hurried footsteps of a single domestic, who passes through them daily to wipe away the dust from their untrodden floors, only that it may collect there again; or the unintelligible jargon of a superannuated dependent, as he describes to a few straggling visitors (without looking at either) the objects of art that have been deposited in them, like treasures in a tomb.

The mention of these latter leads me to remember, that it is with *them* alone I have to do; and I proceed to my task accordingly.

I would willingly commence my detail of the pictures here, by noticing the miscellaneous part of the collection—for how shall I be able to appreciate that part justly after having been rapt, as I anticipate that I shall be, into a dream of admiration, at the sight of the Cartoons—those wondrous emanations of one of the divinest minds that ever informed a human frame, or guided a human hand? I would willingly have kept these extraordinary pictures as the closing subject of this paper, so as to have left such an impression of *them* on the reader's mind as they never fail to leave on mine when I visit them—to the exclusion of all others. But this would scarcely be fair, if it were prac-

ticable—which I feel that it is not; for if I were not to notice these first, and thus lift, as it were, the burthen of their beauty off my mind, it would haunt and press upon me all the while I was attempting to describe the others, and I should fail to do justice to my own feelings respecting either.

I hear that these productions have been much and often criticised—that they have been written and talked about over and over again, till there is little left to say of them that has not been said before. I know nothing of all this—it may be so, or it may not; but I must not suffer this consideration to frighten me from fulfilling, in the best manner I can, the task I have undertaken. I must not decline to notice these works for no other reason than because it appears that they are more attractive of notice than any others. I have tied myself "to the stake, and I must fight the course." "What's he that was not born of woman?" Such a one may hope to do the Cartoons heaped justice; that is to say, to write about them as well as they are painted. But till such a one be found, let no one, who can approach them with a proper share of humble and admiring love, fear to speak what he feels about them. If, in endeavouring to do so, I should repeat what others have said before me, the reader may, if he pleases, accept such coincidence as an evidence that we both are right; and if, on the other hand, I should say what has *not* been said before, he may be assured that all has not been yet said about them that ought to be said—still less all that *may* be said. However, I had, perhaps, better spare the reader, as well as myself, the trouble of anticipating objections that are not likely to be made. The nature of these papers frequently compels me to say but a few words about objects that might claim several pages to do them full justice: so that I need not fear being accused of saying too much on any point, if what I do say on it should be deemed at all appropriate.

The spectator of the Cartoons will be woefully disappointed if he expects to fall in love with them at first sight. As they themselves are among the highest triumphs of art, so, duly to feel and appreciate their transcendent excellencies, is among the highest triumphs of a judicious cultivation of the senses and the imagination. One step towards that triumph I will venture to lead the uninitiated reader, by telling him that he must earnestly and sincerely *desire* to appreciate the Cartoons, before he can appreciate them; and that, in fact, he must learn to love them in a certain degree, before they "will seem worthy of his love."

As there are various prints of these wonderful productions, I shall of course not speak of them in detail, but shall simply remark that expression—depth, intensity, variety, consistency, and above all, *unity* of expression—is their grand characteristic. And this extends not only to the animated objects that they represent, but to the most apparently insignificant details that are introduced into them. The *hands* of the "Paul preaching at Athens," are scarcely less eloquent and inspired than his countenance; and the very folds of his mantle speak as with a tongue. The storks that are seen on the shore, in "the Miraculous Draught of Fishes," stand on tiptoe and clap their wings expectantly, as if the miracle had been worked for *them* alone; and the littleness of the boat in this picture (which has, I believe, been remarked on as preposterously *out of keeping* with the persons whom

t contains) is so contrived purposely, in order to give a grandeur to the figures and an expansion to the sea, that they could have acquired by no other means. Let the pseudo-critic, who objects to this fine application of poetical license, calculate the size that the boat in question ought to have been, on his principle—the figures being nearly as large as life; and then, if he happens to be an artist, let him paint us a picture on the same subject accordingly—his canvass being the size of that we are speaking of: Alas! his picture will be *all boat*,—figures, storks, fishes, sea, miracle and all, going for nothing. Is *this* what he would have, in place of the magnificent work before us?—In "Elymas the sorcerer stricken with blindness," the sentiment of astonished and bewildered deprivation pervades every part of the figure, and speaks in every line of the countenance: his very soul seems stricken with blindness as well as his body.—I mention these as instances of the astonishing unity of expression prevalent in these works—infused into them, perhaps in a great degree unconsciously, on the part of the painter; but the more rather than the less admirable on that account, as evincing the absolute interfusion of the artist's spirit into that of the subject he was engaged upon—the entire subduing of all the faculties of his mind, "even to the very quality" of that which was "its lord" for the time being. Raffaelle's genius possessed this power of self-adaptation more than that of any other modern, except Shakspeare. He possessed it, indeed, in an infinitely inferior degree to Shakspeare, in point of extent and variety; but where it did reach, it was not inferior even to his. It may fairly be conjectured too, that Raffaelle limited the exercise of his genius consciously and purposely to subjects in which grandeur, grace, and beauty were predominant; and that, if he had attained to the ordinary age of man, he would have practised and excelled in other departments of his art, no less than he did in these. In proof of this opinion, I would instance the figures of the two afflicted persons, in the Cartoon of the Beautiful Gate. Nothing can be finer in their way—that is to say, more absolutely *true*—than the expressions of these two figures; and yet nothing can be more shocking and disgusting. But my space warns me that I must quit abruptly these divine works. And after all, perhaps a necessity of this kind is the best plea that can in any case be made for doing so; for there is no other reason why one should ever leave off, when once he begins to write or talk about them. The "Paul preaching at Athens" might, of itself, be made the study of a life: it contains such a collection of heads as is not to be found together in the world besides, and every one of which is worthy of an essay on its individual character, and its connexion with the others that surround it. Leaving these works, then, to the attention and admiration of the student, (for every one must be a *student* of them before he can have any chance of appreciating them justly) I pass on to point out the other remarkable works in this gallery.

The first room into which we are introduced is the Guard-room, containing the portraits of eighteen English admirals, painted by Kneller and Dahl. As works of art, these portraits have no great merit; but they cannot be looked at without interest—particularly those of the brave Benbow, and the famous Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who

entered the navy as a cabin-boy, and quitted it (at his death) as its commander-in-chief.

In the second room—the Presence-chamber—we find another set of portraits by Kneller, of the beauties of the English court. Kneller excelled in depicting female charms, and we have here a rich galaxy of them. Nothing can be superior to two or three of these faces, as specimens of purely English loveliness.

The third room, called the Second Presence-chamber, is enriched with two pictures of first-rate excellence; a portrait of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke, and a portrait of Bacio Bandinelli, by Correggio. The first of these is one of the finest specimens we have of Vandyke's admirable *reflections* (for such they are) of the look, air, and carriage of persons moving in a certain rank of life. The horse, too, is nobly painted, even for this distinguished artist; and nobody ever painted horses like him; at least, horses of a certain class—for he could not paint them without a look of the *manège* about them, any more than he could paint men and women without a look of the court. He was at once the most natural and artificial of artists—natural to a degree of absolute perfection, provided his subjects included a sufficient degree of refinement and art.

Correggio's portrait of Bandinelli is no less remarkable on account of its intrinsic merit, than of its rarity in point of subject—this artist having seldom descended from his habitual contemplation of ideal beauty, to paint the realities that he saw before him. The picture is a very elaborate one; as it represents Bandinelli in his studio, and includes several pieces of sculpture, particularly a head of Hercules, and a small broken statue of a female; both of which are made conspicuous objects in the picture, and indeed in some measure take from the due prominence and importance of the principal figure. The work has much the look of a Rembrandt: which is remarkable, considering that, generally speaking, no two painters ever differed from each other more essentially than these, both in their theories and their practice of the art. But the truth is, in this instance Correggio painted what he saw, as Rembrandt did in all instances when he was painting a portrait; and therefore Correggio has in this instance painted like Rembrandt.

In the next room, the Audience-chamber, we find four pictures worthy of attention. By the by, the visitors of this gallery will do well to pay but little regard to what their *guide* tells them, particularly in this room. He points out here a portrait of Titian's uncle, which he says is *not* painted by Titian, and a grand picture of the Cornaro family, which he says *is* by Titian; whereas exactly the reverse is the case. The Cornaro family is a most interesting work, but it is no more than a copy painted by Stone, from the original picture by Titian, at present, I believe, at Northumberland-house. The picture represents Cornaro himself (author of the curious little book on Health), his son, his grandson, and seven noble boys, sons of the latter. The original is perhaps the noblest family-piece ever painted by Titian, and the work before us is a very clever copy of it. The original was once in the possession of Vandyke, and was purchased of him by an ancestor of the present Duke of Marlborough. The portraits of Titian's uncle and of himself are both painted by Titian, and are worthy of him; that of

himself, in particular, will be viewed with peculiar interest, as it shews him to have looked not unworthy of his fame: it shews (as in the case of Raffaelle) that Titian the man looked like Titian the painter. In this room there is one other fine picture, a battle-piece, by Julio Romano, designed with uncommon skill, and painted with corresponding spirit.

The next apartment is the King's Drawing-room. We have here an extremely fine whole length of Charles I. by Vandyke, considered as the best likeness of him extant, and engraved by Sir Robert Strange. Also a picture of the Nine Muses by Tintoret, which has some very admirable painting in it. The figure on the right, with the whole of the back turned to the spectator, is exceedingly fine, both as to conception, drawing, and colouring—indeed, it is one of the very finest things of the kind I am acquainted with in Art. The descending figure, in the left corner of the picture, is not much inferior.

The State Bedchamber follows, in which there is nothing calling for particular remark, except a lovely portrait, by Lely, of Anne Hyde, the beauty who figures so conspicuously in the annals of Charles the Second's court, first as the inflexible daughter of the Chancellor, and afterwards as wife to the Heir Presumptive.

In the King's Dressing-room, which is next in succession, we find several valuable cabinet-works. I will name, in particular, four portraits by Holbein, of Henry VIII., Francis I., Erasmus, and Madame Vaux--all combining his intense truth of expression with his curious finishing. Also a pretty little gem, by L. da Vinci, of Christ and St. John, as infants; and three Polembergs, two of which are less tasteless and disagreeable than this much-overrated artist's works usually are. The other pictures in this small room are very indifferent, except an interior of a church by Neefs, with a subject in the foreground by Old Franks, representing The Woman taken in adultery.

In the next room, the King's Writing-closet, there are several pictures, cabinet and others, but none that strike me as deserving particular mention. Not so in the room which follows, called Queen Mary's Work-closet. Here is an extremely interesting picture, representing the two sons of the Earl and Countess of Lennox. The picture is painted by a French artist named de Lucie, and dated 1563; but it is in every respect equal to, and extremely like, some of Holbein's best works of this kind; in the faces, in particular, there is infinite truth, spirit, and nature, united to the most elaborate finishing. This room also contains a lovely half-length of Mrs. Leman by Lely; one of Anne Boleyn, by Holbein; a capital portrait of a Spanish lady, by Seb. del Piombo; two fine heads by Guercino; and a most interesting portrait of John de Bellini, the master of Titian and Giorgione, painted by himself.

Queen Mary's State Bedchamber is the next we are to notice—the intermediate room between this and the last being filled with tapestry. I do not call to mind any thing of particular merit in this apartment, except the Saint-Jerome, by Albert Durer; which must be looked upon as one of the greatest rarities in the collection; though its rarity strikes me as being its chief attraction. It is, however, a most curious specimen of early art, and, though painted four hundred years ago, is as fresh and perfect as a picture of yesterday.

The only other works I shall notice in this collection are, a fine

whole-length of the Countess of Lenox, by Holbein, in the Queen's Audience-chamber; and three great pictures on Scripture subjects, by Sebastian Ricci, in the ball-room; which latter possess considerable merit, both in expression and colouring. —The Bacchus and Ariadne is a copy from Guido.

In taking leave of the works of art collected at Hampton Court, I should mention that it is chiefly in virtue of the Cartoons that I have considered this gallery worthy to be ranked among the distinguished British Galleries of Art; for though it possesses several other works of great value and interest as individual objects, yet it is altogether incomplete as a general collection —exhibiting many pictures of no value at all, and being entirely deficient in specimens of three-fourths of the great Italian, as well as Flemish and French masters. But, notwithstanding this, while Hampton Court possesses the Cartoons of Raffaelle, it must ever continue to be one of the first and most important points to which the student as well as the amateur of art will direct his attention.

Shall I be deemed impertinently travelling out of my road, if I close this paper, as I have commenced it, by directing the visitor's attention to the palace itself, and the courtly shades, the grand avenues, the cultured walks, and above all, the apparently eternal evergreens that surround it?—Here, too, was born Edward VI.; and here the youth resided when he became nominal monarch. Here (having seized upon it from the dismissed favourite, to apply it to his own purposes) Henry VIII. used frequently to hold his court, making it the scene of his merry Christmas festivities; and here similar festivities, consisting of masques, mummings, tournaments, and the like, were held successively by Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth. It was here that Charles I. took leave of his children for the last time; and here took place, on the very same spot, the marriage of Cromwell's daughter with Lord Falconberg. The royal courts have been occasionally held here from that period up to the reign of George II.

In the immediate environs of this palace, and the road leading to and passing through it, there is an air and appearance that I know not how to describe, otherwise than by calling it *courtly*. You feel, without knowing why, that you are in the neighbourhood of greatness; and all things that you see correspond with (or perhaps it is they that excite) this feeling. The great, wide, yet unfrequented road, worn only in the middle, and grown with grass on the sides—the great walls that line the wide pathways on either hand—and the great stately elms that stand out here and there, almost into the middle of the road, as you see them no where else—all this gives an imposing appearance that I do not remember to have observed elsewhere. Upon the whole, there are few spots in the neighbourhood of London more worthy of a day's visit, than Hampton Court.

ON MUSIC.

No. 1.—With reference to the Principles of the Beautiful in that Art.

Music, unlike Sculpture and Painting, is a fine art, entirely the offspring of the human intellect and feeling; the latter are essentially imitative arts, while Music, a wonderful structure in its present state of perfection, stands proudly the absolute creation of man. This perfection, however, the gradual accumulation of ages of progressive improvement, is more felt than understood; and there are writers of unquestionable judgment and taste who have expressed strong doubts, whether the art rests upon laws common to other fine arts, and whether there are any fixed principles of the Beautiful, by which Music can be judged or governed.

These doubts seem to acquire strength by a comparison of European music, in its present cultivated state, with the music which is admired in other countries, not altogether uncivilized; or with the few relics we possess of the music of the Ancient Greeks. The latter, no one will deny, carried architecture, sculpture, poetry, eloquence, and other arts, requiring the union of refined intellect with taste and a genial elevation of the mind, to a height so little approached by the moderns, that their labours in them are still revered as models. In painting, too, they were probably our superiors. Without attaching implicit faith to the glowing accounts, left us by the Greeks themselves, of the excellence of their paintings, it is reasonable to infer from the Grecian statues, basso-relievos and cameos, that in the arts of design and grouping they excelled the moderns; and some of the paintings rescued from Herculaneum and Pompeii, which are, evidently, only copies of worthier originals, sufficiently bespeak a high degree of excellence in the art of colouring.

What, then, are we to judge of the music of the Greeks? Had they in that art alone made less advances towards perfection? They have not only handed down to us many accounts of the wonderful effects of their music, and of the great excellence of their singers and performers, but have left us theoretical works on music, which shew the deep researches they had made into the art. They had not only firmly established its *matériel* by the most profound and correct enquiries into the proportions of musical sounds, but, reasoning with their national acuteness upon the logical and philosophical branches of the art, had deduced numerous rules regarding the conduct of melody, rhythm, and other component parts of a general theory of music. They went so far as to establish scales suited to different purposes of expression, some of which the best modern singer is incapable of intonating or even comprehending.

These people, then, must have carried music to great perfection: and what sort of music can it have been? how should we like it now? These are questions which naturally obtrude themselves, but upon which a great diversity of opinion has at all times prevailed, and which probably will never be satisfactorily decided. Two or three Greek songs have been preserved, and pretty correctly decyphered. Perhaps they were not first-rate compositions, although one comes to us with tolerably authentic recommendations as to its merit in the esti-

mation of contemporaries. On trying to vocalize them—even the attempt is disheartening—what a disappointment seizes the most enthusiastic admirer of Grecian art! What a strange combination of sounds! What an unaccountable commixture of treble and common time, how lame and unsatisfactory the cadences!—to a *modern* ear!

To judge from these relics of an art carried very far indeed, it would seem that Grecian beauty in music must have been widely different from the ideas entertained on this subject by the moderns; and, on the other hand, it is equally probable that no love would be found to be lost between the parties, if it were possible to treat a contemporary of Pericles with a favourite and "much-admired" stave of the moderns. If Aristoxenus could be prevailed upon to leave his present quarters on the other side of the Styx, and to accept an order from Mr. Ebers for the pit of the King's Theatre, what would he say of the grand finale in Don Giovanni? We fancy we hear the Tarentine harmonist exclaim with disdain, "What means this chaos of confusion, this stunning noise? The orgies of the Bacchæ are soothing harmonies compared with this howling uproar of the very Eumenidæ themselves. Oh! Orpheus, and thou Delian Apollo! how deplorably do these barbarians prostitute the divine art ye have taught mortals on sacred Hellenic soil." We can see the Grecian harmonist hurry from the pit in disgust, without waiting for the *divertissement*, call a hackney chariot, and direct Jarvis to drive him the nearest way back to Charon's stairs (one of the fares omitted in Mr. Quaiff's book).

Of Aristoxenus and his Greeks, we evidently can make nothing that will assist our purpose of musical comparison; let us turn to other nations on the globe, and see what their music will do for us in our search after some fixed principle of beauty in the art. The choice, unfortunately, is but very scanty. The Christian nations in Europe, and their colonies in other quarters of the globe, have, with some national shades of distinction, the same sort of music, the same notation of staves, and crotchets, and quavers, the same theory, where theory is to be found at all. And here we cannot help expressing, by the way, our wonder and admiration at this universality of written language in music—an advantage of which no other science can boast A cavatina of Rossini's, inclosed in a letter to Quebec, Calcutta, Lima, Cape-Town, Kamschatka, or Batavia, is read at sight, and sung with equal facility at all those places.

But the countries where music, if it be found established upon any sort of system at all, rests upon principles different from our own, are very few in number; and unfortunately whatever they may offer in the way of the art, is but little known to us. Few travellers have known enough of music to give us any satisfactory account of the state of the science, however rude, in such countries. Indeed had the case been otherwise, the harvest, however curious in some few particulars, would probably have been very scanty.

Modern Greece and Turkey, Abyssinia, Persia, Hindoostan, and China, we apprehend, are the only countries where an inquisitive and competent traveller might gather a few gleanings indicative of any system in music; but we doubt much whether on this head any thing is to be met with in books beyond loose and unsatisfactory notices. Our own reading, at least, has not procured us any very material or

available information. Some few national airs which we have seen, supposing them to be authentic, and correctly noted down (which latter circumstance is liable to doubt), are by no means calculated to impress the European amateur with a high idea of their music. These specimens, besides, are too few in number; but such as they are, they appear, generally, very plain, meagre, unrhythmical, and formed upon an imperfect scale. The Chinese scale, within the limits of the octave, seems to consist of but *five* notes instead of seven, the Fourth and Seventh being wanting; and, what must be deemed singularly curious, it precisely corresponds with the scale perceptible in the old Scotch tunes, of which a correct idea may be formed by striking, backwards or forwards, the short keys of an octave on the pianoforte, and devising melodies with the same.

Of Modern Greek and Turkish music, we have ourselves heard specimens on the spot. Both nations possess the means of notation. The Turkish music is scarcely worth mentioning; it consists of some scanty traditionary scraps of the former Arabic science, with some intermixture from the Modern Greek. The Ottoman regiments have their military music, if it can be dignified with that name. It consists of various wind-instruments, seldom of the same pitch, all which play *unisono*, in a rough, shrieking, and wild style, *apparently* little calculated to inspire military ardour: nevertheless it set the men marching with gaiety and apparent delight. They evidently enjoyed the *sweet* sounds. And why should we wonder? Does not that woful droner, the bagpipe, produce the same effect with our Highland regiments? Even the officers, although they may be familiar with Mozart and Haydn, cannot help an emotion of inward satisfaction. Music, after all, is a puzzle.

The first Modern Greek air we heard sung in the Levant appeared to us, a tune totally unintelligible and ridiculous. On a repetition, and on hearing other Greek melodies, we found reason to qualify our first opinion. We began to perceive that their merit, or demerit, could not be fully judged by the standard of instruction in our possession. These melodies were not "bassed," like ours, upon the harmony of the common chord, or indeed upon any harmony. The great third (we mean *our* great third, the mediant $\frac{64}{80}$) was obviously not in any of these tunes. Their third was the diton $\frac{64}{81}$ of their Hellenic ancestors, who had very justly classed it among the discords. Considering that *our* mediant, or harmonic third, presents itself three times within the limits of an octave, and, of course, not once in a whole Greek melody, this canonical discrepancy, not to advert to others, would be quite sufficient to startle and displease an ear exclusively trained to the harmonic *solfeggi*.

In the matter of rhythm and cadence we also observed wide deviations from our own rules. These opportunities, however, of local observation were not frequent, and they occurred more than twenty years ago, at a time of very active service, when our calling in those regions was any thing but musical; and, we will candidly add, when our store of musical knowledge did not extend beyond a tolerable expertness on the violin, a little touch of the piano, and of thorough-bass. With the knowledge since acquired, we should have been able to penetrate more deeply into this interesting subject; for we are persuaded, from

what we have witnessed, that a full research into the Modern Greek music would throw considerable light upon some obscure parts of that of Ancient Greece, and perhaps enlarge our ideas of the science in general; in the same manner as the study of the Modern Greek, however deviating from the language of Aristophanes and Plato, would infinitely facilitate and accelerate the acquirement of the Ancient.

But to return to our Greek airs. Imperfect as our observations may have been at the time, there was enough to convince us of the existence of some system, almost every way widely different from our own. There was enough to persuade us that the system was capable of holding out many beauties to a mind tutored upon it or accustomed to it; nay, a little farther familiarity with the airs themselves, joined to a disposition to divest ourselves of European notions of the Beautiful, rendered our ears susceptible of being pleased with several features of these melodies.

And why, we will ask, should there not be more than one way of conveying agreeable sensations in a science entirely reared by the human understanding? Is not the same the case in architecture? The Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Grecian, the Saracen, the Gothic, and even the Chinese styles possess, severally, features of attraction of their own to an unbiassed and impartial eye.

But, without resorting to the music of other nations, let us look at home—let us cast a glance at what was deemed fine in music at different epochs: and we must soon come to the conclusion that there have been great changes and fluctuations in European notions of the Beautiful in music, and we shall be obliged to admit the probability of farther changes and fluctuations in times to come.

How does it stand with the fugue, the canon, those idols of our ancestors? Without denying the great utility of the study of these *concetti*, in the career of even a modern composer, we may be allowed to entertain a modest doubt, whether the constant combination of clashing discords, the confusion (however systematic), the rhythmical irregularities, unavoidable in the construction of a fugue, can claim the merit of a real beauty in music: and when we consider, that very correct and fine fugues have been written by sturdy professors, unable to devise four bars of good and original melody, our doubts are not a little strengthened.

The fugue, with few exceptions, is at present banished from the Italian opera, and from most instrumental performances. The overture to the Magic Flute, that masterpiece of composition, still electrifies all classes of auditors; but it is not all fugue, one half is nervous melodic writing: yet we would not ensure the duration of its attractions beyond the middle of the present century.

But even in the department of melody there have been considerable revolutions. The simplicity of the airs of our forefathers is ridiculed as insipid and trifling; even Handel, although almost appertaining to the present race, is on the decline; less, it is true, in England than any where else. Here, we are aware, we are treading on tender ground, and we may have to do penance for our daring. We are far from wishing to depreciate the stupendous labours of the giant of composers: the sublimity of some of his choruses still fills our breast with admiration and religious awe; the sweetness of some of his melo-

dies, the devout fervour of others, still thrills powerfully through our frame. This is not qualifying cant; it is the sincere opinion we entertain. But, with these admissions, we fearlessly state our opinion of a mass of other productions of this great master, whatever may have been thought of them when new. Many of his melodies have lost their attraction at the present day; some appear to us dryly simple, flat, and tiresome; others already bear the stamp of barbarous rudeness in the art. Many of the accompaniments, too, no longer afford any interest to the cultivated ear, which finds in them a straightness, a roughness, a clock-like sawing to and fro of the basses, upon fundamentals instead of inversions; in short, a want of those mellowed combinations and entwinings to which a more modern taste has habituated us. It is probably owing to these causes that Handel's operas, and almost every thing else he has written, except his oratorios, are nearly forgotten. The latter, from their serious and solemn character, had a fair chance of longer duration.

These reflections seem to convey little comfort to the enthusiastic admirer of the moderns, whose turn, in the doom of oblivion, may be apprehended to present itself sooner or later, if, as it would seem, all excellence in music is as fleeting, uncertain, and relative, as fashion in dress.

In our search after some fixed principles of the Beautiful, we have hitherto, with little apparent success, cast a cursory glance at different nations on the globe, and adverted briefly to the variations in musical taste among ourselves, in different ages. The range of our enquiry, however, is not exhausted; nature, especially animated nature, still presents a wide field for investigation. We may gather data where they are least expected.

The reader may smile if we propose the brute creation, as a subject of farther enquiry in our chace after *το καλον* in music. We beg leave to pass over the finny tribe, for the best of reasons. The Mammalia, too, we hold to be unpromising musical subjects upon the whole, although, strange as it may appear, the hint of singing in parts seems to have been borrowed by man from one particular species of quadrupeds,—the feline tribe.

Let us at once pass to the winged tenants of the skies, let us watch the warblings of the feathered songsters, and seek whether our music be in any way indebted to them, whether some of its beauties may not be referable to their precepts.

The amateur-species among this genus are not numerous; the carnivorous, the gross livers, are at once excluded—a hint to our vocalists! —and it seems as if the vocal powers were in an inverse ratio with size. The lark, the canary, the bulfinch, with some others of the finch-tribe, and the nightingale, appear to be principal sopranos; and to these we may add the blackbird and thrush as tenors. Basses seem to be a desideratum.

In the *natural* song of birds it would be difficult to discern direct or absolute melody; their notes are, generally, too rapid to be watched, and they are so irregular in pitch, the intervals so unsettled, and so indefinitely numerous within even a small compass, that they must remain inappreciable to human organs. To this irregularity we must add a total disregard or rather unconsciousness of measure and
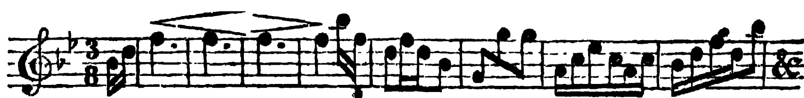
rhythm: and without melody and rhythm what music can there be? however occasionally we may meet with such rare productions in splendid saloons or in elegant type.

What is it, then, that actually fascinates our ear in the songs of birds? This question an absolute musician will, probably, find some difficulty in answering.—Birds, in the first place, never sing but when they are pleased and truly happy in their way, the same as is the case with man, in the common course at least: for the latter, by way of exception, will sometimes vent vexation in a hum or a whistle.—To derive pleasure from seeing others pleased is one of the nobler attributes of human nature, and this feeling may, in some respects, account for the gratification with which we listen to the wild warbles of the feathered songsters. It is on this principle, no doubt, that we, for ourselves, can hear with singular satisfaction the *sostenuto* purr of great Tom, not of Lincoln Cathedral, but of our own domestic establishment, when he follows the supper-tray, and in serpentine curves of the most feline gentility winds his *sleek* sides through the parlour-door into our presence.

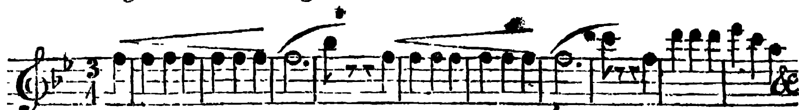
The song of birds, moreover, excites pleasing sensations by calling to our recollection the delights of rural scenes, or perhaps the innocent pleasures we enjoyed in our younger days. But there are, no doubt, other positive reasons which render the song of birds attractive. The rapid modulations, through a scale however irregular, and their evident gaiety, tend to cheer our hearts; their infinite variety—for the passages, if we may so call them, although of some apparent sameness, are never quite the same—by constantly, although often unconsciously to ourselves, awakening interest and attention, adds to our delight. The alternation of subdued and of powerful intonation, and the contrast between rapid flights of double demi-semiquavers and lengthened minims, sometimes of real sweetness, cannot fail to cause a certain degree of rapture. In these slow notes, too, we are often able to discern pure and appreciable tone. This is the case with the bullfinch, the thrush, the blackbird, and, above all, with that fascinating songster, the nightingale, the soft and sustained notes of which, succeeded by a short but expressive passage of quicker sounds, enrapture the heart of man, in proportion as it has retained feeling and innocence, whatever effect they may have upon the depraved profligate, the legacy-hunter, and daily shuffler in loans.

The origin of music has employed many a fertile and poetical pen; and a great deal of pretty and plausible reading has been got up, with visionary dreams and speculations on this question; however obvious it is, that nobody can know any thing about it. This, to be sure, is the very reason why the subject should be most amply discussed; for where knowledge is scanty and imperfect, speculation and hypothesis have fair game—books spring up like mushrooms, and discussions are endless. Without intending to add to the number of speculators on this subject, by maintaining that man has *learned* his music from birds, we beg to be allowed to recall the reader's attention to the few foregoing remarks on the peculiarities in the song of birds, and modestly ask, whether it is not possible that in some, if not all the characteristic particulars above adverted to, man has at least taken hints from feathered preceptors.

We have alluded to the rapid passages in the song of birds, the succession of soft and loud sounds, the contrast between quick and slow notes. Is it quite improbable that these, and perhaps other peculiarities in their melodic exertions, may have furnished hints for imitation? or must we produce vouchers of crotchets and quavers? Let the following bars of a favourite waltz, of German composition, be played on the flageolet—
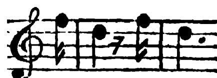


And again the following:



These specimens, if imagination carry us not too far, seem to us direct imitations of some wilder melodies of birds, probably of the nightingale; and we could produce others of a similar nature, to us equally striking.

But we beg the cuckoo's pardon; we had almost left him out of the catalogue of professors.—The cuckoo, we are convinced, has furnished an important hint to the human race. We hope we shall not be supposed to allude to the odious example which, according to naturalists, this wicked bird is said to have first given in certain matters of family concern, and which is productive of any thing but harmony. Our object is exclusively musical.

If in or about June next our town-readers will take a stroll to that retired and lovely *rus in urbe*, Kensington Gardens. they will find that the cuckoo has but two notes at his command, that these notes are always the same, and strictly appreciable, and that their interval is invariably that of the MINOR THIRD, sung downwards—



Here again, the Big-wigs of harmony have written volumes in search of the origin and foundation of the *minor scale*, when they might have found it in every copse. How the great Tartini, and a dozen others have tugged at the problem! Perhaps they were family-men. The minor third is all that is necessary for the formation of the minor scale, the other intervals we make free with from the major.

In our previous remarks on the song of birds, we have adverted to its unrhythmical nature. It may, therefore, be proper, before we proceed farther, to explain what we understand under the term *Rhythm*, more particularly as its influence and importance in music are very great indeed.

Rhythm signifies—order, symmetry, justness of proportion, satisfactory keeping, or correspondence of the parts forming a whole. Hence it will easily appear that rhythm forms an essential and indispensable requisite in all the fine arts. It is as necessary in painting

and sculpture as in architecture. The eye being in these the medium of perception, rhythm, here, can only be conveyed to the mind by *space;* and as the eye is capable of surveying almost instantaneously a space of considerable extent, the perception of rhythm in the above arts is effected at *one* glance.

The case is different in music, in which the ear alone is the medium of perception, and *time* alone the means by which it can be conveyed to the mind. In music, therefore, all that reaches the mind, comes to it *in succession.* The term, musical rhythm, consequently, is applied to such a succession of melodic parts, forming a whole, as bear among themselves a certain degree of order, symmetry, justness of proportion, a satisfactory keeping, or correspondence; in fact, it is an observance of regularity in repetition.

As it is impossible to frame a good melody without rhythm, but very possible to have excellent rhythm for the ear without any melody, and as it is natural to suppose that rhythm existed and was practised in rude ages before any melody was thought of, we shall for the present leave the subject of melody, and proceed to the notice of musical rhythm.

The observance of rhythm seems to be the offspring of an intellect superior to the mental powers of the brute creation; at least we are not aware of any animal that emits sounds bearing to each other any proportion or relation as to time. The chirping of the cricket, the ticking of the death-watch, the bellowing of the cow, can scarcely be urged as an exception. That animals are capable of *feeling* rhythm, we have often observed with some surprise. The horse, that canters round the ring at Astley's Amphitheatre, not only keeps perfect good time with the orchestra, whether it be $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$, but will change the time, if the musicians play a different tune. It is not difficult to conceive how the human mind, in its most barbarous state, may have caught and imitated the regular repetition of sounds or motion. The even-timed dropping of water, the beating of the pulse, perhaps, even animal sounds like the above, and various other phenomena of nature, may have furnished the first idea, which, once seized, was easily carried to farther improvement: the *tempos* may gradually have been varied, and rude instruments made, to enjoy the gratification of rhythmical beats in greater perfection.

It is precisely in this state we find the music of every nation that has made some slender step in emerging from an absolute state of nature. The islanders in the Pacific Ocean, the North American Indians, the Caffres, the New Hollanders, enjoy and practise none but this sort of music, consisting, not of varied sounds, but of very diversified rhythm —in fact, of rhythm only. Rude wooden drums, rattles, bones, &c. are found to be the only musical instruments of all these people, wherever scattered over different parts of the globe.

But it is not these rude and uncivilized nations alone that delight in mere rhythmical noise. Music of this kind has kept its footing with the most refined: the effect of rhythm is sure, and has remained undiminished in all ages. What a powerful rhythmical agent is the drum! It electrifies even the musical connoisseur,—leads him by the cannon's mouth, into the next world. The castanets, the tambourine, &c. possess none but rhythmical attractions, yet they will probably

never be discarded in any country. Rhythm facilitates many human labours. We march, as has been already observed, with cheerfulness, and with less fatigue, at the sound of the drum. The drum helps to weigh the anchor; the sailor has his rhythmical "Yo heave ho" to pull the ropes; and it is under similar regular ejaculations that every great mass is moved from place to place all over the countries of the East. The blacksmith hammers the iron, the apothecary pounds his drugs, the paviour rams the stones, the pork-butcher hacks the sausage-meat—all work in excellent and varied rhythm. In short, few human acts of motion are performed without a certain degree of rhythm or regularity.

And why should man not derive pleasure from an observance of regularity in his actions, when he has before him the sublime example of nature; the fundamental law of which is order, regularity, proportion, symmetry, in the greatest things, as well as in matters apparently the most insignificant? The universality of this law is palpably obvious in every thing that comes within the reach of our senses; and it affords the most direct and unanswerable evidence of the existence of—call it what you please, since words emanating from human ideas must naturally be inadequate to express what is superhuman, and render it almost profane to designate in human language that which is beyond the reach of human understanding or conception. That this order is the result of a supreme intelligence, it is impossible to deny; for where order is found, a purpose must have existed; where there is a purpose, thought and reasoning must have been at work; and where order prevails in a supreme degree, the ordering principle must necessarily be presumed to be of supreme intelligence.

The beautiful system of *order* in the motion of the heavenly bodies is more or less obvious to the most common understanding; order equally wonderful is perceptible in the structure and organization of all living beings, of every object of vegetable life: it is manifest in all the operations of nature. The greatest order prevails in the mode and means by which animals and vegetables carry on their existence, and in the manner in which they are made to reproduce and perpetuate their species.

To approach somewhat nearer the object more immediately in our view, let us for a moment consider the exterior form of all living beings, and we shall find that it presents invariably the most strict symmetry and proportion. Every part or member which is of the same kind, and more than one in number, is placed precisely in correspondence and symmetry with its companion or companions, while any part that is only single will be found exactly in the central line. Eyes, ears, arms, legs, fingers, toes, are the same on the left as on the right; the nose and mouth are central.

It is this general symmetry in nature, no doubt, which has served to the human mind as an example for imitation, and has implanted in man a tendency and desire to observe order and symmetry on his part. This desire at least seems to be inherent in every mind well organized; and where it is not found, or we would rather say where it is absolutely wanting in an individual, we are justified in forming an unfavourable opinion of his character; but even in such a person the principle dwells in a passive state; he is not instrumental in producing order, although he feels more or less satisfaction in seeing it elsewhere.

The gratification which every well-disposed mind derives from the sight of local regularity and symmetry, is so obvious and general, that it scarcely needs illustration. A number of books thrown without order on a table, however common with literary men, is uncomfortable to behold; the same books, ranged in parcels of correspondent position, and especially in directions parallel with the sides of the table, will please the eye: delicious viands placed on a table at random and in disorder, will, even to many an epicure, appear less inviting than inferior dishes ranged in neat and appropriate symmetry. In architecture, above all, order, symmetry, and just proportion, form the primary law of the art, although in this country the law in question is probably doomed to more infractions than in any other: witness so many public and private buildings, in the unfinished state of which we miss a wing, or some essential part, or discover a preposterous addition or some strange incongruity. But as we may have farther occasion to resort to architecture in our enquiry into the principles of the Beautiful in music, we here refrain from farther reference to the former art.

A few observations on rhythm in poetry will lead us straightway to musical rhythm, and illustrate many features of the latter. Both are nearly allied to, and in several respects dependent upon each other. In both, the terms metre, feet, accent, &c. are applied with nearly the same meaning. Without forming any pretensions to poetical talent, or even to the mechanism of poetry, we presume rhythm in poetry to consist in a correct metrical disposition of long or short syllables, and a just proportion and symmetry of successive verses (lines), the whole arranged according to some preconceived order.

We farther venture to presume, that any infringement, in practice, upon metrical symmetry, is a rhythmical blemish, always more or less offensive to the orderly ear, which, when it has once seized the framework of the metrical construction, feels shocked in being obliged to depart from it, or to make accommodating allowances for syllabic intrusions or omissions, for forced and unnatural accent, heterogeneous lines, &c.—it is like riding a horse that changes pace every few yards.

These transgressions, like those in architecture above referred to, seem to be more frequent in the works of English poets than in the poems of any other nation: and what is more singular, they appear to be more common, we may say, almost universal, in the present decidedly poetical æra of British literature, than they ever were before. The liberalism of the age, seems to have affected even our bards.

We have heard more than one musical composer utter bitter complaints against these latitudinarian principles in matters of rhythm, of which music is always a sure and severe test. After devising a proper rhythm for one line, the composer finds it will not fit its seeming companion; and when, by dint of cutting or stretching, like Procrustes, he at last gets the better of one stanza, he finds to his vexation that the music will not fit the next: various little alterations are necessary, sufficient however to render it requisite to write the music of the second, and perhaps the third stanzas, and to oblige the public to pay for the metrical peccadillos of the poet.

SONGS OF THE CID. NO. I.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Cid's Death-bed: a Ballad.

It was an hour of grief and fear,
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's* notes were wont to rise
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the halls of state,
No weeper's aspect seen;
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the conqueror's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the mighty hand,
And cold the valiant breast;
—He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the leader of the field?
His voice is faint and low,
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield,
Hath louder accents now.

" Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone,
Be ye of dauntless heart!

" Let the cymbal-clash and the trumpet strain
From your walls ring far and shrill;
And fear ye not, for the Saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

" And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed;
So go ye forth on your funeral-way,
And God shall give you speed.

" Go with the dead in the front of war,
All arm'd with sword and helm;
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

"And let me slumber in the soil
 Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
 And my course is done on earth."

—* Now wave, ye stately banners, wave!
 Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms o'er the death-bed of the brave
 Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight,
 As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps,
—The wind and the banners fall hush'd as night;
 The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
 And swell out the trumpet's blast!
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
 For the noble Cid hath pass'd.

THE FIRST OF APRIL,

or—*Arte perire sua.*

8 A. M.—Looked out of bed-room window into Gracechurch-street, and called "Sweep" to a boy with a soot-bag. Saw him stop, look about him at the corner of White Hart-court, and then walk on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tried a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in a great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

9 A. M. — Went to table-drawer and slily pocketed three little lumps of alabaster. Returned and took my seat at breakfast-table, as if nothing had happened. Put alabaster at top of blue sugar-bason, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed and wondered sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died: three of my best silver tea-spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure when Mrs. Gander came down to breakfast. Never attack wife;—(harpooners have some reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale, as being too fierce.) So says Guthrie's Grammar.

10 A. M.—Went behind counter to serve. Asked Jack Mitten, my foreman, if any body had blacked his face. Jack answered, "Not to my knowledge," and went to looking-glass. I replied, "Nor to mine either." Laughed very much, but Jack did not see much in it. Sam Snaffle, the driver of the Clapham, looked in to know what places were booked. Told him one inside, a lady, to take up at Seam's manufactory this side the Elephant. Saw him set off, one short, and thought I should have died. Took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter as if from Dobbs the druggist to Lawyer Lynx, telling him to arrest Shuffle the shoemaker for 23*l.* 10*s.* goods sold and delivered. Gave it to ticket-porter, and told him Lynx would pay the porterage.

11 A. M.—Went back into the shop to serve. Sold a white cotton night-cap to an exciseman, and told him it was the fellow to six

* See the Spanish Ballad, "*Banderas antiguas, tristes, &c.*"

others which I had parted with to half a dozen other gentlemen who were to set off on a journey from the Old Bailey to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. He did not seem to see much in it, but I laughed amazingly. Saw Jack Mitten serving a lady with a red elastic purse, at the other counter. Took up a newspaper and read loud enough for her to hear, "Dreadful depravity! an Irish fruit-woman in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, scraped her child to death with an oyster-shell." Lady screamed and went into hysterics. Gave her a glass of water, and told her "it was a shame that oyster-shells were suffered to lie about the streets." Thought I should never have done laughing.

12.—Sent Molly to Spa-fields to see a live radical. Told her to buy me a straight hook in her way home, at Peter Pull-gill's in Crooked-lane. Told her I should also want a glass ink-horn; and that a male mermaid was expected to swim down Fish-street-hill at two. Wife overheard, and called me an old fool. Did not see much in it, but Molly laughed.

1 P. M.—Asked Jack Mitten who was the father of the sons of Noah; where Moses was when the candle was blown out; and which was most, half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen. The poor fellow could not answer one of them. Took the steps, climbed up slily to the clock, and pushed the hands two hours forwarder. Heard wife, who caught a glance of it, rail at the cook for not putting down the leg of mutton, telling her it only wanted an hour of dinner-time. Clock struck a hundred and one: found I had done mischief, and stole away to Elicot to get him to repair it.

2 P. M.—Took a turn upon 'Change. Told Rothschild I hoped he liked Columbian bonds. Did not much like his looks, so stole away and entered the rotunda of the Bank. Buzz, the broker, asked me to hold his umbrella, while he went to sell two thousand, at 73⅞. Dropt two handfuls of saw-dust into his umbrella. On his return, walked out with him into Bartholomew-lane. Luckily rained hard: Buzz flirted open his umbrella over his head, and covered himself with saw-dust. This made me laugh till I cried. Buzz threw back a handful of saw-dust into my left eye: this made me cry till I laughed.

3 P. M.—Looked in at Batson's. Talked with Bluefist, the broker, about indigo, sassafras, gum, oakum, and elephants' teeth. Called for pen, ink, and paper: wrote a letter from Jolter inviting Scraggs to dine off a fine hare and sweet sauce: ditto, *vice versa*, Scraggs to Jolter to dine off real turtle. Gave waiter a shilling to take both letters and be sure not to tell. Took a walk over London-bridge to Horsemonger-lane sessions. Looked over sessions-paper, and saw indictment, The King against O'Bludgeon, about thirty off. Went into front yard, and bawled out, "the King against O'Bludgeon is just called on." Such a rush of barristers, bar-keepers, and witnesses into court! Two apple-barrows upset, and a barrister's wig trampled under foot. Roared out "April fools." Dodged off through Guy's Hospital, and walked homeward chuckling. Halted on London-bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrade towards Custom-house: clasped my hands in agony, exclaimed, "They'll every one of them be drowned," and ran across to look through balustrades on opposite side. Mob in a fever: all traffic at a stand-still: hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers. Bawled out "April fools." and dodged round one of Meux's drays. Butcher's boy saw me, and gave the view

halloo. Scudded off to Bridge-foot, mob at my heels: ducked into Tower-street: slid up St. Mary's-hill: entered Cannon-street: upset a kit of pickled salmon, and brushed into a hackney-coach, which conveyed me home—hit in two places, and covered with mud. Changed clothes: went out again determined to be more wary. Entered Auction-mart, at corner of Throgmorton-street. Chucked fruitwoman under chin, and went up to auction-room. Saw Gab, the auctioneer, mount pulpit. Took a stand at farther corner of room, and tried my tongue at ventriloquy. Beat Matthews hollow. Bid in seven different voices from various parts of room, and saw Gab knock down seven articles to seven innocent bystanders; viz. a fowling-piece to a fat widow; a pair of stays to a ward deputy; a gig to a waiting-woman; O'Keefe's Works to a Methodist parson; a complete set of John Bull to Alderman Wood; a Greek grammar to a stock-broker; and a Chapel of ease to a servant-maid of all work.

4 P. M.—Dinner. Asked Jack Mitten to take a glass of sherry, and poked vinegar-cruet into his paw. Made him sputter out liquid, like lion's head at Aldgate pump. Swore it was all his own doing, and for once in a way got believed. Told wife I had been at Batson's; was asked by her what news? Answered the French had taken umbrage. More fools the Spaniards, replied Mrs. Gander, for not fortifying it better. Noise at front door. Sam Snaffle in a fine taking at my hoax in the morning; swore would not quit house till I had paid him for his one inside: paid him eighteen pence, and as he threatened to have me "pulled up," gave him another shilling to drink my health.

5 P. M.—Polite note from Lawyer Lynx, telling me that hoaxing an attorney was felony at common law, and that he meant to indict me at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions, unless I paid the costs in Dobbs v. Shuffle, according to inclosed account. Perused bill: "Attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, six and eightpence: attending, answering him, pretty middling, six and eightpence, &c. &c.: total five pound eighteen." Damned all pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount. Muffin-man with bell: bawled out Muffins, and bobbed. Aimed at Perriwinkle with a pea-shooter, and chalked, "Mangling done here," upon Slice the surgeon's window-shutter. Visit from bowing bobbing waiter from the City of London tavern, "Beg pardon, sir, but here's the bill, sir." "What bill?" "Mr. Jolter, sir, and Mr. Scraggs, sir, them as you April-fooled this morning; met and compared notes, sir; knew your hand; went to my master's tavern together, City of London, sir; ordered your own dinner, sir; turtle and roast hare for two, sir, and told me to bring you the bill, sir." Swore I would not pay it: looked out of window, and saw Jolter and Scraggs walking up and down by the Wandsworth coach, and flourishing a brace of horsewhips. Set it down for no joke, and told waiter to call to-morrow for his money.

6 P. M.—Tea and toast. Determined to play the fool no more, not quite approving of the expense. Put on velvet cap and slippers. Made a leg arm-chair for little Nancy. Wife busy reading Doctor Kitchener's cookery; and Lætitia deep in Peveril of the Peak, with her legs up on the sofa. Rat-a-tat at front door, loud enough to wake defunct Sir Thomas Gresham. Rattle and slap of a hackney-coach step. Hearts sunk within us. Rustling of silk gown on the stairs.

Little Nancy despatched as a light troop, to watch the enemy's motions; rushed back, exclaiming with an awful face, "Mrs. Deputy Kilderkin." General scramble to hide objectionables: buttered toast, piled up like planks in a deal-yard, chucked into the cupboard; Peveril canted into the coal-scuttle; bowl of brown sugar carefully crammed into table-drawer, and best lump substituted; Lætitia's legs put perpendicular, and wife's vinegar visage varnished with a proper coating of sweet oil to greet visitor. Parlour-door opened: enter Mrs. Deputy Kilderkin.

7 P. M.—Bows and smiles. Coffee and hard rusks. Found *we* had been hoaxed. Card in wife's name inviting Mrs. Kilderkin, apologizing for short notice, but mentioning that Mr. Bochsa and his thirteen harps could not be had on any other evening. Suspected Alderman Arrowroot, and vowed to be even with him this day twelvemonth. Listened to a deal of high life from Mrs. Kilderkin and daughter Lætitia. Comparative merits of Miss Taylor of the Circus and Miss Brunton of the West London: glass curtain at the Cobourg: Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam: monthly assembly at the Horns, Kennington: the new turnpike in the Borough road, and what a different thing Trinity Square was from old Tower Hill. Nodded assent with my eyes shut: wife kicked my shins to keep me awake.

8 P. M.—Music. Mrs. Kilderkin and Lætitia went through the orthodox routine. Mrs. Kilderkin swore she had no voice, and Lætitia only wished she had half as good a one. Lætitia vowed she could not finger a note; and Mrs. Kilderkin said, if she could only play a quarter as well, she should think herself a finished performer. Preliminaries thus adjusted, both sat down together and thumped overture to Lodoiska, till the poor piano trembled on its legs.

9 P. M.—Whist. Wife and I against Lætitia and deputy's lady. Head running upon take-in of tavern-bill: missed deal with queen of diamonds at bottom: wife kicked my left shin. Second deal: at my old tricks: asked Mrs. Kilderkin if she had heard the news? Answered, No: what news? Told her that Ferdinand had dissolved the Cortes in hot water. Played a spade, and thought it was a trump: another kick from wife. Licked my thumb to deal better, and got a third kick.

10 P. M.—Whist again: seats changed to change luck. Long dispute between Mrs. Kilderkin and Mrs. Gander, the one asserting that Lord Byron should never marry a daughter of hers, and the other that he should. Head bothered by Beppo, Mazeppo, and Aleppo. Trumped my partner's lead. Fourth kick from wife, luckily intercepted by Mrs. Kilderkin's off-ankle. Wife begged pardon. Another rat-tat-tat, and another rattle and slap from hackney-coach step, announced the arrival of Mrs. Deputy's equipage: bows and curtesies: shawls, simpers, and ceremonious exit, Mrs. Kilderkin vowing, with a yawn, that she had never passed a pleasanter evening.

11. P. M.—Bed candles. One made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before trick detected. Glance of vengeance; exit wife upstairs, husband following.

12. P. M.—Listened to curtain lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep.

SPRING, YOUTH, AND LOVE

SPRING re-appears:—I remember, when I was young—and who ever forgets that time? I remember how I used to enjoy a spring day—its redolence, its vivency, its thrilling sensations of pleasure. Alas! what but the reminiscences of the season, as respects its peculiar perceptions, remain at present! It returns now with very different impressions from what it then had:—it is delightful, but it no longer excites rapture—it is lovely to the eye as ever, but it no longer makes the heart leap, and every fibre vibrate with joy, as it did then. Ye retrospects of the happiest moments of existence, of life free from anxiety, gaiety that thought not of the morrow, and love without alloy, pure as that of angels—where are ye now? I remember my youthly spring seasons well, and how I enjoyed them, as if they were a feast of yesterday. It is true I have but shadows of them remaining in the place of realities, but those very shadows are a sumless treasure to me. What cherished recollections of long buried events—buried to all the living world, save myself; unimportant, perhaps, to the living world; but of infinite concernment to me—come up in bodiless array before my sight, recalled by a vernal sensation a little allied to those of former years! What revivals of buried joy come across me in a green field or wood in the month of May, touching the chords of the past, and awakening the long slumbering sensations of days never to return! Mournfully pleasant, they lead the way over fragments of mouldered friendships; wrecks of love, that crushed the heart in their fall; and ashes of the dead, that when animated were parts of ourselves. Now, clear skies never seem of such unsullied azure as they did then, nor nature's tints so beautiful—thus appearing, perhaps, to wean us, as we grow older, from the best things of life, the glories of creation, ever productive of some exquisite pleasure even now, besides those arising from ancient associations. Of these, every man has his treasury; the species of wealth stored in which may differ with the individual, though the mode of applying it may be the same in all. It comes forth to sustain us in age, and to nourish the soul when the body is incapable of collecting more—it is an annuity laid up for the last years of life. Spring! only season known in heaven, purveyor of earth's richest festival, compass of hope, fosterer of nature's love, awakener of harmony, ushered in with perfumes and flowers—elysian Spring, would thou wert eternal! May I always have sight to gaze upon thee, and feelings never sufficiently dulled by age to be altogether insensible to thy influences!

About a mile and half from the country-town where I dwelt when a boy, there was a small eminence crowned with a wood. This wood was the scene of many of my most delightful hours, from the age of fourteen to twenty. What I may relate of one so young, if it appear singular, is nevertheless true. Let the reader, then, excuse my dwelling on self, in the consideration of the veracity of what I may say, and the amusement he may derive from a brief summary of a few youthful sensations. The impressions of *his* younger days that may, perchance, most gratify him now, might not have taken their source in retirement, love, or fondness for nature. "The untaught harmony of spring" might have been discord to his ear. He might have dwelt all his days in cities, and his youth might have been passed in shops and

warehouses, amid bustle and traffic; he might, therefore, have no sympathy with me, for, when he recalls his youthful associations, they must be founded on very different recollections from mine;—still a history of his, as well as mine, would form part of the history of man's mind, and both or either might not be wholly worthless.—"But to my tale." From a stile leading over the opposite side of the hill to the approach was thickly covered with trees and underwood, quite down into a valley and up the side of a second eminence for two-thirds of the way. Through the valley a rapid stream, pellucid as crystal, ran flashing over irregular masses of stone that composed its bed. The stream itself was shaded, in the leafy season, in some parts so thickly that the light could scarcely penetrate through any direct opening. The shadow darkened to blackness numerous pools or eddies among the rocks, formed by the current, and gave a solemnity to the place highly in unison with feelings always sombre, and inclined, perhaps too much, to melancholy. This place then was my youthful *sanctum sanctorum*—it suited my disposition, which, in respect to externals, was fond of circumscription rather than extension, of the solemn and wild rather than the beautiful and cultivated; my young mind was discursive enough; it extended its range further as the body kept itself circumscribed and inactive. My little retreat was secluded completely from the world: a narrow path, trod principally by goats, in their descent from a granite-crowned ridge higher up on one shore of the rivulet, where it towered to a considerable height, alone marked the footsteps of animated beings along the sinuosities of the grassy bank. On the skirt of the wood, near the approach, was a group of tall dark-coloured firs, two of which forked off from the ground as they taperly arose, and admitted of my fixing a plank, which I brought one day for the purpose, between them, in the way of a seat. From this seat an extensive prospect lay stretched in view, across a distant cultivated landscape, that faded away and was lost in the grey distance. This was my look-out, the spot where I used to sit and take a view of nature in her more artificial forms. Here I often rested, in boyish vacuity of thought, or thinking as youth thinks, and watched the shadows of the clouds traversing over the landscape, the breaking forth of the Spring sunbeams that were drawing the callow herbage from its earthy bed into light and air, or listened to the lowing of the cattle in the meadows, and the hum of day. How the colours of this scene used to stand out in my keen eye! how the blue winding stripes of water sparkled, and the balmy breeze that swept over it seemed to breathe a living freshness, a

> vernal delight and joy, able to drive
> All sadness but despair!

Amid this affluence of nature's beauty, my ideas were at first too young to be distinct. I loved the scene I knew not why, and was delighted I could not tell from what cause. It is the property of mature years to assign causes for things, and to analyze them; I had, however, the same enjoyment of them as if I were able to do this. Peeping above a deep ravine on my left hand, situated some way down a declivity on the opposite side, an old church tower arose, solitary and melancholy—it was the burial-place of my fathers. I used even then to gaze upon it,

and ask myself whether any, when I lay in death under its shadow, would think of me as I then thought of those who were there reposing. I always found, young as I was, that I wanted somewhat which I had not; some being who would sympathize with me, and enter into my notions. None of my few young acquaintance did any thing but stare or laugh if I ventured to impart an idea of what I felt to them—of any boyish impression made by a natural beauty, though expressed with the utmost simplicity. They could not comprehend me; they thought only of their sports. This sort of reception, and want of communion with another's mind of a similar temperament with mine, made me reserved and close in all my thoughts. I was too timid to impart them to grown persons; and they lay hoarded from a want of the means of exhausting themselves. I was not, perhaps, such a lover of solitude as I appeared. I was a solitary because solitude alone was most grateful to the state of my feelings, and was so much more in unison with them than the society of my fellows. If I met with a boyish trouble—keen as boyish troubles really are, in spite of opinions generally held to the contrary; for the truth is, that youth feels pain as deeply from its vivid susceptibility, but that the pain is not so enduring as in manhood; it even penetrates farther perhaps for the instant, but its traces are quickly eradicated by the intervention of new objects and the reaction of elastic spirits:—if I met with a boyish trouble, I flew for consolation to my favourite spot, and feeling a disgust even to the view of the town from whence I had come, I rushed down into the valley, and, seated on some granite block on the edge of the water, vented my sorrow unobserved. There, watching the stream break over the stones, I was in a short time myself again. There, delighted, I listened to the blackbird's mellow note coming in gushes of wild melody to my ear; for I loved then, as still, the song of the feathered choir, and the musicians themselves above all creatures. Their music, their harmlessness, their sagacity (not enough noticed by men), their unreined career through air, tenants of unbounded space, never to be subjugated by tyrant man, emblemed the liberty of a realm beyond the reach of despotism. Whenever I read of human slavery, or the oppression of men, I longed to be a bird.

I was better than fourteen years old when this retirement first drew me towards it; and in the years that succeeded, in spring, summer, and autumn, a large portion of my leisure was spent there: in fact, till I left my parental home in my twenty-first year. Two or three times a-week I visited it alone, in those seasons, generally with a book in my hand, a novel or work of history. I remember how ill I endured the winter, because it excluded me from my wonted resort. When winter was over, how I enjoyed my solitude! in which perhaps I should have imbibed a reserve, and even a downright hatred of society, had I not been saved by an influence that has preserved more than one under similar circumstances from a morbid dislike to social life. I have before observed that something always seemed wanting to me; that my solitude was the effect of necessity rather than of choice, because I could find neither companion nor human being who could enter into my feelings, or rather perhaps whom I could imagine able to do so. This deficiency was now to be supplied. I was soon to have a companion there, and to reveal my innermost thoughts without disguise, to be heard with interest, and replied to even with affection.

The cynical brow may scowl incredulity, and the worldling scoff at my declaration; but I aver, that were crowns at my disposal I would now give them all in exchange for one spring time on that spot again, could I be blessed with the same sensations as I then had, boyish as they may be deemed,—nay, I would resign the sceptre of a universe for such a revisitation of calm, celestial, innocent delight. Alas! this cannot be; time and fate have laid their seal of interdiction upon it for ever!

My wish for a companion was supplied, in my mind, by the object that naturally became so at last. I had been struck with the manners and person of E——— when first casually thrown in her way. I used to fancy such a companion with me, till I saw her form at my side, and almost heard the music of her voice. I became acquainted with her at the house of a relation. One day, escorting her and a companion to the house of the latter, I was invited to remain and return with E——— in the evening. I did not hesitate to accept the invitation. After this, it seemed to be a matter of course that I should escort the friend home. E——— frequently went also, and we returned to town together and alone. This was often repeated. In returning, something, at last, took place in our deportment towards each other, in our mutual communications, and our sidelong glances, that ripened into confidence. This is the first step to love; but we dreamed not of love; we knew not then what it meant, each being pleased with the other, unknowing the cause. It was that mysterious, invisible, incomprehensible interchange of sympathetic feeling which happens unconsciously, and arises from an affinity between two young souls, that know not they are made for one another. I generally left my fair companion at her father's house, which I well recollect gazing at, I knew not why, long after she had entered it, and the door was closed. I then returned home, thinking of another interview, yet unknowing why the thought of it gave me so much pleasure. I still visited, rather more frequently than before, my favourite retreat. While I gazed upon the stream, I thought how pleasant it would be if she contemplated it with me. I wound along the bank, and thought that there might be one being in the world who would not mock me if I related my feelings to her—and day by day these ideas engrossed more than ever my imagination. I loved my retreat better than ever. I was never diverted, when there, from the thoughts which I wished always to keep uppermost;—this was sure to be the case elsewhere—tasks, intrusive questions, and even the necessary formalities of life, being regarded by me, at last, as a sort of injustice, in diverting my attention from objects that I wished should engross it wholly.

One fine spring evening, the sides of the long narrow lane that led to the residence of E———'s friend being covered with primroses and cowslips, E——— and myself were returning together, when the beauty of the weather, the stillness around, and a confidence without a reason that I was a favourite with my companion, emboldened me to speak—of my affection for her!—no, I was not wise enough to discover that, nor bold enough to mention it if I had. I simply began to detail some of my youthful feelings, to interest her in what related to myself. I trusted her, under promise of secrecy, with my favourite retreat, my dislike of most of my companions, who were for ever rating

me for my abstraction from them and curious to discover its cause. I told her that their boisterous games, constantly repeated, fatigued me with sameness, and I preferred being alone, half my time, to mingling with them. How naturally one is led to confide in woman! At last she said she should like to visit the spot of which I was so fond. My heart beat quick with delight; "But how could she be long enough absent from home?" "Nothing is easier," I replied: "would you be afraid to trust yourself with me for one half-hour?" She hesitatingly answered, "No!" I was delighted with the trust she reposed in me. Yet pure in soul as we both were, why should she have answered differently? I then proposed that the next evening we escorted our friend home, we should, after parting with her, visit the wood, which we might easily do, and get home without being missed for a longer time than usual. She assented, and we parted better pleased than ever with each other: she at having given me pleasure which I could not disguise, and I at having received such a mark of her confidence. I was in my sixteenth year, and E——— had just entered her fifteenth, the most enviable age of life. The day had been delightful; a festival of May's own giving, of the mother of Love herself. The sun had set just as we were returning. We went some distance towards the town, and turned down a narrow lane leading to the wood. I fancied—it might have been only fancy—that her hand, which was fast locked in mine, trembled for the first few steps; my heart palpitated, and a thrilling pleasure came over my frame such as I never felt before—we were both silent, till in a few minutes we reached the seat among the firs, both panting a little from walking quickly up the hill. Can I ever forget that moment, while I am a thinking, animated being?—never! Not a cloud showed "its silver lining to the night:" there was a haze arising from the earth, that greyly but thinly veiled all the low part of the prospect, upon which the full round still moon "slept" in chilly radiance:—it was the lover's moon to us—the most delicious light by which love's eyes ever see an object; but we dreamt not of its being so. The dark shade of the firs above contrasted well with the wan light that came streaming in among their trunks, branchless nearly to the tops. I now told my fair friend that we had still to see the valley and stream below. The thick trees that met over the narrow descending path, seemed, by the blackness of their shade, to appal her. She stopped, hesitated, and looked me full in the face. The moon shone brightly on her beautiful countenance; she spoke not, but the expression of her mild blue eye was fearful and womanly. I assured her I knew the way well if she would rely upon my guidance; that there was nothing to fear; and she proceeded. We soon arrived at the borders of the stream, in my little Tempe, that I would not have exchanged for Pactolus and all its treasures. The dashing water flung its white spray here and there into the light of a solitary moonbeam that pierced the dense foliage of the overhanging trees, the shade of which, the tranquillity, and the novelty of the scene, united, gave a sensation of fear to the lovely girl, and she pressed my hand and kept herself closer to my side—was silent a few minutes, and then burst into tears. She had a quick sensibility and acute feelings. I enquired in vain why she wept, and hurried her homewards. She told me afterwards she did not know the cause; it was the overpowering rush

of something to her heart, that vented itself in tears. We parted as we never parted before. I was at last certain of being able to communicate my thoughts where they would be heard and treasured up in confidence. I slept little that night, but what I did was a repose of bliss. I arose with the dawn, and flew to the spot where I had been so happy a few hours before, lingering there till hunger and my daily learning recalled me to breakfast and labour. I passed the day in an exhilaration of spirits that all perceived, while the cause none knew but myself.

Talk of first love as the world may, we never experience in a second any thing half so sweet. The object beloved the second time may be more amiable—may be more deserving of affection, but in the first there is a novelty of circumstance and feeling—an untasted cup of joy, which in a repetition falls short of its original flavour. We are, in a second affection, going over a path already trodden; in the first, we explore a new track covered with wild roses and spontaneous luxuriance, that diffuses odours, which lose of their freshness on being again exhaled. We always know we are in love, the second time, from our former experience. The first time we are novices, and receive our maiden impressions gilded by brighter hopes, and hallowed by a sanctity that casts almost a religious holiness over them. Repetition of love grows more and more sensual: it is in youth's first affection only that a love like that of angels is exchanged—ethereal, unstained, lucid with heavenly purity. First love is like youth, virtuous, full of generous impulses and exalted feelings. In successive visitations it becomes corrupted, as in advancing years we get more and more the creatures of circumstances, interest, and the world's custom. Youth is infinitely nearer the optimism contemplated by moralists and philosophers than manhood. "Love," too, it has been observed wisely, "is always nearer allied to melancholy than to jollity or mirth." The instances recorded of the purest and most exalted passion are among the sedate temperaments. The souls that feed upon themselves, that keep back from the multitude, that cannot put up with commonplace, but aspire to idealities and creations of their own—these have generally the earliest, the most durable, and the deepest impressions from love.

After the before-mentioned walk to my solitude, many stolen opportunities occurred when we visited it together, more dear to us for their less frequent occurrence. On one occasion, I well remember, we contrived by a little art to pass an entire afternoon there. E—— was made the confidant of my sensations, and I imparted to her thoughts laid up in my mind, that had long seemed to ask to be communicated. There is a simplicity in young love—a contentedness to be satisfied with things trifling in themselves, that is one great proof of its virtue. If we walked on the side of the river and talked of every thing but love; if we watched the fish spring from the water at the rich painted insects that skimmed over it, flashing their silvery scales in the sun; if we climbed among the masses of granite, that, strewed over the side of the hill in huge blocks or cubes, seemed as if they had been flung there in some Titanic combat, we were equally happy. Idle as we might appear to a third person, our minutes flew too quickly. I recollect how, seated upon a fragment of a rock, breathing quick with the exercise of ascending the hill, we gazed on each other in silence, and could have

gazed for ever; and how, while we really loved each other, we were strangers to the very existence of love. Nothing is so feeble and artless as the language of real passion—oftentimes its communion is not intrusted to words, but its interchanges pass unconsciously from heart to heart in the language perhaps of unbodied humanity. We said things silly enough to others respecting the flowers we plucked or the sensations we felt, that were treasures of wisdom in each other's views. We had no idea of any thing good or great in the world that excluded our then situation from its limits. One day I took "Paul and Virginia" in my pocket, and we read it together. The tale affected us deeply, so that we shed tears, and the perusal opened our eyes and led to the asking our hearts if we could love as strongly as St. Pierre's lovers, provided we were loved in return. It is thus the mind leads on the affections from stage to stage. What we thought, was at length communicated—in what way at first I am unable to recall to mind:—I know that we vowed eternal constancy to each other—that no peril should make us break our engagements, and that we would keep our mutual affection to our own breasts. There was a shade of the romantic drawn over our intercourse, and it was also romantic in durability—death only having snapped the chord that bound our hearts together, ere the slightest chill had sullied the ardour of our affection.

By a strange coincidence, our first and last meetings were in the Spring season. It was an April evening, soft and mild as a clear sky, a breezeless atmosphere, and a declining sun could make it, when our final interview took place. E—— seemed in low spirits. There was a foreboding of something evil in the future hanging over us, of the kind that prompts a belief that the soul has prophetic powers which our present organization is not perfect enough to develope, and yet affording indistinct glimpses of what is to come. Madness could not erase that evening from my mind. We sat on the spot where we were accustomed to sit, we spoke little, we listened to the broken water, looked at each other, said something about our future expectations of happiness, sighed we knew not why, and, with a depression of spirits for which there was no cause, rose to return homewards. I pressed the lovely little E—— to my heart—I pressed her lips to mine, never imagining it was for the last time, and that the worm would be shortly their lover, and riot upon their paleness. We parted at her father's door, each thinking still of coming happiness—of future prospects. In three weeks from that day our love had passed away for ever. E—— had left me for the place where no knowledge "nor device cometh." I had sat with a bursting heart on the sod that covered her remains! The dream-song of our happiness had ended, and the remainder of that Spring was to be a black winter to my soul.

Never, then, can I forget Spring. As we advance in years, we are more fond of the remembrance even of our youthful griefs, and all that was part of them, as if they were designed to bind us faster to earth, as we approach nearer to the period when we must leave it. Youth and Love have long departed from me—Spring remains. Its annual visitation is the only jewel, of my once rich casket of pleasures, left to me—I still possess it, but like a miser's treasure, only to be hoarded; yet I hail its approach still, my old heart palpitates with a

sort of rapture—a laboured demonstration of joy at the sight of the young leaves, and the rescuscitation of nature from her wintry desolation. I watch the flowers in my garden from my window, and mark them gradually unfold themselves—I see throughout creation a memento of golden times, and mark with melancholy feelings the beautiful sunsets of the season. I stand at my door and inhale the breeze after a genial shower, and feel it penetrate to the very springs of life and revivify all of my frame that time has not indurated against its influence. Nature was perhaps never dearer to me. I still pluck the early primrose, and listen to the bird's matin song, as the sun begins to march up the sky—for I have ever been an early riser. He who is not, knows but half of nature. At such moments I call up long-buried sensations. Youth and love mingle in my reminiscences, for a moment, with the present time. I fancy the broken images of the past are present realities, stretch my hand to grasp them, and discover I am a weak old man, whose last Spring will shortly take wing after departed Youth and Love.

J.

PETER PINDARICS.

Patent Brown-Stout.

A Brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station,
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints, that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg —— and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this topheavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,

Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that 's a task
More difficult to grant than ask.—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing?

York Kidney Potatoes.

One Farmer Giles, an honest clown,
From Peterborough had occasion
To travel up to London town
About the death of a relation,
And wrote, his purpose to explain,
To cousin Jos. in Martin's-lane;
Who quickly sent him such an answer as
Might best determine him to dwell
At the Blue Boar—the Cross—the Bell,
Or some one of the caravanseras
To which the various coaches went,
All which, he said, were excellent.

Quoth Giles, "I think it rather odd he
Should write me thus, when I have read
That London hosts will steal at dead
Of night to stab you in your bed,
Pocket your purse, and sell your body,—
To 'scape from which unpleasant process
I'll drive at once to cousin Jos's."

Now cousin Jos. (whose name was Spriggs)
Was one of those punctilious prigs
Who reverence the *comme il faut*;
Who deem it criminal to vary
From modes prescribed, and thus "monstrari
Pretereuntium digito."
Conceive him writhing down the Strand
With a live rustic in his hand,
At once the gaper and gapee.

And pity his unhappy plight
Condemn'd, when tête-à-tête at night,
To talk of hogs, nor deem it right
To show his horrible *ennui.*

Jos. was of learned notoriety,
One of the male Blue-stocking clan,
Was register'd of each Society,
Royal and Antiquarian;
Took in the Scientific Journal,
And wrote for Mr. Urban's Mag.
(For fear its liveliness should flag)
A thermometrical diurnal,
With statements of old tombs and churches,
And such unreadable researches.

Wearied to death one Thursday night,
With hearing our Northampton wight
Prose about crops, and farms, and dairies,
Spriggs cried —— "A truce to corn and hay,—
Somerset House is no great way,
We'll go and see the Antiquaries."

"And what are they?" enquired his guest;—
"Why, Sir," said Jos. somewhat distress'd
To answer his interrogator,—
"They are a sort—a sort—a kind
Of commentators upon Nature"—
"What, common 'tatoes!" Giles rejoin'd,
His fist upon the table dashing,
"Take my advice—don't purchase one,
Not even at a groat a ton,—
None but York kidneys does for mashing."

H.

FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIP.

—"My friend and pitcher." SONG.

"Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your own hedge." PROVERBS.

FIGARO has remarked, that it is not necessary to possess a thing in order to talk of it; and this I suppose is the reason why so much has been said of friendship. Wits, poets, philosophers, and parsons have written "about it and about it," in all sorts of ways, ethically, satirically, farcically, sententiously, religiously, politico-œconomically, critically, and hypocritically; and yet, as some think, it still remains to be proved whether the thing itself be a reality, or only a philosophical whimsey, a "dagger of the mind," or, in plain English, an absolute nonentity. Judge Hales, I believe it was, considered witchcraft as proved by the fact that laws were made concerning it; and such a reasoner might be tempted to take friendship for granted, on the mere ground that poets have painted it. But then, on the other hand, if friendship really exists, some one must have met with it, some one must have been able to speak of it, not on hearsay, which, you know, is not admissible evidence, but from *autopsia*, or actual inspection; and in failure of this, the axiom of "*de non apparentibus*," must be taken as conclusive against it.

In the present state of the question, however, though I have my own opinion, I should hold myself very blameable to dogmatize either *pro* or *con*, or to knock my adversary flat, in failure of good argument, with a *quicunque vult*, for not being as much a *philo*, or a *misophiliac* as myself.—But thus far all are agreed, that if there is, or ever was *a parte reali*, any such feeling, affection, passion, disease, or hallucination as friendship in existence, it is, and always has been, at least as rare as a black swan, or a phœnix, a sea snake, a craken, a mermaid, a Queen Anne's farthing, or an "honest attorney."

> "Rien n'est plus commun que ce nom,
> Rien n'est plus rare que la chose." La Fontaine.

It cannot therefore, be a matter of surprise, that, like all our other hypotheses, our theories on friendship are mere moonshine. To hear the fellows talk, indeed, you would imagine that they were in full possession of their subject; had touched it, eyed it, tasted it, experimented upon it in all sorts of ways;—in short, were as familiar with all its modifications, attributes, and accidents, as Jack Ketch with a felon's neck, or a Methodist parson with the Devil,—and familiarity can go no farther. But what is the result of all this, I beseech you?—in the words of the strolling actress, "*chaise horse* (chaos) is come again."—Inconsistency and contradiction form the sum total of our knowledge on the matter: and, as in all other instances of overburthened science, where authority passes for argument, and hard words for facts, nothing useful can be effected, till the rubbish is cleared away, and a fair ground made for the re-construction of a newer and better edifice.

To take a few examples of error at hazard;—what axiom is more confidently advanced than that *amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*, and what more practically false? Does not all experience shew that this is precisely the circumstance under which a true friend is never found? "*Viri infortunati, procul amici*," is a known proverb, and decisive on the subject. All the world indeed acknowledges, that the prosperous and the wealthy alone have friends, and that

> "Raise but the beggar and denude the lord;
> The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
> The beggar native honour."—

Again, that Kings rarely know the pleasures of friendship, is another mistake. I say nothing of Pylades and Orestes, because (as the sailor said on another occasion) the thing happened in a far distant country and a long time ago, and therefore perhaps it is not true. But, even in our own memory, the whole British nation was divided between "the King's friends" and "the Prince's friends;" and, which comes to the same thing, "the Minister's friends" are to this day a very bustling, active set of men, whose friendship will never be found wanting, as long as the minister *is minister*. But we know by the concurrent testimony of many competent witnesses, that ministerial bounty has no bounds; and that a true friend of a minister, "though he got all Ireland from the *premier* for his estate, would still ask for the Isle of Man for a cabbage-garden."

Voltaire has somewhere said that "*les hommes vertueux ont seuls des amis*;" and Isocrates, if he affirms the contrary, admits that the friendships of the wicked have no long duration. But this is an evident mis-

take; else how could "*usque ad aras*" ever have become a proverb? for good men's friendships would not require such a stretch of affection. Besides, if the prosperous alone have friends, these are very rarely to be found among the good. Do we not likewise hear of "the friends of Radical reform," and "the friends of Opposition?" yet if you will believe the Courier and the John Bull, these personages are no better than they should be; while, on the other hand, the Holy Alliance, which is religion, goodness, and paternity personified, has hardly a friend left, who is not well paid for his attachment.

La Rochefoucauld, who was a great dogmatizer in this matter, (dogmatism, indeed, is of the very essence of your makers of aphorisms,) says that friendship is nothing but "*un ménagement réciproque d'intérêts, un échange de bons offices, ce n'est, enfin.* qu'un commerce, *où l'amour propre se propose toujours quelque chose à gagner*;" and in this opinion Tacitus agrees, for he deems an act of bankruptcy fatal to the commerce. Hence, perhaps, it happens, that though there is no friendship in money matters, there is much of money in friendship; in so far, that the lending a man money is the surest means of losing his friendship. The common opinion derives "amicitia" from "amor." But, according to this commercial system, it should rather "come of" *amicior*—because people *put on* and *put off* their affections as they do their clothes: and as on stormy nights men wrap themselves in a *great coat*, so on ticklish contingencies they endeavour to shelter themselves under a *great man*. Agreeably with this notion it may be observed, that men are said to contract *habits* of friendship; and when their *habits* don't *suit* they are apt to cut. To this point also tend such expressions as *warmth* of affection, *casting off* old acquaintances, and a *thorough-stitch* friendship. By a similar figure, it may be said of a gamester that "*chartis amicitur ineptis*"—or he is wrapped up in cards, and attached to nothing but the four kings. If, however, there be something in this etymology, still friendship belongs to the belly as well as the back. In truth, it has been observed, that all animals are tamed by their stomachs, and why not man with the rest? A dinner of ceremony, consisting of three courses, with removes, a dessert, ices, champaigne, hock, and hermitage; given once a week, or a month, if a person can afford it, will accommodate him with as many friends as he pleases.—Accordingly Cicero has "*amicitiam alicujus appetere*," to have *an appetite* for a man's acquaintance. If this be so, "veritas odium parit" must be translated, "plain cooking is detestable."

"What need," says Shakspeare, "we have friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use of them." This passage is put in the speaker's mouth at the moment of going to table, which shews that the chief use of a friend is, as Nong-tong-paw has it, with him to "breakfast, dine, and sup." Hence the proverb, "*salem et mensam ne prætereas*," and the inviolable faith of the Arab when he has tasted your salt, or you have partaken of his hospitality. Not only is friendship, or the union of man and man, but charity also, or the attachment of man to his species, very generally subordinate to good living. For (all-religious as we are in these times) a charity dinner helps the poor's funds much better than a charity sermon; and it may reasonably be doubted whether the dignity and authority of churchwardenship

would not go begging, if it were not for the occasional attraction of "eating a child."

Agreeably with this hypothesis, when you have breakfasted with a man, he is "your friend;" when you have dined with him, he is your "dear friend;" and a week's sojourn beneath his roof, renders him your "dearest and most intimate friend." Cutting a man, therefore, is a mere *lucus à non lucendo*, inasmuch as it may be presumed that nobody cuts his friend, as long as he can cut his friend's mutton. "Swallowing an affront," and "digesting an injury," explain themselves. When the subject was otherwise understood, old friendships were deemed preferable to new: but now, *on a changé tout ça*, and the newest friends are always the most esteemed. The reason is obvious; a new friend will never presume to offer you a pot-luck dinner; and it is a rule

"Si par fois on vous prie
A diner sans façon et sans cérémonie,
Refusez promptement ce dangereux honneur,
Cette invitation cache un piège trompeur.
Souvenez vous toujours dans le cours de la vie
Qu'un diner sans façon est un perfidie."

The first and most urgent interest of a new friend is to impress upon you a high idea of his wealth, luxury, and refinement; to introduce you to his service of plate, to furnish you with a catalogue of his rich wines, to bring you acquainted with his French cook, and to give you proof of his credit with Gunter. For this purpose you are sure of a splendid festival. A new friend, likewise, has never laughed at your most hackneyed joke, and you, on the other hand, have not listened to his most threadbare story. "With you conversing, he forgets all times, all seasons, and their change;" and it is hard indeed if you cannot empty a third bottle of claret together, before you are utterly wearied of each other, and wish one another fairly at the Devil.

Another most important advantage of a new friendship, which cannot be sufficiently appreciated, is, that your friend can neither ask you to lend money, nor to go bail for him; or if he be so indiscreet, you can with the less ceremony refuse him. The most approved ethical writers agree, it is true, that no length of acquaintance, no intimacy of affection, warrant such applications; but, as men will be impertinent, no one will deny that it is easier to refuse a new than an old friend.

I have expatiated the more freely upon this theory of friendship, because it is the most prevalent, and seems to rest upon the greatest number of observed facts. But there is another sect, which has its followers, and those not a few, whose opinions are somewhat different. Among these persons the term *friendship* is applied to that union of the sexes, in which the parties agree to put, the one honour, and the other fortune, into a common purse, and live together without troubling the clergy, as long as money or inclination lasts. A "fair friend" is a necessary part of the paraphernalia of the man who wishes to run through a good estate; and the ardour which the lady exhibits in extravagance and caprice is the just measure of the extent of her friendship. When a woman of this description speaks of "her friend," you may be sure she speaks of the man in the world she hates and despises the most thoroughly; and she rarely does speak of him, but when on

the very point of playing him a trick. For this reason, your knowing fellows prefer other men's *friends* to their own, which at first sight must appear very unnatural.

Another sense in which the word "friend" is used, which is still more extraordinary, is, when a man says "my friend shall wait on you in the course of the day to settle time and place." In this case *your friend* is a man who uses his best endeavours to give you the *satisfaction* of either committing a crime or being the victim of one, and, who takes with deliberate *sang-froid* the requisite measures for having you shot through the head.

"Nous devons convenir aussi
A la louange de nos frères
Que pour nous égorger ainsi
Ils donnent les raisons bien claires.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Et du moins il est constaté
Qu'ils nous feront mourir par principe."

Another friendship, and one of the warmest which is known in these degenerate times, is that which subsists between an electioneering candidate and "*his friends.*" This is indeed an attachment *à tout éprouvé*. All that this disinterested gentleman looks for, is the *good word* of his constituents, and to obtain this, what will he not sacrifice? Money is no object: he will give more to get one knave to speak for him, than Damon would have offered to save Pythias and all his kindred from perdition. No ill-treatment cools him, no inconstancy fatigues him, no inequality of condition repels him: and, what scarcely ever happens in other ties, his friendship will last unabated and unwearied for full seven years.

"My very dear friend" is an admitted salutation to a money-lender, emphasis being laid upon *very* in due proportion to the extortionate premium and usurious interest. This phrase is the more legitimate, as such friendship must cost one of the parties dear, according as old Postobit does, or does not, get paid the money on which he speculates.

I say nothing of great friends, little friends, d—d good-natured friends, Quaker friends, or the friends of humanity, whose practice is to study generals till they quite overlook particulars. Still less shall I mention epistolary "affectionate friends," and "most faithful and obedient friends;" these cases being too well known to require much illustration. But, before I take my leave, I must mention a property of friendships in general, which seems more particularly to apply to those of our own times. It is this: Friendship, like Burgundy, does not bear travelling. But what is most extraordinary, an attachment, which in the country will subsist at the distance of twelve miles, will perish in London, if removed to the distance of half a mile. Friendship in Brighton does not imply friendship in town; and you may shake a man's hand upon 'Change, without exchanging salutations with him in Pall Mall. There are men whom you may know at Moulsey, at a dog-fight, or an Hell, whom you could not possibly acknowledge elsewhere, simply because every one knows them too well. On the other hand, vicinity is a great bond of friendship. The living, as the Irish say, "*hard by convanient*" will preserve the most

languid connexions; while, as a great lady once observed, "no friendship can possibly cross to the north of Oxford-road."

Such are a few of the facts which a close observation of the phenomena of friendship has enabled me to pick up. They are not sufficient for building an entire new theory; but they will not be the less acceptable, because they leave the zealous inquirer ample room for ulterior investigation. Who knows? there is no saying but that, with time and patience, some one will discover sufficient traces for establishing the reality of friendship; or, having found a true friend, may exhibit him in Bond-street at a shilling per head, without being called upon, like the proprietor of the Mermaid, to cut up his specimen for the gratification of idle curiosity, and to afford satisfaction to impertinent sceptics and testy carpers—Dixi. M.

THE PROPHECY OF CONSTANTINE.

Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee. HABAKKUK, Ch. ii. v. 8.

An Empire, mightiest of the mighty, crushed—
The shivered sceptre and the blunted sword
Wrenched from its nerveless arm—Barbarians, flushed
With conquest's pride, pouring their savage horde
Triumphant o'er the relics of great Rome,
Where, like a huge transplanted oak, she stood,
Blasted and branchless in her new-found home,
With scarce one withered leaf to shield her eaglet brood!—

Such was the scene, and such the moral too,
On which the sickening sun looked down, that day
When Constantine's proud city pallid grew—
Her life-blood trickling fast, in the slant ray
Which shot athwart the bending cypress groves
That graceful fringed the low Propontic shore,
Long sought by Grecian lovers and their loves,
But doomed to echo back love's melody no more.

For the hoarse yell of War was mounting then,
While chains were rattling round the sons of Greece,
And the sad blasphemies of dying men
Heard dismal as the artillery's thunders cease,
Deadlier to burst, and deal destruction round—
There javelins hiss, and crash the crumbling walls,
And the shrill scream upsends its anguished sound
From many a buried wretch as the breached bastion falls.

Oh God! that such deep discords e'er should rise
To blend their demon tones with angel notes
That swell the chorus of Heaven's harmonies!
But all is finished now:—the gasping throats
Of the last Greeks are parched and choked in death;
Well hath the smiter, Azräel, done his work—
And not one heart is heard to throb beneath
The mangled warrior-heaps, where sits the exulting Turk.

Panting and gorged the glutted victor sits—
Victor—how little worthy of the name!
O'er him no flash of memory's lightning flits,
Nor glory fans him with its breath of flame.

He knows no triumph o'er the splendid past
On which he tramples with unconscious tread,
As sweeps, on wasting wing, the poison blast
O'er Araby's blest vale, and leaves its gardens dead.

Byzantium, Rome, Greece—Virtue, Fame, and Power—
Cæsars and Constantines—alike by him
Reft of a thousand trophies in an hour,—
Ages of bright olympiads—dull and dim
To his dark gaze. His gross mind, fury-fraught,
With brute delight upon the present feeds—
No visioned glories shroud one sensual thought,
And his base bosom swells but when his victim bleeds.

The sun sinks fast; and, as his parting beam
Falls on the desolate grandeurs of the day,
Palace and pillar, and temple brightly gleam
In the rich crimson of the dying ray:
Bronzed in the glow, Sophia's reddening fane
Flings far its golden blaze o'er tower and tide,
And burnished dome and spire give back the stain
Where, sunk in recreant sloth, vile Cæsars ruled and died.

These all art's monuments.—But the bright Sun,
From his uprising hour till night's repose,
Upon no lovelier scene of Nature shone,
Than that o'er which his sinking glance he throws:—
The Thracian shores, Bithynia's wooded sides,
Vineyards and valleys rich, and gushing rills
That mix their waters with the gentle tides,
To bathe the shelving rocks, whence rise the redolent hills.

But hark! loud music sends a stunning crash—
The war-horse neighs—shouts vibrate through the air—
The straitened Bosphorus resounds with splash
Of thousand oars, which urge the gallies there
On to the shattered breach. The moslem bands,
Rapine and lust forsaking, join the throng—
And heavenwards raised are clasped and blood-stained hands,
And turbaned heads bowed low as Mahomet moves along.

"He comes, he comes, the conqueror of the world!
Clash cymbals! trumpets swell your brazen voice!
Let the broad banners of the Faith unfurled
Wave o'er his sacred head! Rejoice, rejoice!"
Such the enthusiast sounds which rose aloft,
From fierce fanatics, echoing back the strains,
For centuries of their triumphs poured too oft
Towards Heaven's insulted vault from Earth's ensanguined plains,—

Since bold Tangrolipix from Persia's lord
Forced victory in the desert, and sent down
His crimsoned laurel-wreath and conquering sword
To the fierce heritors of his renown—
Othman, and Bajazet, and Amurath—
Whose lustre before Mahomet's but shone,
As morning lights on Heaven's effulgent path
Come heralding the blaze of noon's meridian sun.

Mark his audacious front and fiery glance—
Bashaws and guards, and viziers' servile troops
Low bowing:—but, if checked in his advance
His proud head bends, 'tis as the vulture stoops,

To feast his eyes upon his prostrate prey—
For oft the startled courser swerves aside,
Scared by the outstretched corpse that chokes the way,
And doubts his slippery foot in steaming carnage dyed.

Wrenched by the brazen ram's redoubled blows,
Back flies with starting bolt and jangling bar,
The ponderous portal, whose broad opening shows
The city's splendent glories wide and far.
On the swart Sultan spurs—he clears the gate,
With barbarous shout and brandished battle-axe:
In vain the sallying Christians dam the strait—
An Empire's death and doom are on the Moslem's tracks.

Tell not the rest, Religion :—ear, nor eye
May brook such horrors—wrap the curtain round!
Yet, where yon slaughtered forms are piled on high,
Gaze, if thou wilt, and weep—'tis sacred ground.
For where that red and fleshly mountain reeks,
Fit monument war's deadliest strife to tell,
There, 'midst the mingled mass of Turks and Greeks,
The latest Cæsar lies where hero-like he fell.

As monarch and as man he scorned to swerve
From that last spot, envisaging his fate
With regal valour and plebeian nerve,
And proved how, throneless, sovereigns can be great:
Unpurpled rushed, and dared the battle-blast,
His name redeeming—for on Freedom's grave
The earliest Cæsar built his power—the last,
Its latest remnant lost, but spurned the name of slave.

Immortal Heavens! what mockery comes to blast
The withering sight. The bloody basement shakes—
The hideous mound upheaves—and, stiff and 'ghast,
Each death-locked carcase from its fellow breaks.
And lo! emerging from the horrent pile
Faltering and faint a spectral figure rears
His gashed and livid head—and joins the while
His trembling hands in gest which marks the Christian's prayers.

His brow was kingly, but uncrowned—his eye,
Alight with inspiration's heavenly flame,
Beamed forth such rays of tempered majesty
As godlike virtue sheds o'er mortal frame.
His glance exploring Marmora's sunlit surge,
Where day's departing orb, in hues divine,
Was melting on the green wave's tremulous verge,
Thus the last Cæsar spoke—imperial Constantine!

" O thou, in radiance floating, o'er the brink
Of yonder billowy ridge, as loth to sink ;
Fountain of life and light, resplendent ball,
Sun of a thousand worlds and soul of all—
My throbbing bosom feels thy quickening beam,
And drinks new being from its golden stream ;
My bloodless body springs refreshed and free ;
My heart and brain are filled with Heaven and thee—
Earth's clogging ties are loosed, and through my frame
A flood of radiance and a rush of flame,
Bright, but not burning, passeth as the breath
Which bears the spirit aloft, and cools the fires of death!

Interminable ages long gone by
Unfold their buried records to my eye.
Heavens! how the wide-spread scene is opening now—
How fresh the wreath on Time's perennial brow—
How clear his trace-worn path for centuries back—
How plain the progress of his forward track!
Forgotten empires burst oblivion's tomb,
And History casts away her shroud of gloom;
Egypt is up again in arts and arms;
Syria's unpeopled desert freshly swarms—
Rebuilded Babylon in grandeur stands;
Palmyra's columns tower above the sands;
Athens and Rome—the once sublime abodes
Of Gods, and men more glorious than their gods—
Rise up again in majesty and might,
And spread their splendour to my dazzled sight.
But see! the pompous pageant fades away,
And Earth assumes the colouring of to-day:
And nought of all the brilliant show remains
But gilded misery, and a world in chains.
And thou, devoted city! even thou
With head long raised aloft—how humbled now!
Byzantium, Rome—whatever be thy name,
Disgrace is grafted on thy stem of Fame.
Six times polluted by some haughty foe,
To-day Fate strikes thee with its heaviest blow;
And Shame close locks thee in her withering fold,
For infidel hands have burst thy sacred gate of gold.
Even now to dust thy trophied columns fall;
And the loud strokes from each reverberant wall
Of temple or of palace, tell the fate
Of saint and sage, the godly and the great.
But thou, eternal Power that orderest all,
Whose wisdom works, though thrones and altars fall,
Still must these miscreant plunderers rend their spoil
From the pale kingdoms, and lay waste the soil!
Centuries have rolled, since first in locust throng
From snow-capped Caucasus they poured along;
O'er Asia's deserts led their long defile,
And sped their course from Tigris to the Nile;
On palsied Afric blew with pestilent breath,—
Their faith a frenzy, and its doctrines Death!
On Europe's pallid cheek a fevered flush
Glows in the fire of their envenomed rush:
Hope's harvest blighted lies—
But see on high
The scroll of Fate emblazon'd fills the sky;
Spreads o'er the azure its developed fold;
And shews the doom of worlds in words of gold.
Borne on Time's flood the nations rise and fall,
One common destiny engulphing all.
In the wide west far-stretching lands appear,
But Mahomet's iron rule is bounded here.
Beneath the Turkman's dull yet scorching eye,
I see refinement droop and science die;
And giant crime, and enervating sloth,
Drag down the empire in its cumbrous growth;
Till plague and famine, feasting on their prey,
Leave of the rotting realm no vestige but decay

Then, then my country bursts her funeral glooms,
And wakes in beauty from her thousand tombs;
While warrior spirits, that long slumbering lay,
Shall call on Greece—and Greece the call obey.
Ignoble slaves shall hug their chains no more,
But Glory's sons re-act the scenes of yore:
Nicephorus and Zimisces breathe again
Their fiery ardour in the hearts of men,
As when they smote the Islam through his lands,
And set their footprints in the Syrian sands.
Full many a circling cycle yet must be
Ere the doomed state fulfil its destiny;
Far distant empires and new worlds arise,
And Freedom bloom in unimagined skies:
Yet stands the irrevocable fiat graved—
The Crescent falls—the Christian realm is saved!
The avenging Autocrat shall bare his blade,
And hurrying Europe crowd to the crusade;
Fame, Faith, and Freedom, join her rallying cry—
While far through Tartary's depths the turbaned host shall fly.
And thou, O Sun! fast melting from my sight,
Beautiful lingerer in yon fields of light,
Soon o'er the islands of the Western Sea
Thy luminous smile will reach the brave and free;—
And, as its radiance o'er their surface rolls,
So shall my spirit fire their bounding souls.
Thus warming soil and heart each circling year,
Age after age shall mark our twin career:
And when the swarming nations sound the ban
That arms the world, and Britain leads the van,
My spirit, rushing like a flaming sword,
Shall from Earth's Paradise"—
The broken word
Hangs on his quiv'ring lip—the sun is down:
A cloud is hovering o'er the ruined town.
With dark skirts glaring in the golden tinge,
It looks an ominous pall with burnished fringe,
Fitting the corpse its black folds seem to cover;
While moonless falls the night—and draws her mantle over.

ANTE AND POST-NUPTIAL JOURNAL.

"When I said I would die a Bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—

"A miracle!—here's our own hands against our hearts."

Much Ado about Nothing.

Some people have not the talent, some have not the leisure, and others do not possess the requisite industry for keeping a private diary or journal; and yet there is probably no book which a man could consult with half so much advantage as a record of this sort, if it presented a faithful transcript of the writer's fluctuating feelings and opinions. If, instead of comparing our own mind with others, which is the process of common reading, we were to measure it with itself at different periods, as exhibited in our memorandum-book, we should learn a more instructive humility, a more touching lesson of distrust in ourselves and indulgence towards our neighbours, than could be acquired by poring over all the ethics and didactics that ever were penned. As a

mere psychological curiosity, it must be interesting to observe the advancement of our own mind; still more so to trace its caprices and contrasts. Changes of taste and opinion are generally graduated by such slow and imperceptible progressions, that we are unconscious of the process, and should hardly believe that our former opinions were diametrically opposed to our present, did not our faithful journal present them to our eyes on the incontestable evidence of our own handwriting. Personal identity has been disputed on account of the constant renewal of our component atoms: few people, I think, will be disposed to maintain the doctrine of mental identity, when I submit to them the following *alter et idem*, being a series of extracts from the same journal, registered in perfect sincerity of heart at the time of each inscription, and the whole not spread over a wider space of time than a few consecutive months. Into the cause of my perpetual and glaring discrepancies, it is not my purpose to enter; this is a puzzle that may serve to exercise the ingenuity of your readers.

Ante-Nuptial.

I hate *Blondes*; white-faced horses and women are equally ugly; the "blue-eyed daughters of the North," like the other bleached animals of the same latitude, are apt to be very torpid, sleepy, and insipid, rarely exhibiting much intellect or piquancy. They remind one of boiled mutton without caper-sauce, or water-gruel without wine or brandy. Every one thought the Albinos frightful, and yet people pretend to admire fair women. Brunettes are decidedly handsomer—what is a snow-scene compared to the rich and various colouring of an autumnal landscape! They have a moral beauty about them; their eyes sparkle with intelligence,—they possess fire—vivacity—genius. A Brunette *Sawney* is as rare as a tortoiseshell tom-cat. There is, however, a species of complexion which nature accomplishes in her happier moods, infinitely transcending all others. I mean a clear transparent olive, through whose soft and lucid surface the blood may be almost seen coursing beneath, while the mind seems constantly shining through and irradiating the countenance. It is generally found accompanied with dark silky hair, small regular features, and a sylph-like form approximating somewhat to the——Lascar?—No. To the Spanish?—No: but to the description which Ovid gives us of Sappho, and to the species of beauty that imagination assigns to the fascinating Cleopatra. My dear Julia exactly represents this kind of loveliness. I am certainly a lucky fellow in having secured the promise of her hand. She possesses animation and briskness without any of that unamiable tendency to domineer, which so many lively females exhibit, and has a good portion of reading and talent without affecting the blue-stocking. It is a bad thing to be over-wifed, like poor Frank Newenham, who has nothing to do with the laws of his own house but to obey them. Better to have no appointment than get a place under petticoat government.

Determined on sending in my resignation to Brookes's and Arthur's, as well as to the Alfred and Union. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dejanira, and all good husbands should follow his example. The increase of these establishments a bad sign: our wives and hotel-keepers must associate together, for they seem to be deserted by the

rest of the world. Astonishing that men should prefer politics and port-wine in a club-room, to the converse of a beautiful woman at home. Substituting Julia for Lesbia, I am ready to exclaim with Catullus in his imitation of Sappho,

> Ille mi par esse Deo videtur,
> Ille si fas est, superare Divos,
> Qui sedens adversus identidem te
> Spectat, et audit
> Dulce ridentem.

Saw Lady Madeleine at the Opera, looking fat, florid, and Sphynx-like. It is the fashion to call her a fine creature; so is the prize ox: for the modesty which others assign to her, read *mauvaise honte.* If people admire by the square foot, they can hardly over-rate her merits; but for my own part I would rather marry a Patagonian milk-maid.

Went to Richmond—sate upon the grass in front of the house formerly belonging to Whitshed Keene, and gazed upon the moon, thinking all the while of Julia, until I became so melancholy, romantic, and poetical, as actually to perpetrate the following

Stanzas.

> Sweet is the sadness of the night,
> And dear her silent reign,
> And pleasant is her mournful light,
> To those who love in vain.
>
> To yon pale moon that o'er me soars,
> Which dim through tears I see,
> E'en now perchance my Julia pours
> Her fervent vows for me.
>
> The breeze whose plaints from yonder glade
> In whispering murmurs rise,
> Perchance around her lips has played,
> And breathes my Julia's sighs.
>
> By day her fancied presence seems
> To chase each tear away,—
> Then stay to soothe my troubled dreams,
> Stay, dearest vision, stay!

Why I should describe myself as loving in vain, ar[illegible]hrough tears, making Julia, who was that night engaged [illegible]ack's, sympathize in my distress, may seem odd; but I [illegible]ollected that all great poets are melancholy, and that "the course of true love never does run smooth," when you are soliloquizing the moon. I protest I think the lines very mellifluous and heart-rending, and altogether Lady's-Magazinish.—My darling Julia tells me she doats upon poetry; so do I, especially the elegiac, when hit off by a master's hand. Mem.: show her my verses to-morrow.

My dear Julia, I am happy to find, is equally fond of the country, and devoted to music and domestic pleasures. In fact, her tastes and opinions seem generally to agree with mine. She is certainly a woman of superior good sense. Delighted to observe that she is so much pleased with my rattling friend Compton, and thinks Harvey a gentlemanly good-looking man. It is always pleasant when one's bachelor companions prove acceptable to one's wife.

Introduced to my beloved Julia's uncle, Mr. Jackson, a nabob, who gave me a receipt for bile, and told me a famous story of a tiger-hunt at Calcutta;—a pleasant chatty man. His wife rather in the style of the Hottentot than the Medici Venus, but genteel in her manners; the three daughters pleasing interesting girls, and one of them good-looking.

Sent Nimrod to Tattersal's, as I mean to give up hunting. Bad enough for bachelors to risk their necks by galloping after a poor inoffensive hare: preposterous in married men. Sold my Joe Manton and patent percussion gun to Compton, as I flatter myself I shall be better employed in the society of my amiable Julia, than in wading through mud and snow to destroy partridges and pheasants. Besides, going out with a friend upon these occasions by no means implies your returning with him, as he is very apt to miss the birds and shoot you. If you go alone, two alternatives await you:—in getting over a stile a twig unfortunately catches the lock of your piece, and lodges its contents in your kidnies; or your favourite spaniel makes a point—of putting his paw upon your trigger, and in the ardour of his fondling blows out your brains. Sportsmen should really devise some new mode of death; these are quite hackneyed. Julia much pleased when I told her my intentions: she particularly objected to hunting, on account of its expense. She is decidedly economical, which is a great comfort.

Julia being engaged with her uncle Jackson, I spent the evening alone by my own fire-side;—very bilious and hippish. Dr. Johnson is quite right;—a married man has many cares, but a single one has no pleasures. What a solitary forlorn wretch is the latter in misery and sickness! Some years ago there was an account in the papers of a respectable old bachelor, in Gray's Inn, who after several months' disappearance was found dead in his chambers, half eaten up by blue-bottle flies. Conceive the idea of a man's being forgotten by his friends and remembered by the blue-bottles. I never see one of these flying Benedict-eaters without wishing myself fairly married; their buzzing in my ear seems to echo the Epithalamium of Manlius to my Julia's namesake—

Io, Hymen Hymenæe, io!
Io, Hymen Hymenæe!

Next week my adorable Julia is to become mine for ever, and if I know any thing of myself, Jack Egerton will be the happiest man in the world. Can't say I like the ceremonial—rather lugubrious and solemn—Parents looking dolorous—sisters and cousins crying—bride ready to faint—nobody comfortable but the clergyman and clerk. Compton says, it is very like going to be hanged, and observes, that there is only the difference of an aspirate between altar and halter. A bad joke, like all the other sorry witticisms launched against women and marriage. Satirists of the sex either disappointed men, or fools, or mere inventors of calumny. Pope confesses, in the advertisement to his Satires, that none of the characters are drawn from real life. He that lives single, says St. Paul, does well, but he that marries does better. St. Paul was a wise man.

Post-Nuptial.

Heigho!—three months elapsed without a single entry in my journal. What an idle fellow I have become, or rather what a busy

one, for I have been in a perpetual bustle ever since the expiration of the honey-moon. By the by, nothing can be more ill-judged than our custom of dedicating that period to rural sequestration, that we may do nothing but amuse one another, while it generally ends in our tiring one another to death. Remember reading of a pastrycook, who always gave his apprentices a surfeit of tarts when first they came, to insure their subsequent indifference. Very well for him, but a dangerous conjugal experiment. Godwin mentions in his Memoirs of Mary, that they alienated themselves from one another every morning, that, instead of mutually exhausting their minds, they might have almost always something new to impart, by which means they met with pleasure and parted with regret. Most people reverse the process. In England, if a man is seen with his wife perpetually dangling on his arm, it is a dispensation from all other observances; let him do what he will, he has a reputation for all the cardinal virtues. In France it is the extreme of *mauvais ton*. Many hints might be advantageously borrowed from our Gallic neighbours.

Tired to death of people wishing one joy—there is an impertinence about this salutation; it conveys a doubt at best, and, as some people express themselves, looks very like a sneer. Received seven epistolary congratulations, which, from their great similarity of phrase and sentiment, I suspect to be all plagiarisms from the Polite Letter-Writer. Paid them in their own coin by writing a circular reply.

Sat next to Lady Madeleine at a dinner-party. What a remarkably fine woman she is!—quite majestic after one has been accustomed to dwarfs and puppets. After all, there is nothing so feminine and lovely as a fair complexion, especially when accompanied with that Corinthian air—that natural nobility, (if I may so express myself,) which at once stamps the high-born and high-bred woman of quality. If her hand alone were shewn to me, I should swear that it belonged to a person of rank. A complexion of this sort testifies the station of its possessor. One sees Olives and Brunettes trundling mops and crying mackerel; but no menial ever possessed Lady Madeleine's soft and delicate tints. What a charm, too, in that gentle and modest demeanour, forming so happy a medium between rustic reserve and London flippancy!

Finding ourselves alone and the time hanging rather heavy, I began reading aloud Milton's Lycidas; but, before I had accomplished three pages, observed Julia fast asleep! Waked her, to remind her of her former declaration that she doted upon poetry. "So I do," was the reply, "but then I like something funny; have you got Peter Pindar, or Dr. Syntax's Tour?"—Heavens! what a taste!——Requested her to play me one of Haydn's canzonets; found her harp was thrown aside with seven broken strings, and the piano so much out of tune that she had not touched it for weeks. Am assured, however, that she is passionately fond of music—when it is played by any one else; on the faith of which I subscribed to six concerts, and my wife actually went to *one*.—By love of the country I learn that she means Bath, Brighton, and Cheltenham, in the respective seasons; but as to the rural, the romantic, and the picturesque, she protests that she has no particular *penchant* for "a cow on a common, or goose on a green," and is even uninfluenced by the combined attractions of "doves, dung,

ducks, dirt, dumplings, daisies, and daffidowndillies." Flippancy is not wit. Sorry to find a difference in our sentiments upon many essential points, and compelled to acknowledge that she is by no means a woman of that invariable good sense for which I had given her credit.

Compton and Harvey have quite become strangers. Could not understand the meaning—questioned the former upon the subject, when he asked me if I recollected one of the Miseries of Human Life—"Going to dine with your friend upon the strength of a general invitation, and finding by the countenance of his wife that you had much better have waited for a particular one." I don't mind a cold dinner, he continued, but I cannot stand cold looks; and Harvey is too much in request to go where he is considered, even by silent intimation, as "un de trop." Expostulated with Mrs. Egerton upon this subject, when she denied the fact of any incivility, but confessed her wonder that I should associate with such a rattling fellow as Compton, who had nothing in him. Nothing in him!—no more has soda water; its attraction consists in its effervescence and volatility. Compton is an honest fellow, and loves good eating and drinking. He has vivacity, edacity, and bibacity;—what the deuce would she have?

By the by, those odious Jacksons positively haunt the house. It is lucky the old Nabob is worth money, for he is worth nothing else. The bore!—he has now given me five different receipts for bile, and I have been six times in at the death of that cursed tiger that he shot near Calcutta. Another dip would have made his fat wife a negress. Let no man offer to hand her down stairs unless he can carry three hundred weight, and listen to a ten minutes wheezing. Absurd to wear two diamond necklaces where not one of them can be seen for her three double chins. The daughter, whom they call handsome (!!!) squints: the clever one is a Birmingham bluestocking: the youngest is good-tempered, but quite a fool. As to "dear cousin Patty," she seems to have taken up her residence with us, though she has nothing to do but flatter my wife, and wash the lapdog. I thought it was against the canon law to marry a whole family.

Shooting season—nothing to do at home—devilish dull—Compton drove me in his tilbury to Hertfordshire—lent me my old Joe Manton—never shot better in my life—missed nothing. Accepted an invitation from Sir Mark Manners to pass a fortnight with him in Norfolk, upon the strength of which bought a new patent percussion gun, and promise myself famous sport. Got a letter from Harvey, at Melton—the hunt was never kept up in such prime style;—ran down just for one day—so much delighted that I purchased a famous hunter for only three hundred guineas, and was out every morning till it was time to start across the country for Sir Mark's shooting-box in Norfolk.

Returned from Sir Mark's—never spent a pleasanter fortnight in my life—famous preserves—my gun did wonders. Mrs Egerton thought proper to object to the great expense of my recommencing a hunting-establishment, while she tormented me to death at the same time to give her a box at the Opera. In all that regards *my* amusements, I cannot accuse her of any want of economy; but in every thing

that has reference to her own freaks and fancies, she is perfectly regardless of cost. She is of the Hudibrastic quality, and

> "Compounds for sins she is inclined to,
> By damning those she has no mind to."

Addison observes in the 205th number of the Spectator, "that the palest features look the most agreeable in white; that a face which is overflushed, appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that a dark complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood:"—which he explains, by observing that a complexion however dark, never approaches to black, or a pale one to white, so that their respective tendencies are modified by being compared with their extremes. Notwithstanding this authority, my wife, whose skin is almost Moorish, persists in wearing a white hat, which gives her the look of a perfect Yarico. Declined walking out with her this morning unless she changed it, which she obstinately refused, after wrangling with me for half an hour; and as I was determined to exercise my marital authority, I went out without her. Is it not astonishing that a person of the smallest reflection or good sense should stubbornly contend about such a mere trifle? She has a monstrous disposition to domineer, which I am resolved to resist.

Met Harvey in my promenade, who told me that as there had been no committee at Brookes's or Arthur's since I withdrew my name, there was still time to reinstate it, which he kindly undertook to do for me. Hurried on myself to the Alfred and Union, and got there just in time to take down the notices. How excessively fortunate! Acting the Hermit in London won't do: I hate affectation of any sort. Long evenings at home I hate still worse. One must have some resources; for the romance of life, like all other romances, ends with marriage. The Rovers, Sir Harry Wildairs, Lovebys, and other wild gallants of the old comedies, never appear upon the stage after this ceremony; their freaks are over—their "occupation's gone"—they are presumed to have become too decent and dull for the dramatist. Their loves were a lively romance; their marriage is flat history.—The uncertainty of Bachelorship unquestionably gives a charm to existence;—a married man has nothing farther to expect; he must sit down quietly, and wait for death. A single one likes to speculate upon his future fate; he has something to look forward to, and while he is making up his mind to what beauty he shall offer his hand, he roves amid a haram of the imagination, a sort of mental Polygamist. A man *may* be fortunate in wedlock, but if he is not——!!!

I certainly thought my wife had some smartness of conversation, but find that it only amounts to a petulant dicacity. Swift explains the process by which I was deceived when he says,—"a very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot." Perhaps he solves the difficulty better when he adds in another place,—"women are like riddles; they please us no longer when once they are known."

Told of a bon-mot launched by my friend Taylor on the occasion of my nuptials. Old Lady Dotterel exclaiming that she feared I had been rather wild, and was glad to hear I was going to be married—"So am I too," cried Taylor; but, after a moment's consideration,

added in a compassionate tone,—"though I don't know why I should say so, poor fellow, for he never did me any harm in his life."——Went to the play—one of Reynolds's comedies—used to laugh formerly at the old fellow's reply, when he is told that bachelors are useless fellows and ought to be taxed—"So we ought, Ma'am, for it is quite a luxury."—Admitted the fact, but could not join in the roar.—Not a bad joke of the amateur, who, on examining the Seven Sacraments painted by Poussin, and criticizing the picture of Marriage, exclaimed,—"I find it is difficult to make a good marriage even in painting." Maître Jean Piccard tells us, that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, and trying different expedients to produce a tear, such of the neighbours as had grown-up daughters and cousins came to him, and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him another wife. Six weeks after, says Maître Jean, I lost my cow, and, though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another.——St. Paul may have been a very wise man in his dictum about marriage; but he is still wiser who contents himself with doing well, and leaves it to others to do better. H.

GREEK SONG—THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.

Before the fiery Sun—
The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.*

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of Heroes! with the solemn skies
And the wide plain around, where patriot-blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious Dead,
In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh!
And poured rich odours o'er their battle-bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them, from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades! where minstrels tell
How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,
And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright red wine
Flowed to *their* names who taught the world to die,
And made the land's green turf a living shrine—
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty!

So the rejoicing Earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky!
We have the founts the purple vintage yields;
—When shall *we* crown the Bowl of Liberty?

* At the Anniversary Solemnities, in memory of the Battle of Platæa, *See Potter's Antiquities of Greece*, vol. I. p. 388.

BARRY THE PAINTER.

I HAVE just read a notice of Barry the painter in one of our periodical publications, and I am reminded of a few particulars respecting that singular person, with whom I chanced to have come into contact towards the close of his career. My reminiscences of him, such as they are, I shall set down in the order in which they may happen to start up out of the oblivion into which I had long consigned them.

My acquaintance with him commenced early in the year 1804. I was little more than a boy at the time. I resided in Berners-street, and had daily occasion to pass through an adjoining street, Castle-street, Oxford-market. In Castle-street there was a house that soon attracted my attention. It appeared to be uninhabited. The glass of the lower windows was broken, the shutters closed, and the door and walls strewed with mud. Upon the first occasion of my particularly observing this house, a group of boys and idlers had collected outside, where they continued shouting, whispering, pointing to the upper windows, and going through the ordinary routine of looks and gestures, and muttered execrations, that precede a general assault upon an obnoxious tenement. They were in the act of commencing hostile operations, when they were dispersed by the parish officers. I enquired the cause of these demonstrations of popular anger, and was informed, that the house (to the terror and scandal of the neighbourhood) was occupied by an old wizard, or necromancer, or Jew, for this point was unsettled, and seemed not very material; but that, whatever he was, he lived there in unholy solitude, that he might the better dedicate himself unobserved to some unrighteous mysteries. I took in the account with greedy ears; it was confirmed by the distant view, for I dared not approach, of some writings and strange figures upon the paper that supplied the place of glass in the parlour windows. I was assured that the work of magic was going on within, and for some time after never passed the house, which was always on the opposite side of the way, without a thrill of Christian horror. While my mind was in this state of boyish superstition, it was proposed to me, one day, by two gentlemen from Ireland, to accompany them on a visit to their friend and countryman, Barry the celebrated painter. I had heard before of "the great Barry," and, naturally enough at my years, associated with the idea of intellectual greatness a tolerable proportion of opulence and external splendour. As we went along, I began already to feel certain tremors of youthful awe creeping upon me, at the prospect of entering the, doubtless, spacious mansion of so renowned an artist. The way led through Oxford-market. We proceeded down Castle-street, and my friends made a full stop at the door of the old magician. It was Barry the painter's. A loud knock was given, and for some minutes unanswered. My fears were now all dispersed; and I had courage, as well as time, to examine with some closeness the external peculiarities of this temple of genius. The area was bestrewn with skeletons of cats and dogs, marrow-bones, waste-paper, fragments of boys hoops, and other playthings, and with the many kinds of missiles which the pious brats of the neighbourhood had hurled against the unhallowed premises. A dead cat lay upon the projecting stone of the parlour window, immediately under a sort of

appeal to the public, or a proclamation setting forth that a dark conspiracy existed for the wicked purpose of molesting the writer, and injuring his reputation, and concluding with an offer of some pounds as a reward to any one who should give such information as might lead to the detection and conviction of the offenders. This was in Barry's hand-writing, and occupied the place of one pane of glass. The rest of the framework was covered with what I had once imagined to be necromantic devices—some of his own etchings, but turned upside down, of his great paintings at the Adelphi. Young as I was, I was not insensible to the moral of the scene. I was ignorant at the time whether what I saw had been wantonly provoked, or whether it was cruel and capricious vengeance for nonconformity to popular observances; but whichever might be the case, the spectacle before me engraved upon my inexperienced mind an important truth, which I have subsequently had too many occasions to apply, that genius, however rare, without temper and conduct, is one of the most disastrous privileges to which man in his mistaken ambition can aspire. While I was unconsciously laying up these materials for after-reflection, my friends gave a second and louder knock. It was answered by almost as loud a growl from the second-floor window. We looked up, and beheld a head thrust out, surmounted by a hunting-cap, and wearing in front a set of coarse and angry features, while a voice, intensely Irish, in some hasty phrases made up of cursing and questioning, demanded our names and business. Before my companions had time to answer, they were recognized. In went the head and hunting-cap and surly visage; in a few seconds the door was opened, and I was introduced to the celebrated Barry. I well remember his dress and person, and can recall, almost without an effort, the minutest details of this and of my subsequent interviews with him. The hunting-cap was still on, but, on a nearer view, I perceived that the velvet covering had been removed, nothing but the bare and unseemly skeleton remained. He wore a loose, thread-bare, claret-coloured great coat that reached to his heels, black waistcoat, black et-ceteras, grey worsted stockings, coarse unpolished shoes with leathern thongs, no neckcloth, but, like Jean-Jaques Rousseau, whom he resembled in many other less enviable particulars, he seemed to have a taste for fine linen. His shirt was not only perfectly clean, but equally genteel in point of texture, with even a touch of dandyism in the elaborate plaiting of the ruffles. On the whole, his costume gave the idea of extreme negligence without uncleanliness.

His person was below the middle size, sturdy and ungraceful. You could see at once that he had never practised bowing to the world. His face was striking. An Englishman would call it an Irish, an Irishman a Munster face, but Barry's had a character independent of national or provincial peculiarities. It had vulgar features, but no vulgar expression. It was rugged, austere, and passion-beaten; but the passions traced there were those of aspiring thought and unconquerable energy, asserting itself to the last, and sullenly exulting in its resources. Of this latter feeling, however, no symptoms broke out on the present occasion. His two visitors were old friends, heartily attached to his fame; and neither of them had ever handled a brush. He greeted them with Irish vehemence and good-humour, and

in the genuine intonations of his native province. His friends smiled at his attire. He observed it, and joined in the laugh. "It was, he said, his ordinary working-dress, except the cap which he lately adopted, to act as a shade for his eyes when he engraved at night." They told him, they had come to see the recent specimens of his art, and particularly his Pandora. He answered that they should see that and every thing else in the house. We proceeded to the staircase, when Barry, suddenly recollecting himself, turned back and double-locked the street-door. The necessity of this precaution seemed to bring a momentary gloom into his looks, but it passed away, and he mounted cheerfully before us. He opened the door of the back-room on the first-floor, and entered first to clear away the cobwebs before us. The place was full of engravings, sketches and casts, confusedly heaped together, and clotted with damp and dust. The latter he every now and then removed by a vigorous slap with the skirt of his coat. There were some engravings there that he valued highly. I forget the subjects, but I perfectly recollect the ardour, and the occasional delicacy and tenderness of manner with which he explained their beauties. He apologized for the disorder around him, which arose, he said, from want of space, for he could trust nothing in the front-room. The observation introduced the subject of the molestation of his premises. He spoke without much emotion of his mischievous neighbours, and detailed his fruitless efforts to counteract their schemes of annoyance, pretty much as a man would recount his defensive operations against rats or any other domestic nuisance. In the course of the conversation he explained the cause of the solitude in which he lived. While going over the plates executed by himself, he pointed out one or two that he had detected his last maid-servant in the act of purloining. He hinted that she must have been corrupted by the enemies of his fame; at all events he expelled her forthwith, and never after admitted another within his doors. Some specimens of art lay in his bed-chamber—the back-room on the second-floor. He took us up there, but I forbear a minute description. For the honour of genius, I would forget the miserable truckle upon which a man whose powers were venerated by Edmund Burke* lay down to forget his privations and his pride.

Barry took us last to his work-shop, at the back of the house o[illegible] ground-floor. Three of his most celebrated pictures were th[illegible] "Venus rising from the sea," "Jupiter and Juno," and his "P[illegible]," upon which he was then engaged. He developed the design of the last with great fervour and eloquence, for, though I have forgotten his language, I perfectly remember the enthusiasm of his tones and gestures, and the impression they made upon his visitors. I also recollect, that every now and then he threw in a warm oath to animate his discourse, more particularly when he vented his contempt, as he often did, for his contemporaries of the Academy. After a visit of two hours we departed, and I scarcely expected to meet Barry again, it fortunately happened otherwise. In a very few days after, I bec[illegible] acquainted with an Irish Roman Catholic Lady, the late Mrs. S——,

* See his Letters to Barry.—*Barry's Works.*

who resided in Portland-street. She was wealthy and hospitable, and her house was, in the worst of times, a place of refuge for many of her suffering countrymen. Thither, as one of them, Barry resorted. It was his frequent habit, after taking his late and frugal meal at a chop-house in Wardour-street, to drop in at Mrs. S——'s. The Abbé M'Carthy, a person of great learning and of congenial politics with Barry's, lived in her house; and in their society the poor buffeted artist was glad to postpone his return to his homeless tenement till an hour when none of his tormentors in Castle-street could be in the way to impede his entrance. From this period until his death, which took place in the following year, I saw him constantly, and, notwithstanding my inequality of years, delighted in his conversation. I was full of my classics, and my school-boy veneration for the ancients; and it was a glorious thing to me to hear him talk as he did of old Greece and Rome. His enthusiasm for the arts and literature of Greece was unbounded. It ran through his whole conversation. He had contemplated the great models of antiquity with such fervency of admiration, that from an admirer, he had become an imitator, and a rival. In simplicity and elevation of sentiment, in public spirit, in longings for renown, in contempt for all that was frivolous or base, he was (as was said of Milton) "an ancient born two thousand years after his time." I never heard him more eloquent or self-oblivious than one night that he came in rather late to his friends in Portland-street, to beg a lodging till the morning. The mischievous little imps of his neighbourhood, had forced a piece of iron into the key-hole of his hall door, so as to baffle all his efforts to gain an entrance; but after stating the circumstance, merely as an apology for his petition, he dismissed it from his thoughts, and plunged at once into the topics from which no petty casualties could long detain him, and where he never failed to find his strength and consolation.

A great interest was imparted to Barry's conversation, by his anecdotes of the eminent men with whom he had lived. He most frequently mentioned Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, and Doctor Johnson. He has been charged with having been ungrateful to Burke. He was not so to his memory. His eye often filled when he named [illegible] "But Mr. Burke, my first friend, is now gone! the peace of [illegible]be for ever with him!" This was Barry's language to the public, [illegible] private he always preserved the same tone of pious tenderness [illegible]ect. He spoke with great reverence of Doctor Johnson, with whom [illegible]ld collect that he had been a favourite. There were some points of similarity in their characters which may have endeared him to the Doctor. Barry was, incontestably, "a good hater," and, when roused, was not inferior to the Doctor in the faculty of growling down an opponent.

Barry spoke much and warmly of politics, and took no pains to con[illegible]al that he was a sturdy republican. When he alluded to the Irish [illegible]nts of 1798, it was as "the late civil war, which they call a Rebel[illegible]." The only instance in which I recollect the native impetuosity [illegible]his temper to have broken out, was connected with the politics of Ireland. It was at a little evening party, given expressly in his honour. Several young ladies were invited to see an Irish Lion, and the noble animal roared for them, "an 'twere any nightingale." They

were charmed with his pleasantry and his brogue. While they were ranged around him, the conversation was suddenly broken up by the entrance of a noisy bustling old gentleman, steaming with perfumes and quite gorgeously attired, the late Mr. N—— of Soho Square. This pink of aristocracy pirouetted through the little circle, offered his scented snuff to the ladies, and opened a running fire of frivolous compliments in a loud squeaking voice, from the annoyance of which his own ears were fortunately saved by excessive deafness. Barry eyed the antiquated beau with contempt, and was silent. But in a little time Ireland and her turbulent peasantry were mentioned. Mr. N—— announced himself to have been once an Irishman, tripped through the common-place doctrines of provincial policy, and summed up by exclaiming, that they should be "all hanged, every man of them hanged." This was too much for the Irish Lion, and the ladies had now a roar in earnest. Barry started from his chair, strided across to the corner where Mr. N—— was standing, and, arranging both hands into the form of a speaking-trumpet, bellowed in his ear, "And what, sir, should be done to those who force the Irish peasantry into these excesses." Poor Mr. N—— was utterly confounded by a home-question, which even to this day is perplexing the greatest statesmen, and Barry in surly triumph returned to his chair.

The late published notice of Barry, to which I have already adverted, represents him as having died in extreme poverty. There is a mistake in this. I always understood from his friends, that the profits of his works had not been exhausted at the time of his death. Besides this, his merits as an artist, and the deplorable condition of his domestic arrangements, had excited the sympathy of persons who had something more than pity to bestow. Lord Buchan took the lead in proposing a subscription. One of the Royal family, I think the Duke of Cambridge, became interested in his behalf, and visited the painter in his dilapidated mansion, an act of condescension, which Barry prized more highly than his Royal Highness's previous liberality. Many other lovers of art, among whom the painter's old friend, the late Mr. Cooper Penrose, of Cork, was conspicuous, co-operated in the generous design ; and the result was a contribution of about one thousand pounds, which was sunk in an annuity for Barry's life. This recognition of his claims cheered his latter days. He determined upon quitting Castle-street, and removing to a house sufficiently spacious for the execution of a series of epic paintings that he had long been meditating. His confidence in womankind was so far restored, that he consented to give the sex another trial, by admitting one of them under the same roof with his plates; but in the midst of these designs he was called away. He died at the house of Signor Bonomi, an Italian artist, in Titchfield-street. I called there almost daily during his illness, and could collect from his friend's minute details of his demeanour, that Barry's last moments were too philosophic. The circumstances of his lying in state in the midst of his own paintings at the Adelphi, and of his interment in St. Paul's, are already known to the public.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Upas in Marybone-lane.

A TREE grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distill'd of the deadliest kind;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who return'd safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-gale:
How few the reward of their victory earn'd!*
For ninety-nine perish'd for one who return'd.

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here:
'Tis now a stock plant, of the genus Wolf's bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone-lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in a row,
Two doors, at right angles, swing open below;
The children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw we denominate *Gin*.

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the serving-man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance, with slouch'd bonnet and hat,
They enter at this door, they go out at that;
Some bear off their burthen with riotous glee,
But most sink, in sleep, at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime, at a sov'reign a quart;
Let gin fetch, per bottle, the price of Champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone-lane.

An Actor's Meditations.

How well I remember, when old Drury-lane
First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,
I acted a sprite, in a sky-colour'd cloak,
And danced round the cauldron which now I invoke..

Speak, witches! an actor's nativity cast!
How long shall this stage-popularity last?
Ye laugh, jibing beldames. "Ay, laugh well we may:
Popularity? Moonshine! attend to our lay.

'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth;
It blows round the compass, East, West, North, and South;
It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neill.

The actor who tugs half his life at the oar
May founder at sea or be shipwrecked on shore;
Grasp firmly the rudder; who trusts to the gale
As well in a sieve for Aleppo may sail"

Thanks, provident hags! while my circuit I run,
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun;
You harlequin public may else shift the scene,
And Kean may be Kemble as Kemble was Kean.

Then let me the haven of competence reach,
And brief, but two lines, be my leave-taking speech,
Hope, Fortune, farewell; I am shelter'd from you;
Henceforward cheat others, ye once cheated me.

The Minstrel.

There sits a man near Sadler's Wells,
Whose limb-excited peal of bells
Disuse will never moulder:
Each elbow, by a skilful twist,
Rings one, one rings from either wrist,
And one from either shoulder.

Each foot, bell-mounted, aids the din;
Each knee, with nodding bell, chimes in
Its phil-harmonic clapper.
One bell sends forth a louder note
From that round ball which tops the throat,
By bruisers called the napper.

Thus, sightless, by the river side
He tunes his lays, like him who cried
"Descend from heaven, Urania,"
But not as poor: his wiser stave
Is, like the laureat's, mere God save
The King—not Rule Britannia.

Tho' but a single tune he knows,
His gains are far exceeding those
Of pass-supported Homer:
He keeps the wolf outside the door,
And, doing that, to call him poor
Were, certes, a misnomer.

The school-boy lags astride the rail,
The milkman drops his clinking pail,
The serving-maid her pitcher,
The painter quits th' unwhiten'd fence
To greet with tributary pence
This general bewitcher.

See! where he nods his pealing brow,
Now strikes a fifth, a second now,
In regular confusion;
But, ere he finishes the strain,
Da capo goes his pate again,
The key-note of conclusion.

Satire, suspend your baseless wit,
The tuneful tribe may *sometimes* hit
On patrons bent on giving.
Here's one, at least, obscurely bred,
Who by the *labour of his head*
Picks up a decent living!

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. IV.

Windsor Castle.

THE name of this truly "royal residence," (the only abode the British crown possesses at all worthy of that title,) and the host of high and ennobling associations that connect themselves with it, call upon me, as in the case of Hampton Court, to depart once more from "the even tenor of my way," and speak of something else than the objects of Art which it contains. As these latter, however, are better entitled to our exclusive notice than those described in the last paper, we will attend to them first; and then, if we have room left, we may take a glance at the splendours, natural and artificial, by which they are surrounded.

In describing the most remarkable among the paintings that enrich the walls of Windsor Castle, I shall pursue the order in which they are shewn to casual visitors; as otherwise, not having numbers attached to them, it might be difficult to avoid confusing them together. The first room into which the visitor is introduced contains one of Vandyke's choicest works. It is a whole-length portrait of Charles the First's Queen. She is dressed in a plain robe of white satin, and is represented in the act of passing onward. The effect of this picture is most admirable. It is like seeing the actual presence of the person, reflected in a mirror, as she passes through the room where you are standing. You are half tempted to turn round and look behind you, to see if she is not there, with her pale, melancholy, and somewhat proud, but highly intellectual face. I have never seen a portrait of Vandyke's that pleases me better than this. In the same room are two of Zucarelli's large landscapes. They are clever pictures; but, though there is a likeness to nature in them, there is no verisimilitude. The *parts* are not unnatural, but the *whole* is. There is no decision of hand, and no consistency. On the contrary, there is a fluttery manner, both in the drawing and colouring—but particularly in the latter—which takes away all repose of effect. This artist was, in fact, not capable of feeling, much less of reflecting, the *sentiment* of a particular scene. He could give the details with tolerable truth; but there is something in nature besides detail, and it was this that escaped him.

The next room is the Queen's Ball-room. Here we find two pictures worthy of notice; but it is not exactly on account of their merit, though they are not without that. They are a Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Guido; and a Magdalen, by Sir Peter Lely. The Judith is exquisitely painted, as a female head; and there is more force and truth of colouring in it than Guido usually gave; but there is no more of the peculiar expression appropriate to the occasion than if that occasion had not been chosen. Guido seemed absolutely incapable of conceiving of the female face and form under any other than a graceful and attractive aspect. His imagination could not or would not entertain the idea of it except as something sweet, seraphic, bland, divine. To give it a tragic expression was in some sort to vulgarize, at all events to unidealize it. His mind was, to those of some of his great contemporaries (his masters, for instance, the Caracci), what the Eolian harp is to the organ: the strongest tones it was capable of

emitting were those expressive of a mild and tender sorrow. I shall have to notice, in their places, two other of his works in this collection, which are striking examples of what I mean. I should suspect, from the nature of his works, that Guido had something of the fine gentleman in his character, mixed with much of the sentimentalist. He had created for himself an *ideal* of the female character, which he probably thought it an impertinence in Nature to interfere with. He made his Lucretias stab themselves with "a grace beyond the reach," not "of Art," but of Nature. The picture now before us was probably painted at the time when he was taking Caravaggio's style of colouring for his model. It consists of two distinct departments; one of bright light, and the other of deep shadow: and, with his usual somewhat fastidious taste, he has thrown all the obnoxious part of his subject into the latter. The other picture that I have to notice in this room is a Magdalen, by Lely. If this is not one of the Court Beauties in the appropriate character of a Magdalen, it is very like one. She seems disposed to *ogle* the skull that is placed beside her, as if she were thinking of its admiration; and she seems more likely to be prayed to than to pray! You see, even the copying of Court Beauties all one's life, is not without its disadvantages!

In the next room, the Queen's Drawing-room, we meet with two or three admirable pictures. Here is Holbein's capital portrait of Lord Surrey. There he stands, over the door, with his legs boldly planted wide apart, not crossed mincingly—his arms a-kimbo—his hat on one side—in crimson-doublet, trunkhose, and all. Nothing was ever done in its way more spirited than this portrait. It looks as little of the fine gentleman as can be, and as much of the lord. There is an air about it mixed up of the court and the camp, but without a touch of the club-house. I should admire to see such a "peer of the realm" as this walk into White's Subscription-room, without taking his hat off, and plant himself pleasantly before the fire! How my Lord A—— would quiz his queer dress, and Sir B. C. turn pale at his plebeian gait, and the Hon. Mr. D—— decamp at once without waiting to enquire who he was!

To the left of the above admirable work, hangs an excellent specimen of Caravaggio's peculiar style, both of colouring and design—the three apostles, Peter, James, and John. There is infinite force and truth in all the heads. They are full of that *natural* expression which he never sought to heighten, and never departed from; and the effect of the *chiaro-scuro* is exceedingly fine. Here is also Vandyke's celebrated allegorical portrait of Lady Digby; and a curious family-piece, containing portraits of a Dutch painter and his family, which I mention, because the portrait of the painter himself has the remarkable merit of being more like Kean, the actor, than any portrait of him that we have.

In the next room (the Queen's State Bed-chamber, of all places!) we have the Beauties of Charles the Second's court. The Countess de Grammont and the Countess of Rochester are the most lovely and striking among them; but the prints from most of these portraits are too well known for the originals to need farther description. There is also one very curious picture in this room well worthy of notice. It represents John Lacy, the celebrated comedian of Charles the Second's

time, in three different characters; in each of which, as in Harlow's capital picture of Matthews in five characters, the likeness to the others is perfectly preserved, while the expression is entirely different. This very clever picture is painted by an artist little known, named Wright; but it would puzzle some of our most celebrated moderns to rival it.

Through the Queen's Dressing-room, which follows, the visitor may pass as quickly as he pleases; for it is filled with portraits of Queen Charlotte's family, executed as badly as they can well be, but better than such unsightly-looking personages deserved, if *looks* are the criterion of merit—which, in fact, they *are*, as far as it regards the portrait-painter. But from the windows of this room the visitor will do well to look forth upon one of the finest sights the eye can behold. I should think the prospect from this point of view is unrivalled in its kind, for grandeur, richness, and variety. I shall perhaps attempt to convey a more distinct notion of this splendid scene hereafter; for to profess to give an account of the pictures belonging to Windsor Castle, and to leave out *this*,—which is worth them all, fine as they are, would be to sacrifice the spirit of my task to the letter of it.

We now reach the King's Dressing-room, which is one of the richest in the palace, in cabinet works. First let me mention the Two Misers, by Quintin Matsys, which, if it had been painted by Raffaelle, would have added even to *his* fame, so intense is the expression of it. In fact, the general style is not unlike his; and it offers another proof, if any were needed, that high intellect has no predilection for either station or climate. Strength of *motive* is every thing: if the Blacksmith of Antwerp could design and execute a picture like this to gain one mistress, he only needed the stimulus of another to make him colour like Titian. Here are two portraits by Holbein, of particular value and interest; one of Erasmus, staid, calm, contemplative, wise, and good; the other of Martin Luther, bold, designing, fiery, headstrong, and with that somewhat *vulgar* look which reformers of all kinds seem destined to possess, and to pride themselves on. These are both most characteristic and valuable portraits. As contrasts to these *realities*, the spectator may turn with delight to two charming little gems by Carlo Dolce—a Salvator Mundi, and a Magdalen, each looking of another world, and calling up the thoughts thither. Besides the above, this room contains one of those capital sketches of Rubens, which evince his genius even more strikingly and unequivocally than his most finished works. Every touch is instinct with mind and expression; and there being no colour, in looking at it we seem to think that colour would be a kind of impertinence: just as, in those of his works where the colouring is the predominant merit, we look for nothing else. The only other pictures I shall notice in this room are two of John Brueghel's, curiously unnatural yet interesting works. This artist seems to have looked at nature through the wrong end of a telescope, which throws every thing to a seeming distance, and diminishes it in an extraordinary degree, yet at the same time communicates a vividness of light, and a clearness and precision of outline that the unassisted vision does not perceive. Brueghel's pictures look like scenes in a fairy drama seen by a fairy light, in which all the objects, whether animate or inanimate, seem to be imitations of our nature made by skilful hands, but hands that have no necessary sympathy

with what they are imitating, and therefore make it exactly like, and yet exactly unlike at the same time. The figures look like those which we see in that pretty toy called Noah's ark.

We next arrive at the King's Closet. Here the work which at once fixes and absorbs the whole attention is Titian's splendid picture of himself and Aretine. The first observation that occurs to me in regard to this admirable work is the magnanimity of the artist in thus *under*-painting himself, as he evidently has done, in order to throw out and aggrandise the portrait which accompanies his own, and occupies the centre of the canvass. This portrait, of Aretine, is one of the most delicate and ethereal, and yet most intense and poetical, that he ever painted. It has, by an admirable judge, been aptly compared to "a lambent flame;" and such, in fact, is the effect it produces on the spectator. It seems to flicker before the eye with an apparent motion,—so instinct is it with the very life of mind! You may look at it till you see it, or fancy you see it—which amounts to the same thing, under twenty different shades of expression. Aretine is represented at an advanced age, but with all the vivacious quickness of youth in the general expression of the eyes and mouth, added to that highly rectified spirit of intellect, if I may so express myself, which is never seen in the human face till a certain period of life, and never seen at all but in the faces of those whose pursuits have been more than ordinarily intellectual. It is a full front face, very thin and shrunken, but lightly touched all over with the carnations of bodily as well as mental health. It is remarkable, too, that Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have chosen it as the model from which he has made out his strange head of Ugolino—in his picture of that name, from Dante. At least my memory greatly deceives me if there is not a remarkable resemblance between the two heads—both in shape, position, and general character. If I am right, this may account for that work being so complete a failure as it is. There are two striking Carlo Dolces in this room, on the same side with the Titian; and a holy family, said to be by Raffaelle; but the casual visitor will do well to devote all the time that is allowed him on this side to the above exquisite work. The Carlo Dolces are unnatural and affected both in colouring and expression; and the Raffaelle, if it be one, is so extremely imperfect as to be of little value. But at the opposite end he will find a most charming Guido—full of all the beauties of this artist's style, and not without his faults—if they must be called so. The lovely work I allude to is a Cleopatra placing the asp to her bosom, and looking up to Heaven,—more, it must be confessed, with the air of a Christian saint than of an Egyptian queen. The defect of this picture is an absence of tragic expression: unless, indeed, we are to regard these things as helps and hints to the imagination, rather than as objects intended to satisfy and set it at rest. And *this*, in fact, is the light in which I conceive that they ought to be regarded; and if so, the best works of this painter may be pronounced perfect in their kind, and more purely *poetical* than those of any other master. The "Silence," of A. Caracci, which is also in this room, is a picture that I have never been able to estimate so highly as its celebrity seems to demand.

In the King's State Bed-chamber we meet with several very interesting works. Over the door is a Cupid cutting his bow, by Parmegiano,

something similar to that at Cleveland-house, but inferior; and near it, to the left, is a capital portrait of a young man, said to be by the same artist—admirable for its truth, force, and spirit. Here is also Vandyke's well known picture of Charles the First's three children, with the great dog; a curious and interesting portrait of Elizabeth when princess, by Holbein; and a portrait by Titian, which is not strikingly good.

From hence we pass into the King's Drawing-room, which is perhaps the richest room in the palace—particularly in gallery pictures. Here are two splendid works by Guido; one of them among the finest I have ever seen, and the other admirable, as a single figure. They are Venus attired by the Graces, and Andromeda chained to the rock. The first is a noble work—touching from its exquisitely graceful and harmonious sweetness, and at the same time striking from the grandeur of style in which it is conceived and executed. Each of the attendant Graces might be a Venus, if the Venus were away; yet there is a high and ethereal air thrown over *her*, which by contrast sinks them into comparatively inferior beings. It is evidently, also, the *celestial* Venus that Guido is picturing: the ideal purity of his mind could conceive of no other; and in this respect his pictures, even when their subject is of the most voluptuous kind, as in the one before us, may be looked at almost as pieces of sculpture. Nothing can be more striking in this way than the contrast between his females and those of Titian. The colouring, too, of his flesh is as ideal as the expression of his forms and faces. The flesh of the Venus, in this picture, is nearly equal to Titian's; and yet you feel no disposition to *touch* it—as you do Titian's. There is a Cupid in this picture, leaning idly against the knees of the Venus, in the centre of the canvass, which is another striking proof of what I mean. It is nearly as fine an embodying of premature intellectual power, super-induced on all the freshness and simplicity of early youth, as that figure of Christ, in Raffaelle's admirable Holy Family, which I described at length in my notice of the Cleveland Gallery. The chief merit of the other picture in this room, the companion to the above, is in the figure of the Andromeda; which is designed with infinite grandeur as well as freedom. The colouring of the flesh is not good; but it seems to have been injured by varnish, and has a brown hue all over it. The other remarkable works in this room are a Holy Family, by Rubens; in which the face of the Virgin fixes the beholder, and will not let it wander to the other parts of the picture; there is a kind of fascination about the eyes, which is singular; also an excellent picture by Lucca Giordano—the Wise Men's offering; and a Virgin and Child, by Murillo, which is very indifferent.

In the next room, which contains Queen Anne's state bed, there is a forcible head by Spagnoletto; and a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which one cannot help being vexed with, because it is not beautiful! And in the four following apartments there is nothing calling for particular notice, unless it be the picture of Duns Scotus, finishing his translation of the Bible. This picture is forcibly executed; but it is altogether unpoetically conceived; and it cuts a very strange figure in a room full of royal portraits. The last room is the Queen's Presence-chamber. It contains a capital portrait of Duke Albert of Saxony, on

a great grey horse, by Rubens; and one of Vandyke's noble equestrian portraits of Charles the First.

I confess that I have compressed my account of the pictures in this gallery within narrower limits than I might have done, in order that I might have space left for some notice of the splendid frame-work in which they are inclosed, and the unrivalled living picture which lies immediately within their view. But as I find that both these have been just done to my hands, and in a manner better than I could hope to do them, without repeating the same images and thoughts, I shall venture to transcribe the two passages to which I allude; especially as they form part of a work which has been so recently published, that it is not likely to be yet in the hands of many readers.* The following refers to the particular view that I spoke of, as seen from the windows of one of the apartments through which we passed: "From the terrace, which I have said runs round two sides of the Castle, there is a noble view of this luxuriant domain, over which it seems to preside like a queen; looking out upon all with an air of quiet dignity, and being looked up to by all as if for countenance and protection. You know how fond I am of forming imaginary unions of this kind; and you will easily believe that I could not help, or rather that I did not try to help, pursuing my inclination on this occasion. As I paced this terrace, or seated myself listlessly on its parapet, and looked forth on the rich pageant of natural beauty that lay spread out beneath me, I amused myself by fancying a union of the above kind, by endowing all before and about me with an imaginary life and consciousness, and giving to each and all a separate and appropriate set of feelings, habits, and duties. The Castle itself I had before converted into a matronly beauty; I now raised her to the rank of a maiden queen (the Elizabeth) of a smiling and happy realm. The thousand various trees and shrubs that clothed the eminence, formed the court dress of this stately beauty, terminating at the terrace, which seemed to clasp her waist as a zone; the flower-painted meadows that stretched all around, were the rich tapestry of her presence-chamber, over which the sky hung like an azure dome; the majestic elms that grew on every side, swept as they were by the passing wind, seemed bowing their heads in token of a courtly homage; the beautiful river, that came winding round at the foot of the eminence, seemed pressing near to pay her willing tribute, and kiss the hem of her royal garment, and then to glide away, prouder and happier than before. The rest of the scenery I likened to the more distant spectators, who were silently waiting their turn to approach her, or modestly contented to wait within the ken of her eye and the light of her countenance. The most conspicuous object among these is the exquisite gothic hall of Eton College, which rises at a little distance like a religious temple. For this I could find no appropriate similitude. The best I could do was to liken it to a beautiful devotee, vowed and dedicated to unearthly thoughts, and with 'looks commercing with the skies,' yet choosing to place herself in the presence of majesty, in order occasionally to remind it that there is a kingdom not of this world." The other passage which I shall quote from the same work, relates to the associations

* Letters on England, by the Count de Soligny. 2 vols.

connected with Windsor Castle: "I cannot take a final leave of this interesting spot, without letting my thoughts recur for a moment to the scenes which have glorified and graced it in times past; and which scenes and times no concurrence of circumstances can ever bring back to us. Here the genius of chivalry reigned in the fullest pomp of its power, and revelled in its gayest and most gallant lustre; and here the shadow of it still presides, but over a shadowy realm, a vacant altar, and a neglected shrine. Here, in consequence of a happy accident in the loss and finding of a lady's garter, at one of the royal festivals that were so frequently given in this place—here was offered that fine homage to the influence of female charms, the institution of the Garter order of Knighthood. Here, in these courtly halls, or echoing courts, or in the fancy-peopled solitudes belonging to them,—either beneath the 'pillared shade' of the stately elms, or in the open champaign adjoining, as the mood of his spirit might direct—here the gallant and chivalrous, yet tender and melancholy Surrey used to wander listlessly about, meditating love-lays that might win to his arms the lovely Lady Geraldine, who was the first object of his youthful passion. Here that other princely lover, as romantic and poetical as Surrey, but infinitely less fortunate—the double captive at once to love and policy—his body even a closer prisoner than his mind—here the amiable monarch of Scotland passed the whole of his youthful years, from their first early spring, at thirteen, to their final close at thirty. Here he used to lie in his bed and read Boetius's Consolations of Philosophy, till he could half forget that he was either a monarch or a captive; and here, when the philosophy of reason failed to comfort him, he flew to the still better philosophy of poetry and love, and found what he sought. Gazing from the window of his prison on the gardens beneath, he saw the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, wandering among the flowers, the loveliest of them all; and in his situation, to see such a lady was to love her; and with his elegant and romantic mind, to love such a lady, was to feel that he had need be something more than a king, to deserve and win her: so he became a poet; and he did win her and his liberty together, and made her his queen; and a devoted and happy pair they remained, till the basest of conspiracies, to which he fell a victim some time after, tore them asunder; when this romantic love had an end worthy of its beginning, by the lady throwing herself as a protecting shield before the person of her lord, and receiving on her tender body the murderous blows that were directed at his—but receiving them in vain! Here, on these lordly terraces, one of which was erected by herself, the truly royal Elizabeth, that queen of queens used to walk for an hour daily, meditating on the glory and happiness of her realm, and doubtless mingling thoughts of love and pleasure with those of duty and good government.

"Finally, and to pass over all intermediate recollections, here, on this same terrace, the most worthy and respectable, but least chivalrous of monarchs, George the Third, used to walk every Sunday, in company with his subjects, frequently entering into familiar conversation with the meanest of them; and here, confined to one set of apartments for a series of weary years, he remained an unconscious prisoner, blind, helpless, and a maniac, obliged to be treated as a wayward child by his own offspring, and commanded by his own servants!

"I will confess to you, that, in quitting Windsor Castle, and recollecting that I should probably never look forth from its lordly terrace, or pace its majestic courts again, a feeling of regret came over me, that I never before experienced in quitting a spot of this kind; and as royal palaces are, in general, far from being rich in associations among which my mind delights to dwell, I must attribute this feeling to the peculiar character of the present one, and to its necessarily throwing back the imagination to the most poetical times which modern Europe has ever known."

GREEK SONG.—THE VOICE OF SCIO.

A voice from Scio's Isle,
A voice of song, a voice of old,
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke!
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
Flowed from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore!

Still by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crown'd!
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there; so rest the brave,
Who thus their bard have found!

A voice from Scio's Isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again!
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile!

Let not its tones expire!
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
To mortal song or lyre.

Know ye not whence it comes?
—From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes!

'Tis with us through the night!
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
—Hear it, thou Heaven! when swords flash nigh,
O'er the mid waves of fight.

HEAVEN AND EARTH; A MYSTERY*.

We had begun to suspect that Lord Byron, from his hurry in sending forth his latter productions, regarded more their quantity than their quality, and felt an inclination to astonish us in future by the fertility rather than the power of his pen. However such a plan might succeed with a novelist in keeping attention alive, it is the grave of the poet's glory. He has to regard something beyond temporary fame; he is to write for all ages, and in proportion as success is more difficult, his reward is of greater magnitude. Lord Byron, it is true, has already mounted "the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;" but it is no less necessary to be careful in preserving eminence than it is to be laborious in attaining it. We thought his "Werner" by no means worthy his renown, and there is something so attaching, so delightful in genius, that we observed what we thought a falling off with a feeling of deep regret, but we did not form such an opinion without ample reasons to bear us out. We speak here only in a literary sense, having no reference to any other point of view in which some of the latter productions of the noble poet have been considered by friends or enemies. This new poem, however, or rather first part of a poem, for so it is stated to be, carries with it the peculiar impress of the writer's genius. It displays great vigour and even a severity of style throughout, which is another proof, if proof were needed, that elevation in writing is to be obtained only by a rigid regard to simplicity. There are pretenders to criticism numerous enough in the present day, who try to catch the public ear, mere empirics in the art, that cannot see this. They know of only one style in poetry, and would judge Byron, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Rogers, and others of our poets by the same laws, rob each of his peculiar characteristics, and blend them all in the same jumbled uniformity, allowing them merely a verbal difference from each other. The truth is, that such distinctions in manner delight, while they astonish us at the variety of human genius. Poets ought to be criticised singly. It is a manifest error to judge them one by another. This particularly applies to Lord Byron, who often writes with what seems a scorn of the critic's shackle, and, it must be confessed, now and then with instances of carelessness difficult to justify. His versification in the present poem is, for example, not agreeable to received custom, but it was agreeable to his feeling at the time he wrote, and there was no well-founded objection to its adoption. Long and short lines intermingled have been used by Milton, after the custom of the Italians; and when the words that rhime are made to recur sufficiently near each other, they are by no means unpleasing. It suffices, however, for my argument, that the poet only is the best judge of the measure in which he can write freely, and that whether the versification resemble that of Milton or Pope, if it be duly preserved, the critic has no right to cavil. I would not here be thought to justify the metrical lunacy of Dr. Southey, and say there was no overstepping the bounds of propriety in such a matter. The unfelicitous extravagance of the laureat in this respect, no doubt, resulted from his self-sufficiency, imagining that what no other human being could achieve would be for him less than a literary relaxation.

* Lord Byron, Hunt, Old Bond-street, 1823.

Lord Byron has too much good sense to reason like his complacent antagonist in this respect.

"Heaven and Earth" will raise none of those objections which were made to "Cain." It may be perused without shocking the feelings of the sensitive, or furnishing an object for the discriminating morality of the Lord Chancellor, so fatal to Mr. Murray's interest, and auspicious for the pedlars in the "trade," to whom his lordship's sage decision seemed almost a declaration of patronage. Mr. Moore's "Loves of the Angels," though built on a similar foundation, bears no resemblance to Lord Byron's poem. Indeed the style and mode of treating the subject differ as much as the genius of the two writers. The muse of Moore and her agents are all inhabitants of a Paradise. They dwell in the gorgeous gardens of Cashmere; they repose on beds of roses; sleep amid perfumes and aromatic incense; Cupids flutter around them; and the whole machinery of love, sighs and thrilling kisses, is in their hearts and on their lips, under blue sunny skies. The females of Moore are of the family of Sappho, loving for the sake of love alone. Lord Byron's muse dwells among wild scenery: all is dark, massy, and untrodden, like in the pictures of Salvator Rosa. His females have not the sensuality that seems to characterize those of Moore. They are more confiding, gentle, and timid; more like the feminine creations of Scott. They love the object of their affection rather than the passion itself; they are more of the romantic than the Grecian school. If disappointed in love, they would be more likely to pine away into dissolution, wasted and heart-broken, than to fling themselves, in a rush of despairing frenzy, from a Leucadian promontory. The male characters of Byron are the reverse,—all turbulence and fire; but his females are, on the whole, more natural and more agreeable to our feelings, than the pretty voluptuaries of Moore. Byron is ever roaming in a region of gloomy grandeur, among Alpine precipices and cloud-capped mountains; Moore is contented with the beautiful, and never aims at astonishing. Byron is mysterious, his ideas seek to penetrate into the darkness of unknown regions, and to depict the innermost workings of the mind—the thoughts that would presumptuously scrutinize the Holy of holies. Moore paints the workings of passion in heavenly colours, but he rarely travels out of the path of humanity. He colours with rainbow hues, and embellishes with every touch of art, but he is ever among men. It is obvious, therefore, that where the genius of the two poets is so different, there can be little resemblance in their mode of treating almost similar subjects; and such is really the case in what appeared to be rival works. Neither Aholibamah nor Anah, in the present poem, could ever be mistaken for Mr. Moore's creations of woman, beautiful as they always are; and the total absence of any thing meretricious in "Heaven and Earth,"—its severe simplicity, removes it yet farther from a resemblance to the "Loves of the Angels."

It seems but fair and proper, when perusing with a critical eye any work of art, to consider most carefully, in the first place, the author's object, and to enter into his own views, and examine whether he has succeeded in realizing them, before considering it in our own. He may else intend something very different from what the critic conceives, and that may be mistaken for accident which was the result of

design. Lord Byron has evidently endeavoured to sustain the interest of this poem by depicting natural but deep-drawn thoughts, in all their freshness and intensity, with as little fictitious aid as possible. Nothing is circumlocutory. There is no going about and about to enter at length upon his object, but he impetuously rushes into it at once. The characters that figure in it are Noah, Shem, Japhet, and Irad. Aholibamah and Anah are two lovely females of the progeny of Cain. The two angels Samiasa and Azaziel are their lovers. Besides these, the archangel Michael, and a chorus of good and evil spirits, are introduced. The time when the first scene opens is the mid hour of night, and the place is near Mount Ararat, a wild and hilly region of forest. Prophetic and warning sounds have foretold to the race of man the approaching calamity of the deluge, as a punishment for its vices. The sons of God have awakened [illegible] in the hearts of the women during their residence on earth. Two of these, wandering, in love-sick expectation of the descent of their celestial visitants, at the lone hour when the world is asleep, converse together of their passion, and invoke their immortal lovers. Anah is drawn in the most pleasing character of woman, timid, sensitive, and gentle. Aholibamah is lofty and daring. Anah dreads impiety, and expresses her fears on that account. Aholibamah in consequence tells her to wed

—— some son of clay, and toil and spin!
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved thee long;
Marry, and bring forth dust!

Anah replies:

—— I should have loved
Azaziel not less were he mortal; yet
I am glad he is not, I can not outlive him.
And when I think that his immortal wings
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre
Of the poor child of clay which so adored him
As he adores the Highest, death becomes
Less terrible; but yet I pity him;
His grief will be of ages, or at least
Mine would be such for him, were I a seraph,
And he the perishable.

Aholibamah replies, that he will take some other daughter of the earth, and love her as he had loved Anah. To which she rejoins, "Better thus than that he should weep for me." But Aholibamah impetuously exclaims

If I thought thus of Samiasa's love,
All seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from me.

The difference of these two female characters is clearly expressed in the extracts. They next proceed to their invocations, which are very beautiful and passionate poetry.

Anah. Seraph!
From thy sphere!
Whatever star contain thy glory;
In the eternal depths of Heaven
Albeit thou watchest with "the seven,"
Though—through space infinite and hoary
Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,

Yet hear!
Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!
And though she nothing is to thee,
Yet think that thou art all to her.
Thou canst not tell, (and never be
Such pangs decreed to aught save me)
The bitterness of tears.
Eternity is in thine years;
Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;
With me thou canst not sympathize,
Except in love, and there thou must
Acknowledge that more loving dust
Ne'er wept beneath the skies—
Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st
The face of Him who made thee great,
As he has [illegible] me of the least
Of those cast out from Eden's gate:
Yet, Seraph dear!
Oh hear!
For thou hast loved me, and I would not die
Until I know what I must die in knowing,
That thou forget'st in thine eternity
Her whose heart death could not keep from overflowing
From thee, immortal essence as thou art!
Great is their love who love in sin and fear;
And such, I feel, are waging in my heart
A war unworthy: to an Adamite
Forgive, my Seraph! that such thoughts appear,
For sorrow is our element;
Delight
An Eden kept afar from sight,
Though sometimes with our visions blent.
The hour is near
Which tells me we are not abandoned quite.
Appear! Appear!
Seraph!
My own Azaziel! be but here,
And leave the stars to their own light.

Aholibamah next repeats her invocation, when they observe the angel lovers winging their way towards the earth, and Anah exclaims,

Sister! sister! I view them winging
Their bright way through the parted night.
Aho. The clouds from off their pinions flinging,
As though they bore to-morrow's light.
Anah. But if our father see the sight!
Aho. He would deem it was the moon
Rising unto some sorcerer's tune
An hour too soon.
Anah. They come!—he comes!—Azaziel!——
Aho. Haste
To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear
My spirit, while they hover there,
To Samiasa's breast!
Anah. Lo! they have kindled all the west,
Like a returning sunset;—lo!
On Ararat's late secret crest
A mild and many-coloured bow,
The remnant of their flashing path,

Now shines! and now, behold! it hath
Returned to night, as rippling foam,
  Which the Leviathan hath lash'd
From his unfathomable home
When sporting on the face of the calm deep,
  Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd
Down, down, to where the ocean's fountains sleep.
Aho. They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!
Anah. . My Azaziel!

The earthly lovers of Anah and Aholibamah appear in the next scene. These lovers are Irad and Japhet. This scene is little interesting; it is heavy. The lovers lament their fate. Japhet, who loves Anah, the gentle Anah still, and is aware of the approaching deluge, closes his lamentation thus finely:

Oh God! at least remit to her
Thy wrath! for she is pure amid the failing
As a star in the clouds, which cannot quench
Although they obscure it for an hour. My Anah!
How would I have adored thee, but thou wouldst not;
And still would I redeem thee—see thee live
When Ocean is Earth's grave, and, unopposed
By rock or shallow, the Leviathan,
Lord of the shoreless sea and rocky world,
Shall wonder at his boundlessness of realm.

A dialogue between Noah, Shem, and Japhet, ends this scene. In the third, Japhet, standing amid the wilds of Caucasus, thus apostrophises them:

Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,
So varied and so terrible in beauty;
Here in your rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,
Ye look eternal! Yet in a few days,
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,
Which seems to lead into a lower world,
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!
And man—Oh, men! my fellow-beings! who
Shall weep above your universal grave,
Save I? who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,
Alas! what am I better than ye are,
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah
While I had hope? or the more savage haunts,
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her?
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?
No more to have the morning sun break forth,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From its tremendous brow! no more to have
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,
Leaving it with a crown of many hues!
No more to be the beacon of the world,
For angels to alight on, as the spot

> Nearest the stars! And can those words "*no more*"
> Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,
> And the predestined creeping things reserved
> By my sire to Jehovah's bidding?

The soliloquy of Japhet has the fault of being too long and wire-drawn; at its close, spirits rush from the cavern, and exult in the approaching calamity of the world. A dialogue ensues between Japhet and one of them, and a chorus is sung by a body of them, part of which is truly noble. The two maidens then join Japhet, accompanied by Samiasa and Azaziel. Japhet reproves them. Shem and Noah approach, and the dialogue that arises is the worst part of the poem; it is tedious and uninteresting. Raphael next appears, and converses in a strain of beautiful poetry with Samiasa. Aholibamah braves the approaching danger, and bids the Seraphs fly to their own "eternal shores." She disdains to weep, being an angel's bride, and bids the inexorable deep close over her. Anah, the feminine Anah, thinks only of her lover's losing heaven for her, and is solicitous for him alone, and that for her he shall not suffer woe; she bids him

> -Fly!
> Being gone 'twill be less difficult to die.

The seraphs, however, resolve to share the fate of mortals; Raphael bids them farewell; portentous signs of the deluge approach; Japhet exclaims,

> ——The sun! the sun!
> He riseth, but his better light is gone!
> And a black circle bound
> His glowing disk around
> Proclaims earth's last of summer-days hath shone!
> The clouds return into the hues of night,
> Save where their brazen-coloured edges streak
> The verge, where brighter morns were wont to break!

Noah then urges Japhet to hasten to the ark. The angel lovers mount away amid the elemental uproar with Anah and Aholibamah. Japhet laments his Anah:

> ——never more,
> Whether they live or die with all earth's life
> Now near its last, can aught restore
> Anah unto these eyes.

Japhet is taken into the ark, the waters overflow, mortals fly up the mountains, and nature totters in universal ruin.—All over the poem there is a gloom cast suitable to the subject: an ominous fearful hue, like that which Poussin has flung over his inimitable picture of the deluge. We see much evil, but we dread more. All is out of earthly keeping, as the events of the time are out of the course of nature. Man's wickedness, the perturbed creation, fear-struck mortals, demons passing to and fro in the earth, an overshadowing solemnity, and unearthly loves, form together the materials. That it has faults must be obvious to every reader: prosaic passages, and too much tedious soliloquizing. But there is the vigour and force of Byron to fling into the scale against these. There is much of the sublime in description, and the beautiful in poetry. Prejudice or ignorance, or both, may condemn this poem. But while true poetical feeling exists amongst us, it will be pronounced not unworthy of its distinguished author. Y. I.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. V.

Of Colds, Coughs, and Catarrhal Complaints.

This is the period of the year when few persons are exempt from colds, and when you hear in company almost as much coughing as talking. Obstructions and coughs annoy the heads and chests of the majority of our fellow-citizens, and the conclusion of the present winter confirms the observation of Sydenham, that cough sometimes rages like a contagious disease. Both these complaints, however, are peculiarly fortunate, inasmuch as people are much better satisfied with them than with many others of inferior consequence. A person must have an obstinate cough, and of long standing, before he can resolve to apply for medical advice respecting it. He rather keeps it up by saccharine and oleaginous domestic medicines, and is the more pleased the more he expectorates. I have no wish to disturb this tranquillity of my readers, which occasions them so many restless nights. I might indeed easily alarm them, by merely quoting Pringle, who says, that the mildest catarrh is a slight inflammation of the lungs, which, without great care, is liable to produce dangerous disorders of the chest, or even consumption. But I am not such an enemy to peace as to frighten my readers without the most urgent necessity. It is certain, that an ordinary recent cough is in many cases attended with very little danger, and that the domestic applications usually employed against it are extremely innocent.

I shall beware of entering into a learned dissertation on the subject of catarrh and cough. All my readers know what these complaints are, though not perhaps in Greek; and none of them will expect a formal prescription for such slight disorders. Let them persevere in the use of their domestic remedies, till they think it worth while to consult a doctor, and he will know what course to pursue. He will divide catarrhs and coughs into various classes; he will go through the different causes of all these classes, and enquire to which of them the case before him is to be ascribed. This cause he will counteract, and happy will it be for the patient if he hits upon the right one. It is not my intention at present to enter so deeply into the subject: all that I shall recommend for the cure of these complaints consists of trifles, by which an apothecary cannot live, and a doctor would starve. Heaven give them both bread in other ways!

The savages, when they have a catarrh, blow the smoke of tobacco through the nose, and whoever chooses to follow their example will find that it is a good and innocent remedy. Boerhaave, being applied to by a schoolmaster, whose mischievous boys had strewed sneezewort for him on a rose, which had almost made him sneeze to death, cured this artificial catarrh, by causing him to snuff up frequently warm milk into the nose. Lukewarm water might answer the same purpose; or if this were too troublesome, the patient need but draw up repeatedly into the nostrils the hot steam of tea or coffee. Catarrhs have been very quickly removed, by putting the feet into hot water, which produces a still better effect if mixed with bran; or setting them on bags filled with hot sand. At the commencement of a cold, some lay amber, mastix, incense, gum animæ, or other fragrant substances, on red-hot stones or iron, and allow the smoke to diffuse itself over the room. By washing

the mouth often with a solution of nitre in warm water, a catarrh is alleviated without danger. It is also useful to wet a corner of one's handkerchief with vinegar for the purpose of smelling to it. Many chew the costus-root for the purpose of breaking the phlegm. Lemonade, or vinegar and water, taken abundantly; abstinence from wine, coffee, and all heating aliments; and upon the whole a cooling diet, and a cool, dry atmosphere, are highly to be recommended.

For a cough many saccharine and oleaginous matters are employed to promote expectoration. This is very well at first; but when such remedies have been long used, they keep up the expectoration and cough for six or even twelve months together, and injure the stomach. Gruel, barley-water, infusion of bran, and hartshorn and water, sweetened with currants or figs, are good applications in the ordinary cough, which arises from acrid humours and cold. All heating spices and drinks, all strong acids and salts, excite cough, and are to be avoided in catarrh.

Thus far I have fallen in with the tone of the old women; but it is now time to relinquish that. There are other rules to which we must attend if we would avoid catarrh and cough, and these are more intelligible, clogged with fewer conditions, and of more general utility than the rules for the cure of those complaints.

The nose, throat, and gullet, are lined internally with a membrane traversed by an infinite multitude of small vessels, which secrete from the blood a humour, that in time becomes a viscous slime. When this humour is too abundantly secreted in the nose, it flows out in drops, and an obstruction of the head or catarrh is the consequence. When the same thing takes place in the windpipe, the irritation of its acridity occasions a cough. The profuse determination of the humours to the nose, or windpipe, may result from a variety of causes: it may arise from catching cold in the feet, which drives the humours to the head; or in the head, which interrupts the transpiration by the skin; or in the whole body, because therein both these causes are combined. A pungent dust, or a sharp fog excites unusual sensibility in the nose and the windpipe, which is succeeded by a determination of the juices to those parts. Thus snuff produces an incessant catarrh, and the extremely volatile Spanish snuff occasions cough, because it flies as far as the windpipe. Cold, which prevents the transpiration from the inner surface of the nose and the windpipe, is liable to produce an accumulation and obstruction of the humours in those parts, which are commonly followed by catarrh and cough.

On persons of great sensibility, these causes of catarrh and cough operate very powerfully. There are people who sneeze and cough when they sit at an open window, where they are exposed to the air on one side; when they put a hand or a foot out of bed; when their hair, wet with perspiration, becomes cold on the head; when they dip their hands into cold water, or go out of doors without a hat. Fallopius observed, that the smell of the rose makes some people sneeze; and Boerhaave noticed, that a sudden admission of light to the eyes in a morning, occasions sneezing in men, horses, and horned cattle. It is the same with cough. A feather tickling the head of the windpipe causes a violent cough; exposure of the breast, a fog, or the inhaling of cold air, may be the cause of a long and troublesome cough.

Hence it is obvious why catarrh and cough are so common, in great and rapid changes of temperature. The proper weather for catarrhs is when the air is damp, cold, and windy; as it frequently is in autumn, winter, and spring. When, therefore, cold damp winds prevail, people should be particularly careful to preserve an equable warmth in all parts of the body, and to keep up the general transpiration without overheating themselves. A person easily takes cold and contracts a cough, when he goes abroad in sloppy weather and his feet become wet and cold, while all the rest of the body is warm with walking, and perhaps perspires. In windy weather, that side which is exposed to the wind is always colder than the opposite side; hence it is almost impossible to avoid coughs and catarrhs in spring and autumn. But the most extraordinary part of the business is, that those who dress and keep their apartments the warmest, are most troubled with coughs, catarrhs, and fluxions. Too great precaution commonly causes people to be the more susceptible of taking cold; and if I have here convinced my readers of this truth, I am certain that I have rendered them a permanent service.

I mean not to deny that a moderate covering for the body is beneficial; neither would I advise any one, who has always been accustomed to warm clothing and apartments to change his system at once; for this should only be done by degrees, and with caution. So much, however, is certain, that one who is not in the habit of keeping himself too warm, does not incur, under the same circumstances, half as much risk of catching cold, as one who is always huddled up and unable to bear a breath of air. It is not every admission of cold air to the body that is pernicious, or causes us to take cold; since *being cold* and *taking cold* are very different things. A person takes cold, when a disease is produced by the admission of cold air. This happens partly when the body passes rapidly from heat to cold, and then it is the more severely affected, the greater the difference between the degree of the previous heat and the degree of the succeeding cold; partly when the warmth, expelled from a certain portion of the body only, is kept up in the rest of it, and then the severity of the cold caught is in proportion to the difference of the temperature of the two parts. Experience furnishes incontestable evidence of this. Colds are not near so frequent in winter as in the hottest summer days, when these are followed by cold nights; and in winter the coldest beverage seldom proves so pernicious as cold water in summer: the former, because the body, overheated in the day, is cooled too suddenly in the night; and the latter, because in summer the temperature of our juices is far higher, owing to the heat of the atmosphere, than in winter; consequently the difference between it and the temperature of cold water is much greater. In like manner experience teaches, that we are much more liable to take cold from incautiously uncovering the head or feet, than if we were to cool the whole body by degrees, as much as the head and feet alone have been cooled. A person may bathe in cold water, even in hot weather, without injury; but were he at the very same time to put his feet only into cold water, he would in all probability catch a dangerous cold. Thus the danger of taking cold is always the greater, the greater the difference between the warmth of the body and the temperature of the atmosphere; that is, the warmer one dresses, and the warmer the apartments in which one is

accustomed to abide. Hence one and the same temperature may prove harmless to a man who is not in the habit of keeping himself very warm, and give a violent cold to another, who is rendered delicate by over-indulgence.

Another circumstance is likewise to be considered. Who can equally protect every part of the body? Neither decorum, nor the necessary performance of various functions, admit of this. You may have a bosom-friend at your breast, but cannot fasten one about your head when you go abroad. It is therefore possible enough that one part may differ materially, in regard to the degree of warmth, from another which is kept very warm; and as this alone is sufficient to give cold, nothing can promote the taking of cold more than the practice to which I have just alluded. This may sound as extraordinary as if I were to assert, that a person may take cold by keeping too good a fire in his room; and yet the one is as certain as the other. When a room without fire has a temperate atmosphere, a person may remain in it without danger of taking cold; but let a fire be made there, and a man place himself by it in such a manner that only one side gets warm, in this case a sensible difference will take place in the temperature of the opposite sides of the body, and the person will presently begin to sneeze and cough. Or let him lie in a bed, with one side close to a wall, and another person on the other side. As the latter will cause that side to be by far the warmest, there arises a difference between the transpiration of the two opposite sides, which occasions cough, catarrh, and pains in the arm that is next to the wall. Whoever feels comfortable in a room of moderate temperature, need but set his feet on a hot bottle if he wishes to have a catarrh. Thus the disproportionate heating of some parts of the body produces the same effect as the cooling of the opposite parts; and if this be the case, it is easy to consider how it happens, that people who never stir out of their houses in winter, but huddle themselves up in furs and ten-fold garments, complain of continual coughs, catarrhs, fluxions, and rheumatic pains, while the wretches who lie about in the streets know not what it is to have a cold.

As most diseases in this country are supposed to originate in colds, I trust that the preceding observations will be perused with particular attention. This theory may, perhaps, be correct; but for my part, I am of opinion, that colds produce more diseases than they otherwise would, because we are too anxious to guard against them. We should not be so liable to take cold, if we were not to keep ourselves too warm and to overheat some parts of the body in proportion to others. Look at the postilion, who drives for whole days together in all weathers, with the wind pouring right into the aperture of the ear, which he never thinks of covering. Another would severely feel the ill-effects of that from which he sustains not the least inconvenience. How often do you see labouring men working till they perspire again, while their feet are as wet as the mud, mixed, perhaps, with snow and ice, in which they are standing: nevertheless they scarcely know what it is to have colds or coughs. When these people have amassed money by their industry, and are enabled to indulge themselves; when they can bask by the fire-side and muffle themselves up in warm clothing; they soon become as subject to colds as their superiors, and then first learn from experience

what coughs, catarrhs, and fluxions are. Our error therefore lies in this, that by our very solicitude to guard against colds, we render it almost impossible to avoid them.

Are we, then, it may be asked, to throw off our clothes and to sit without fire in winter? By no means. We will not run from one extreme to the other. We are sufficiently punished for the one; who knows what the other might bring upon us? But it would not be amiss to follow Hoffmann's advice, to wear in all seasons the same kind of apparel, which should be of such a nature as not to be too hot for us in warm weather, or too cool in the cold. This rule is a very rational one, and unattended with danger. It preserves us from effeminacy, it hardens the constitution, and relieves us from the troublesome attention of changing our dress according to the weather—a practice by which alone the health of many has been ruined. Were I to add any thing to the above recommendation, it should be this, not to heat rooms which you make your usual abode, too hot; and above all, to habituate children in their infancy to all weathers, and to clothe them as lightly as is compatible with reason, and with their comfort. By attention to these directions every thing may be accomplished. By means of such a system the gipsies go half-naked in winter; and the inhabitants of the countries contiguous to Hudson's Bay brave the most intense cold with bare shoulders, though the rest of the body is covered with furs, and even account this a healthy practice.

I know I shall most likely be met by the objection, that coughs and colds are but trifling complaints, which it is easy to bear. But are those who entertain this notion aware, that a cough, how slight soever at first, may lead to spitting of blood, consumption, and death; and that there are catarrhs which terminate in paralysis? Hildanus relates, that a man became blind with violent sneezing; and Haller made the same observation, respecting females who sneezed immoderately. It is, moreover, but too well known, that severe and neglected colds may occasion apoplexy and death.

Feb. 20.

A variety of communications have been addressed to me through the publishers of the *New Monthly Magazine.* I must confess that the less I had anticipated the honour of such correspondence, the more I feel flattered by the attention which seems to be paid to my papers. My readers will not, I trust, be displeased with the occasional insertion of such of the epistles with which I may be favoured, as tend either to throw new light on the subjects of my monthly lucubrations, or to elicit information on points connected with the preservation of health.

The following may be regarded as introductory to this supplemental department:

To the Physician.

Sir,—Now that I have read a few of your papers, I have totally changed the opinion I had formed of them from the first announcement. I imagined that you were going to furnish us with directions in the style of those popular writers who pretend to teach people how to cure themselves of all kinds of diseases. We have already too many works of that sort, and I am convinced that they do more harm than good:

indeed I know as much from my own experience. A few years since, actuated by a particular solicitude for the preservation of my health, I resolved to pay particular attention to myself, and to be my own doctor. Accordingly I purchased a celebrated work, in which the causes and symptoms of every disease were described, and to which belonged a medicine-chest, containing whatever was necessary for curing all the complaints incident to human nature. I perused the first chapter of this work most attentively, and recognized in the description of the first disease treated of much that seemed to apply to my own case. You may easily imagine how delighted I was to reap so early a harvest of my industry. I had already resolved to set about the cure of this first disorder immediately: and meanwhile, out of mere curiosity, turned to the description of the second. My joy increased, when I found that this second disease presented a much more accurate delineation of me than the first. No, said I to myself, I have but some symptoms of the one; the actual cause of my misery certainly lies in the other. Thoroughly satisfied that my complaint could be no other than the second, I took the cathartic prescribed for it, and read the same morning, by way of amusement, the account of the third. To my utter astonishment, I found it coincide so exactly with my state, that I wished myself well rid of the cathartic, in order that I might swallow the emetic which was recommended for the third disorder. I now began to perceive the necessity of perusing the whole work before I could ascertain exactly with what disease I was afflicted. To cut the matter short, sir, I laboured through fifty-four grievous complaints and mortal distempers, and found in all of them so many of the characteristics of my particular case, that I could not but look upon myself as an epitome of all possible diseases. I ran through the whole book to discover how a man ought to act who has every disorder at once; but for this deplorable situation, no directions whatever were given. Figure to yourself my consternation, when I learned that I was plethoric, paralytic, scorbutic, cachetic, gouty, hypochondriac, nephritic, jaundiced, dropsical, epileptic, feverish, apoplectic, consumptive, and hectic. 'Who can relieve me, miserable Job!' I exclaimed, and was overwhelmed with despair, till my wife came and threw the confounded book into the fire. While it was burning, the evil spirits which had hitherto turned my brain seemed gradually to quit me. I have made a vow, and thus far kept it too, never again to read any such book which I am not qualified to appreciate and understand. I warn all my friends, as they value their peace, to beware of such works, and you, sir, will I trust, agree with me. Permit me to bear testimony, that your papers are not calculated to overwhelm any of your readers, how susceptible soever, with a load of diseases which they really have not; and at the same time to beg you to make my melancholy story known to the public for the benefit of the community. I hope you will continue as you have begun, and I can assure you, that so long as *The Physician* shall appear in the pages of *The New Monthly Magazine*, I shall remain its, and your attentive reader,

JEREMIAH JOBSON.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XII.

"Covent Garden theatre," says the Town, "is sadly in want of male singers: Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree require a better Arbaces and Macheath than the establishment at present affords them. Why does not Charles Kemble throw himself into a post-chaise and visit some provincial company in quest of such persons? surely they must be easily found!" So says the Town. "Now mark how a plain tale," uttered by a plain ghost, shall put the Town to confusion. Charles Kemble has thrown himself into no less a number then seven post-chaises: he has ransacked seven provincial companies: he has brought back with him seven singers of as great celebrity as the country could afford. They have appeared in seven different characters; and if the newspapers, in their eagerness to detail the Portsmouth case, have not printed a word of the matter, but have left these vocalists to chant uncolumned on the ensuing morning, the fault lies in the public, who prefer a detal of the shades of insanity to a comparative criticism upon sharps, flats, shakes, and cadenzas. In justice to the proprietors and the performers, I proceed to prove that, if Miss Paton and Miss M. Tree be still condemned to sing together, it is not from any neglect of the managers in endeavouring to procure them more masculine associates.

Mr. Mayfield first became known to the Town, nearly half a century ago, in Love in a Village. It is surprising, considering the paucity of singers at that period, that he was not better received; undoubtedly he was the most natural singer that ever mounted the stage. Perhaps he carried the love of nature a little too far. I am aware that the doctrine now in vogue differs from mine. It is contended that a singer cannot be too natural. This I deny. Coughing, spitting, and blowing of noses, are unquestionably natural; but Mr. Mayfield should defer these ceremonies until he gets into his dressing-room. Time has now set his mark upon him. Still, I think, Charles Kemble did well in drawing him from the Wiltshire company, in which his talents have been too long immured. He has given up Young Meadows to younger people, and now confines himself to Hawthorn and Hodge. In Hodge he carries the harshness and brutality of the part rather to extremes; but in Hawthorn his "My Dolly was the fairest thing" is uttered with a force and feeling which seldom fail of procuring an encore. His thoughts are said to dwell a little too much upon his benefit, which is respectably, if not numerously attended.

Mr. Settle, another provincial essayist, some years ago opened in "Liberty Hall," in the Bath and Bristol company, then headed by the elder Dimond. At that time the spirited manner in which, as Macheath, he gave "I wonder we han't better company upon Tyburn tree," gave offence to certain men in power, which was rather exasperated than mollified by his manner of singing "The modes of the Court." Since his engagement in London he has altered his style. In Bluebeard the reverential manner in which he chants "All hail to the great Bashaw," much edifies the quiet portion of the upper gallery. The rural requisites of "sober, clean, and perfect," are indisputably his.

The possession of these qualities has given him the ear of the manager, with whom he occasionally drinks malmsey madeira, and to whom he is suspected to impart all the ill that is uttered of him. His advice to that potentate is to stick up notice of "*Sic volo*," in the green-room, and to rule the chorus-singers by fines rather than by friendship. This has put him in bad odour with the race that sing: who accordingly, in his favourite anthem of "God save the King," do all in their power to put him out. Some people prefer his dialogue to his music. In the former department he is engaged at a respectable stipend, though he never makes his appearance in that line oftener than once a quarter; and, when he does appear, it is remarkable that he regularly makes his *entré* on the king's side.

Mr. Flight, from Nottingham, is a singer possessed of first-rate musical talents. When I aver that he has the voice of Incledon and the science of Braham, I firmly believe that I utter no more than the truth. He is moreover gifted with powers of burlesque, to which those celebrated vocalists are utter strangers. But, alas! a large fortune has often been the ruin of a minor: and the possession of one attractive quality is apt to play the very devil with an actor. Holman was ruined by his teeth, Incledon by his lungs, and Phillips by his leg. Mr. Flight's universality has been his bane. His three styles are excellent apart; but when he attempts to mingle them in one opera, "Chaos is come again." On his first appearance in London, while yet a minor, his "In infancy our hopes and fears," and "Adieu, thou dreary pile," were a little above his strength. The votaries of cat-gut then fell foul upon him, and compared him to Lord Lovat, who "walked and talked three hours after his head was off." This caused him to quit the London boards in disgust. Luckily, however, like Saint Denis, he carried his head in his hand; and some years afterwards, in Storace's beautiful air "My native land I bade adieu," proved that Castigation had been the parent of Improvement. On his recent re-engagement at Covent-garden, he opened in Arbaces. The theatre overflowed at an early hour, and he was received with a tumult of applause. He is remarkable for never bowing to the audience: so far from it, that he treats them with an indifference bordering on contempt. I have known him to be slightly hissed. But on his offering to fight any gentleman who disliked his singing, those tokens of disapprobation vanished. His Seraskier, in the Siege of Belgrade, is excellent. But when, in that grave character, he introduced Leporello's burlesque song of "Madamina" in the first act, "Cease rude Boreas," in the second, and "I'll hurry post-haste for a licence," from Tom Thumb, in the third; nothing but admiration of his transcendant talents, and perhaps dread of his duelling, prevented the town from sending forth, from their tongues and their teeth, audible tokens of their displeasure. His "Manager Strutt was four feet high," being a satire upon the late Mr. Garrick, gave great offence to the friends of that opulent proprietor still living in the neighbourhood of Hampton. Mr. Flight was engaged, during the late Lent season, by Mr. Bochsa for the oratorio. But, even in that melodious sanctuary, his love of mischief broke out. While the audience, pursuant to advertisement, were expecting "Hail, Star of Brunswick," Mr. Flight started off, at score, with "Go, George, I can't endure you." This violation of the latitude of Lent had nearly

closed the doors upon Bartleman and Beethoven. It may not be impertinent to add, that a serious quarrel has arisen between Mr. Settle and Mr. Flight. The former, in some opera whose name I forget, sang young Horner's ditty "Oh what a good boy am I." This was ridiculed by Flight, in "I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty fair maids," which was supposed to reflect upon Settle's lyrical tergiversation. Provoked at the innuendo, the latter sang "The turban'd Turk who scorns the world." This was answered by "I care for nobody, no, not I;" and Settle finished the vocal controversy by "Go, naughty man, I can't abide you." Their respective friends in the boxes were amused at the conflict, but the pit and galleries took little interest in the matter, for,

As for the public, they care not a toss up
If Mossop kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossop.

The fourth singer, whom our enterprising manager has brought out during the present season, is Mr. Cloudesley, who, like Mr. Settle, originally performed at Bristol. I cannot look upon this metaphysical gentleman as any great acquisition to the London stage. He has, it is true, some powerful notes in his voice; but he mounts into a falsetto with a most unpleasant break, and descends into a bass when you least expect it. He studied music under the celebrated Mozart, and learned from that great master to overload his airs with accompaniments. It is a peculiarity of this gentleman that he was never known to finish a song in the whole course of his life. He will start, for instance, with "In infancy our hopes and fears:" sing pretty steady down to "restore him with"—then deviate into "Fly not yet," and ere the second "Oh stay," soar up to the clouds in "The soldier tired." This is endurable, and indeed laudable, from Matthews or Harley, in "Four and twenty fiddlers," but a serious medley is a composition to which Londoners are not yet accustomed. Mr. Cloudesley, last Monday, was advertized for Don Juan. He had previously stuffed the band with accompaniments from his favourite Mozart till it was ready to burst. Horn, piano, flute, and fiddle, had each its separate tune, and Mr. Cloudesley had a fifth tune of his own, distinct and apart from the other four. Our metaphysical vocalist had screamed nearly through the first act, at this up-hill work, when the patience of a policy-broker in the pit was exhausted. The offended party took advantage of a short cessation of hostilities; and rising, from the third row, thus addressed the orchestra—"Why can't you let the gentleman alone? God knows, at best, he is not over intelligible: but while you are playing four things, and he is singing a fifth, one might as well expect harmony from a contest of Glasgow bagpipers." Cloudesley shrugged his shoulders, in pity of the broker's ignorance; but the man spoke the sense of the house.

Mr. Moss, from Cumberland, is the most self-satisfied singer now chirping, and that is saying a bold word. Yet he has his enthusiastic admirers. These are chiefly elderly ladies with blue stockings and no progeny, who occupy private boxes on every night of Moss's appearance, and applaud vociferously before he opens his lips. This premature commendation vexes the gallery, who answer it by a general hiss. The pit disapprove of this hissing as illiberal, so that, among them all, poor Moss has but a turbulent time of it. On

the late getting up of Oscar and Malvina, he was cast for the pedlar, and the Town naturally expected that he would sing the song, "Oh I am a jolly gay pedlar," to the old Scotch tune, as Munden, Townsend, and Simmons, sang it before him. Mr. Moss, however, knew better than the Town how it ought to be sung, and had set it to the Dead March in Saul. This innovation was justified by his partizans, but being pretty generally condemned by the common sense of the rest of the house, the part was finished by another performer. Mr. Moss has since executed indentures of apprenticeship to Bishop, who hopes, when he has passed his second puberty, to make him sing like a man. I doubt his success. Moss's style is evidently the infantine. His "See-saw Margery daw" brought money to Sadler's Wells; and his "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man," has not been equalled since the days of Mrs. Bunch.

The sixth of these vocal luminaries is Mr. O'Carrol, from Dublin. He made his *début* on the 17th of March last, as Lionel, in the opera of Lionel and Clarissa. His previous fame as the first ballad-singer of the time, added to the circumstance of his having pitched upon Saint Patrick's day for his first appearance, drew a brilliant audience, chiefly from the sister kingdom. From my locomotive qualities, I could of course plant myself close to the stage: none of the accomplishments of this highly gifted singer were, therefore, lost upon me. He runs the half notes with astonishing delicacy and precision, but in those bolder flights which are meant to produce a simultaneous effect in all parts of the house, he rather fails. At least, such was the report of three gentlemen, who sat in the front boxes, and who said it was with extreme difficulty they heard him at all. The galleries were not full. I do not wonder at this: delicacy is to their senses a plant of noxious flavour: Incledon's "Old Towler" is the song for their money. Mr. O'Carrol's "Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses," was impressive and impassioned He introduced several airs, which were loudly encored. I thought the subject of them was too uniformly the wrongs of Ireland. But the singer was Irish, and the day was Saint Patrick's. All the young ladies were in raptures. I thought two crane-necked damsels in one of the stage-boxes would have ate him up. Considering the appetite of the ladies, and the size of the gentleman, the meal would not have been a very extraordinary one. This gentleman has since played Artaxerxes, but not with equal success. His forte is in single ballads: trios, quartetts, and chorus, rather overwhelm him. Mr. O'Carrol has sung also at the oratorio, but not with decisive effect. His very eminence as a singer of love-songs has here operated to his detriment.

The seventh and last singer, of whom I have to speak, is Mr. M'Naughton, from Edinburgh. I hardly know whether to congratulate, or to condole with the Covent Garden proprietors, upon the engagement of this extraordinary performer. His salary must, I should think, absorb all the profits of the speculation. I have heard it rated at three thousand pounds per annum. Mrs. Billington is the only singer whose annual stipend ever before reached that sum. Mr. M'Naughton's original salary, as a singer, could not, I imagine, have amounted to more than half of it. As a singer, indeed, the amateurs rated him rather below Mr. Flight, and rather above Mr. O'Carrol.

He drew great houses for several seasons, by his vocal talents in the Gentle Shepherd, the Highland Reel, Cymon, the Lord of the Manor, and other Operas of the Sylvan or romantic cast. His "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon," "Saw ye my father," and "Auld Robin Gray," were only second to Miss Stephens's. By degrees, however, the audiences fell off, and several gaping apertures were discernible on the pit benches. He now talked of taking his farewell benefit, when the fortunate idea struck him (as it did Irish Johnston of yore) that something better than singing might be done upon the stage. To guard, however, against the chances of failure, he resolved to make his *début* in dialogue anonymously. He chose the part of Norval for that purpose, and the decided talents exhibited by him at once stamped him as an actor of first-rate merit. His Macbeth, Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, Richard Cœur de Lion, Scrub, Marplot, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, are almost equally excellent. In short, nothing equal to him has appeared since "the immortal Mr. Garrick deceased." From his great success in Comedy and Tragedy, he has almost given up Opera. It is remarked of him, however, (such is the force of habit,) that he generally commences every scene by humming half a stave of some old Scotch tune. He is not inattentive to profits on his benefit-night. Upon that occasion, he and Brandon may be seen in one of the pigeon-holes counting the house. It is curious that his name never appears in the bills. Every part he acts is averred to be "by a gentleman," sometimes "by the gentleman who opened in the Gentle Shepherd;" and sometimes "by the gentleman who first appeared in the Lord of the Manor." This is sufficiently absurd. If he requires a fictitious name, why does he not assume one? as Blewit calls himself Barrymore and Cleaver Claremont. As it is, every body knows him to be what nobody chooses to call him. In justice to Mr. M'Naughton I must admit, that he walks steadily upon an eminence that would turn most heads giddy. He now and then still sings a song between the acts. His "Scots wha hae" is by many preferred to Braham's, but his own favourite air is, "I hae saxpence under my thumb."

Let me, in conclusion, relate a ridiculous incident that occurred lately on the getting up of Henry the Eighth. Mrs. Oglevie played Queen Catherine. It is customary in her sick arm-chair scene to lull her to sleep with a solemn ditty. By some mistake the prompter had called both Flight and O'Carrol, to officiate in this capacity. The scene drew on—the cue was given—when on walked both these singers from opposite stage-doors. Each struck up "Angels ever bright and fair," to his own separate tune; and as neither seemed disposed to give way, both sang their songs fairly through to a conclusion. This phenomenon effectually roused Queen Catherine, and excited an audible titter throughout the house. Flight's song was, I think, the best; and certain oratorio-frequenting people have censured O'Carrol for intending to burlesque the subject. For my part, I am convinced that he entertained no such idea.

ON THE TROUBADOURS.

The Troubadours, or poets of Provence, claim the proud distinction of softening by their strains, dedicated to religion, love, and chivalry, the general asperity of manners; of originating and promoting the desire of learning; of proclaiming and recommending the blessings of social intercourse; and of contributing, in no slight degree, to the perfection of the French language. The *Lingua Romana*, the vulgar tongue of the country, however barbarous in its origin and grotesque in its combination, (for it was formed of the Celtic, the Greek*, the Latin, and the Tudesque, or German,) gradually acquired, by their taste and feeling, a polish, grace, and harmony, that raised it to notice and celebrity. It was called Provençal from the name of *Provincia*, given by the Romans to Gallia Narbonensis†, and was spoken, with a considerable variety of idioms, in Provence, Languedoc, Auvergne, Dauphiné, Gascony, and Guyenne. To the poets of that part of France divided from the North by the Loire, the appellation of *Troubadours* has been long given, while to their rivals of Flanders, Picardy, Normandy, the Isle of France, and the neighbouring provinces, has been assigned that of *Trouvères*. The two words are synonymous, and designate the true characteristic of poetry, the faculty of invention.

In the infancy of their institution, the Troubadours travelled from town to town and from castle to castle. They attended the carousals and public entrances of princes. They were present at processions, jubilees, and fairs, and contended for a pre-eminence which was adjudged to the worthiest. They collected anecdotes, and noted curious characters and events. Their memory was constantly exercised upon subjects of public or private interest. They coupled them with rhyme, and thus produced the *sirventes* and *fabliaux*, many of which are at this moment both instructive and amusing. That they were of great utility in an age of rudeness, ignorance, and oppression, when the superior classes pressed upon the inferior with barbarous violence and cruelty, when feudality had outlived whatever was valuable in its system, and servitude, with all its bitter inheritances of fines, penalties, stripes, and imprisonment, had brutalized mankind, is undeniable. The strains of the Troubadours, generally accompanied with music, refined the sulky and morose humour of the times, and imparted a feeling and tone of gaiety and cheerfulness, that led to friendly and generous associations.

* Marseilles was founded by a colony of Phocians from Asia Minor, nearly six hundred years before Christ, and became justly celebrated for its commerce, laws, literature, and the purity of its morals. The Phocians soon succeeded in extending their influence and power into the interior of the country. They built Agde, Nice, and Antibes, and introduced a knowledge of the Greek language, of agriculture, and the useful arts. From the Gauls and Romans who frequented Marseilles, they acquired the Celtic and Latin, and were called Trilingues. "quod et Græcè loquerentur et Latinè et Gallicè (*Don Bouquet, Recueil*). Cicero speaks of Marseilles in the highest terms of commendation—"Ut omnia ejus instituta laudari faciliùs possint quàm imitari." (*Orat. pro Flacc.*) Greek was spoken in Marseilles during the first and second ages of Christianity, and was used in the service of the Church in several towns of Gallia Narbonensis, up to the fourth century.

† Originally called by the Romans *Nostra Provincia*. The principal seats of education and learning were, Narbonne, Arles, Vienne, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Autun, Marseilles, Nismes, and Lyons. Tacitus says in his Annals, that it supplied Rome with illustrious characters before the reign of Claudius. "Insignes viros è Gallia Narbonensi transivisse."

The stupid selfishness of barbarism was charmed and roused from the heavy lethargy in which it had so long and so wretchedly slumbered. New feelings, new affections, and new wants, were inspired, which evinced the value of social relations, and demonstrated the benefits of mental improvement. The gates of the palace, the cathedral, and the cloister, were thrown open to them; and the trumpet of chivalry and the lays of the poet were soon united in celebrating the triumphs of gallantry, religion, and honour. They were received with distinction in the courts of sovereigns and the castles of the great lords, and some raised themselves from obscurity to an equality with the most eminent for rank and fortune*. The singular adventures of some of the poets themselves gave a peculiar *éclat*, an extraordinary fashion to their verses. They had either realized, or were ready to achieve, what their muse extolled. Sometimes the heroes of their own strains, they wrote as they had loved, fought, and suffered. Their productions acquired additional force and energy from the affection and sympathy infused into an audience by those who recited their own exploits, their delights and sorrows. They excited more attention and interest, because they told, not only that which they had personally witnessed, but in the failure or success of which they had a considerable share. It was not forgotten that the poet was a *pars magna* of the heroic tale he recounted; and his joy or grief was the more easily communicated to, and the more deeply felt by his auditors. They were united with the most illustrious and valiant knights throughout Europe, and they formed and maintained a brotherhood which flourished for a long time in France, England, Italy, Spain, and Germany. Among their fellows, they counted the Emperor Frederic I., the lion-hearted Richard, Alphonso King of Arragon, Roger King of Naples, Berenger Count of Provence, a duke of Brabant, a dauphin of Auvergne, and Thibaut Count of Champagne, with a long list of lords and barons eminent for their virtues and talents. Most of these were at once knights and Troubadours; and several specimens of the compositions of Frederic, Berenger, Richard, and Thibaut, are still preserved. Those of the English hero come more closely in unison with our feelings. He had been, for several years during the life of his father, Count of Poitou, and had acquired, in consequence of his frequent visits to the court of Berenger, the great resort of the Troubadours, a peculiar taste for the poetry of Provence. He has left two sirventes, or satirical pieces, and part of an ode. In one of the sirventes, given by Pasquier in his "Recherches de la France," and addressed to the Dauphin of Auvergne and his cousin Count Gui, with whom he was at variance, he pledges himself to make war manfully and loyally against them, even should they conduct themselves with perfidy:

"Mas una rem † vos outroi,
Si vos me faussastes la loi;
Bon gerrier à l'etendart,
Trouveretz le Roi Richart."

The base treatment of Richard by Leopold Duke of Austria, on his return from the Holy Land, is an historical fact; and in an ode supposed to have been written during his imprisonment, he laments the

---

* Nostradamus, Fauchet, Pasquier, Caseneuve, Millot, Massieu, Ravaillere, Roquefort, Raynouard, Ginguené, &c. † chose.

length and severity of his confinement, as well as the seeming neglect of his French and English subjects. The second strophe of the ode is quoted by M. Fabre d'Olivet, in his "Poésies Occitaniques."

"Or sachan ben mos homs é mos Barons,
Anglês, Normans, Peytavins, é Gascons,
Qu'yêu non hai j'a si paûre compagnons,
Que per ave, lou laissesse en prèzon.
Faire reproch, certas yeu voli non;
Mas souy dos hivers prèz*."

The productions of Thibaut Count of Champagne and King of Navarre, who died about the middle of the thirteenth century, were the subject of general admiration in France and Italy. Dante has immortalized his muse. Love is the endless burden of his strains, which are occasionally distinguished for tenderness of sentiment and delicacy of expression. He was not destitute of erudition, for he abounds in passages drawn from sacred, profane, and natural history; but he sacrificed too freely to the licentiousness of the age in which he lived. He is considered by some critics to have been the first who succeeded in the common use of masculine and feminine rhymes. Some of his verses are as intelligible as those of modern times. The following, written in 1226, remind us of the manner of Voiture, and might be attributed to that witty and ingenious poet:

"Chacun pleure sa terre et son pays,
Quand il se part de ses joyeux amis;
Mais il n'est nul congé quoi qu'on die,
Si douloureux que d'ami et d'amie."

The Provençal was peculiarly adapted to subjects of tenderness and gallantry, to the beauties of simple nature and the charms of social life. It possessed considerable advantages over its rivals, the Spanish and Italian. Its vocabulary was enriched with a copious collection of words from the Celtic, the Greek, and the Latin, which enabled the poet to give to the same idea an agreeable variety of expression, and to augment or decrease the meaning of the same term, in the use both of the substantive and adjective. Of this conformity to the genius of the Latin language, a pleasing instance is given in a madrigal quoted by M. Fabre d'Olivet:

"Las rosas muscadetas
Ni les flous del bouysou,
N'ham pas de tas poupetas
L'aûdour ni la blancou.
Urouza la maneta,
Qu' aubtendra la favou
De levar l'espiletta
Que les teng en prisou."

"Les roses musquées ni les fleurs qui parent les buissons, n'ont ni la tendre couleur de ton sein, ni la douce odeur qu'il exhale. Heureuse la main qui pourra prétendre à la faveur de détacher la petite épingle qui le tient en prison."

The verbs were very numerous, and six or seven often expressed the

---

* In the language as it is now spoken, "Maintenant qu'ils apprennent mes sujets et mes Barons, Anglais, Normans, Poitevins, et Gascons, qu'il n'y a rien que je possède que je n'eusse donné plutôt que de laisser le moindre de mes compagnons en prison. Certes, je ne veux pas leur faire reproche, mais voila deux hivers que je suis prisonnier."

same action, differently modified. Images and metaphors were so familiarized to the idiom, that before the end of the thirteenth century it possessed all the advantages enjoyed by long-established languages. Its monosyllables, of which there was a vast number, were neither hardened by the shock of consonants, nor enfeebled by the concurrence of mute vowels. Many of them were indigenous, but many more were from the Latin*. With circumstances so very favourable, we cannot be surprised, that this part of France should have been called in its own tongue, *La Boutiqua dels Troubadours.* Nostradamus enumerates 120, all of acknowledged merit; and Caseneuve † asserts, that he had read the compositions of 155, all written three centuries before. Petrarch in his triumph mentions 15 of them, and places Arnaud Daniel at their head:

> "Era tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello,
> Gran maestro d'Amor, ch'à la sua terra
> Ancor fà honor cor dir' polito e bello.

They were warriors as well as poets:

> Et mille altri ne viddi, à cui la lingua,
> Lancia e spada fù sempre, e scudo, e elmo.

Dante had before extolled their works; Boccace borrowed freely from their thoughts and expressions; and it is candidly admitted by Cardinal Bembo, that the Tuscan was indebted to them for many of its noblest ornaments.

The encouragement they received was certainly great and general, and the rewards bestowed upon them liberal and even magnificent. The richest dresses, the finest horses, precious gems, and considerable sums of money, were not considered compensations too valuable for the recital of their verses; but to the courts or parliaments of love, may be attributed their principal celebrity. Love had its jurisprudence, its tribunals, pleadings, cases of conscience, decrees, and legal phraseology; and the skill and sagacity of the doctors and barristers, who practised in its courts, were exercised with a subtilty that could not be surpassed by the most renowned sophists.‡ These singular monuments of love and chivalry lasted from the twelfth to the beginning of the fifteenth century. They punished infidelity in either sex, and their awards were rigorously enforced. The poet, who composed *invitâ Minervâ*, and the lady who proved faithless, were alike subject to their authority. A Troubadour found guilty of plagiarism was whipped with rods at Nismes; and a demoiselle convicted of violating her plighted faith, was expelled with public ignominy from Aix. § The fair sex were bound by the statutes of love, to behave with candour to all honourable suitors. If the knight found favour in the sight of his mistress, and felt himself justified in making a formal tender of his passion, she answered: "Accomplished knight, I attest Heaven, that I shall consider you alone the object of my chaste affection. If you prove loyal to me,

---

* As *som*, somnus; *lum*, lumen; *fum*, fumus; *font*, fons; *dol*, dolor; *os*, os; *aimar*, amare; *cap*, caput; *cant*, cantus; *causa*, causa; *clam*, clamor; *ferir*, ferire; *fugir*, fugere; *joc*, jocus; *lauz*, laus; *legir*, legere; *ley*, lex; *liberar*, liberare; *luz*, lux; *mandar*, mandare; *man*, manus; *miror*, mirari; *nas*, nasum; *nov*, novus; *potir*, potiri; *pas*, pax; *pan*, panis; *pigres*, piger; *quere*, quærere; *res*, res; *sanar*, sanare; &c. &c.

† Origine des Jeux Floreaux. Caseneuve wrote this treatise in 1643.

‡ Fauchet, Massieu, Daire, Millot, &c. § Marchangy, La Gaule Poétique.

I shall be faithful to you, and reward your services worthily, provided they be sincere and do not offend my honour*." He was then allowed to fix at the end of his lance the ribands presented to him by his mistress, which were thence called *favours*. That the Troubadours were often decorated with these testimonies of pure and honourable affection, there can be no doubt. Few were indeed more susceptible of the tender passion than themselves, and among them love had its martyrs, its pilgrims, its visionaries, and hermits. Geoffroy Rudel expired for an imaginary object †; Guillaume de la Tour could not survive his mistress; André de Provence, and Guillaume d'Adhemai ‡ breathed their last for love; Pierre Rogiers, Raimond Jordan, and Richard Barbesieux, became hermits, and Pierre Vidal lost his reason. Some prayed, some fasted, some inflicted the severest punishments on themselves with their own hands, some undertook pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and some, buckling on their armour, joined the Crusades in the name of their mistresses. These courts not only took cognizance of all questions and difficulties between the ladies, the knights, and the poets, but granted injunctions for the prevention of unequal marriages, and stopped proceedings, when it was ascertained, that the inclinations of the parties had not been consulted. The first tribunal was held at Aix, and was maintained with extraordinary dignity and magnificence. There were also three inferior courts in Provence. An attempt to revive the institution at Paris, by the Queen of Charles VI. in 1392, did not prove successful. It gave rise to some whimsical, and perhaps indecent expositions. The corruption of the age was probably too gross for the purity and refinement of the original system; yet it appears, that only forty years before, a special protection for the Courts of Love had been granted by Pope Innocent the VI. §

Les Jeux Floreaux were of a very different nature. Founded solely for the encouragement of poetical talent and the improvement of the language, they have continued for very nearly 500 years to promote the general interests of Literature. This society sprang up amidst the abstruse discussion of mystical divinity, and the scholastic disputes of false grammar, false logic, and false metaphysics. Seven gentlemen of Toulouse, poets themselves, and desirous of encouraging the art in others, were accustomed to meet in a pleasant retreat at a small distance from the city. They wished, by increasing their number and reputation, to give stability to the plan of association they had formed; and letters,

---

* *Amanieu, l'Education des Dames.*

† Geoffroy Rudel was in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen. He embarked for Africa, accompanied by Allamon, a brother Troubadour. On his arrival at Tripoli, he was so very ill that he could not leave the vessel, and the Countess, learning his singular passion, visited him on board. He expired while she held his hand. A tomb of porphyry was erected at Tripoli to his memory by the Countess.—(*Pasquier, Recherches de la France.*)

‡ Guillaume d'Adhemar was a gallant knight and an eminent Troubadour. He was enamoured of the Countess of Die, and hearing that she was to be married to the Count of Embrun, he fell dangerously ill. The Countess, with her mother, visited him in his castle of Grignon, when he was so affected by her presence, that taking her hand, which she had graciously presented to him, he kissed it, sighed, and expired. Adhemar was the author of *Lou Catholog de las Donnas illustras.*—(*Histoire Litteraire de la France*, continued by members of the Institut.)

§ Martial d'Auvergne, *procureur au parlement de Paris*, and no mean poet, compiled about 1470, his *Arresta Amorum*, founded on the actual proceedings and decisions of these Courts. This compilation was augmented with ample commentaries,

signed by the seven Troubadours, were sent round the country, promising a violet of gold to the author of the piece which should be judged the best at an assembly to be held the 3d of May, 1324. Arnauld Vidal obtained the prize, and was honoured with the title of Doctor of the gay science, *Docteur en la gaïe science.* The candidates were at first confined to odes, elegies, and hymns, in honour of God, the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints;—singular subjects for the recreation of a gay society! The meeting, which was annually held, soon became public, and was at length transferred to the town-house. About the end of the same century, the institution acquired new lustre by the munificence of a lady of Toulouse, Clémence d'Isaure, who settled funds in perpetuity for defraying the expenses, and a rose, an eglantine, and some other flowers were added to the violet. In 1694, letters of confirmation were granted by Lewis XIV. the number of prizes was increased by an amaranth of gold, and the society placed under the protection of the Chancellor of France.

The learning of the Troubadours has been much questioned; and it is generally supposed that they were, in this respect, very inferior to their rivals on the other side of the Loire. If we are, however, to rely upon their own assertions, there was scarcely any subject in the circle of human knowledge, as it was then constituted, with which they were unacquainted. Pierre de Corbian, who wrote at the end of the thirteenth century, though speaking of his own accomplishments, gives us, in his *Deux Troubadours Rivaux,* a rare "taste of the quality" of the brotherhood. The specimen is taken from the sirvente preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. He says, "Although I have neither castles nor domains, I am not poor. I am even richer than others with a thousand marks of gold. My income is small, but my understanding and my manners are much above it. I hold my head as high as he who enjoys power and fortune. I possess a treasure more precious than silks and jewels, a treasure which can neither perish nor be taken from me by thieves, and which, far from diminishing, increases every day. It is the treasure of knowledge." Here he enters into a detail of all the particulars that constitute this knowledge, the origin of which he attributes to God. "It is God," he says, "who created the hierarchy of angels. It is God who created heaven and earth, and finally Adam and Eve, who, tempted by the serpent, were driven out of the terrestrial paradise." He next recapitulates the history of the patriarchs, of the judges and kings of the Israelites, and evinces his knowledge of the Old and New Testament. After some comments on the Apocalypse, and predicting the events that are to happen on the day of judgment, he concludes the first part of his treasure.

The second part, on which he seems to set less value, though more difficult to be acquired, comprehends all the liberal arts, somewhat of the theory and practice of physic and surgery, judicial astrology, and magic in all its forms and relations. "I know," observes the learned Troubadour, "mythology better than the ingenious Ovid. I can recite the history of Thebes, Troy, and Rome. I am acquainted with the ex-

---

and passages from the Erotic poets of antiquity in justification of the theory and practice of the Courts of Love, by a learned civilian, Benôit-de-Cour, who published the work in 1541. The title was, "Les Déclamations, Procédures, et Arrêts d'Amour donnés en la cour et parquet de Cupidon, à cause d'aucuns différends entendus sur cette police."

ploits of Romulus, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus. I can speak of all the Cæsars down to the reign of Constantine. The history of Rome is as familiar to me as that of France from the conversion of Clovis by Saint Remigius to the death of the good king Louis, who was killed in battle, and who was the most equitable of sovereigns, having neither gained nor lost any possession, but in conformity to justice." He also declares his perfect knowledge of the history of England, and after enumerating his poetical talents, which cannot fail to give equal delight to knights and ladies, he exclaims, "This is my treasure and happiness, this constantly employs my mind. It causes no anxiety, and nothing prevents me from being gay every day of the week."

The decline and fall of the Troubadours are to be attributed to their own degeneracy and corruption. They gradually gave up the natural and simple, for affectation and obscurity in thought and expression. The *naiveté*, to which their predecessors had been indebted for their popularity, was laid aside, or forgotten; and their disgrace was sealed by the coarseness of their manners and the obscenity of their lives.

SONGS OF THE CID.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No. II.—*The Cid's Funeral Procession.**

THE Moor had beleaguer'd Valencia's towers,
And lances gleam'd up through her citron bowers,
And the tents of the Desert had girt her plain,
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain;
For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs,
For the shrill horn of Afric had call'd her sons
To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard,
Like the roar of waters the air had stirr'd;
The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
And the camp lay hush'd, as a wizard's cave:
But the Christians woke that night.

They rear'd the Cid on his barbed steed,
Like a warrior mail'd for the hour of need,
And they fix'd the sword in the cold right hand,
Which had fought so well for his father's land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart-walls;
Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,
When the Knights had girded the noble Dead,
And the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

* See the Legends recorded in Southey's Chronicle of the Cid.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep:
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea!

There were Knights five hundred went arm'd before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore;
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men!
The helmet was down o'er the face of the Dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar;
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the slow death-march of the host begun;
With a silent step went the cuirass'd bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands,
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills peal'd with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng!
With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fanez * came!

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had pass'd before, like a threatening cloud!
And the storm rush'd down on the tented plain,
And the archer-queen, with her bands, lay slain;
—For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan Kings who had join'd his war!
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an Assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw!

For it seem'd, where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand Knights array'd!
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe!

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all;
With a sword of fire, and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail,
He rode in the battle's van.

* Alvar Fanez Minaya, one of the Cid's bravest warriors.

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's course!
Where his banner stream'd with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight,
For it seem'd not the sword of man!

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled:
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!
—They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done.

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread:
But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
And the bow of the Desert was broke in Spain,
—So the Cid to his grave pass'd on!

No. III.—*The Cid's Rising.*

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound * went forth in rushing might,
Like an army on its way!
In the stillness of the hour,
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the sleepers woke in dread—
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread!
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's, to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it pass'd,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rock'd to the stormy clang!
But the march of the viewless train
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble floor,
And a voice at the gate, which said,
That the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador,
Was there in his arms array'd;
And that with him from the tomb,
Had the Count Gonzalez come,
With a host, uprisen to aid!

"And they came for the buried King that lay
At rest, in that ancient fane,
For he must be arm'd on the battle-day,
With them, to deliver Spain!"
—Then the march went sounding on,
And the Moors, by noontide sun,
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

---

* See the Chronicle of the Cid, p. 352.

DRAMATIC TRAVELS.

The Diligence from Paris to Lyons.

Madame de Staël (and hers is the best name I know to lead off an essay) declared, that, were she going to the gallows, she would be busied all the way in scrutinizing the characters of her fellow-convicts. No doubt, she was thinking of the old times, when one was sure to meet with good company, and plenty of it, in a trip to the guillotine. Not being over-particular, I must prefer, for the scene of my observations, a vehicle of less *dispatch;* for in running post to the other world, according to the supposition of the ever-supposing Baroness, I should be a deal too absorbed in number One to be at all dramatic. Such scenes are rather too much for a joke—and I here may mention having been for the first time highly disgusted with the facetious Pierce Egan, for representing the last scene of the condemned in one of his variegated caricatures. No—give me a *Diligence*, that pleasant misnomer, that with sixteen, eighteen, nay, twenty passengers, stowed in three cabins, and a parachute-looking affair called a Cabriolet, at top, together with I know not how many tons weight of baggage, rolls along the pavé at the rate of two-miles-and-a-half per hour, stoppages non-included. "Didst ever see a Diligence?"—Wert thou ever, then, at Chelsea or Battle-bridge, at Greenwich or Brook-Green ?—Saw'st thou the elephant's vehicle and habitation, or that of the lions?—"Walk in, gentlemen!"—You may remember these. Such is a Diligence! And lumbering vehicles as they are, enough indeed to drown any John Bull in a flood of spleen, yet, let me tell you, the yard of the *Messageries Royales* beats out and out your *White Horse Cellar*, or your *Swan with Two Necks*. I don't talk of Portsmouth, or Liverpool, or voyages in the sea-way, for "that beats Banagher," as we Irishmen say; but in the quiet, well-behaved, rowley-powley mode of travelling on dry land, the very sublime of tantalization is the *Messageries*. Only suppose one of our island brethren dropt there, one of those fellows, greedy of travel, with the organ of space protruding like a horn from the midst of his forehead, with what feelings must he peruse the inscriptions on the Diligence and over the *Bureaus*,—to Bayonne and Madrid—to Lyons, Turin, Milan, Rome, &c.—to Strasburg, Munich, Vienna—to Berlin—to St. Petersburg. Lord bless you, sir, 'twould be as much as his life's worth!

"*En route*," cries the conducteur, "*Montez, Messieurs;*" but before getting in, and, consequently, describing my company, I must premise that the Diligence has five horses;—'tis strange, but I have always found that French postilions, like poets, (is it poets?) delight in odd numbers. For many a cogitative post was this point a subject of puzzle and annoyance to me. I asked the reason of all and every postilion; they shook their enormous cues, but answered nothing, till, at last, one fellow, more knowing than the rest, told me, with a sly look at his leg-boxes, that the odd horse was for his boots. This reason was fully adequate.

Being all seated, we trotted off, and ere the coach reached Fontainbleau, I was in full possession of the country, profession, and opinions of my fellow-passengers. In spite of my wishing to be a bit of a republican, I never yet encountered a society, great or small, without being thoroughly convinced of the non-existence and moral impossi-

bility of equality: go where you will, there is always a cock of the walk. There was one here—a stout, well-built, comfortable Breton, of that province of France which preserves, in character, the similarity to Old England, which its name and origin would lead us to expect. Our Breton, however, was not all English: a sharp hook nose, and jaw of more than ordinary dimensions, bespoke the Frenchman. He accosted us all gaily, without any of that long ice-breaking conversation about the weather, which generally occupies the first half-hour of our stage-coach journeys. Of the postilions, peasants, conducteur, &c. he demanded divers questions out of the window in an authoritative tone, designating them with a supercilious *tu.* Sweet second person singular!—not when thus flung to a menial or inferior, but when the fascinating lip of the foreign fair allows, and replies with the endearing monosyllable.—Reader, if thou intendest to act the *gallant traveller,* a kind now the most fashionable amongst us, and strangely omitted by Sterne, and if in thy first adventure thine ears are saluted with the novel and delightful sounds of *mon cœur—je suis à vous, &c. &c.* believe them not. One *tu,* one *va,* one *va-t-en,* is worth a thousand pathetic sentences and protestations, unless, indeed,—the lady should go so far as to call you her good friend, her *bon ami,* for that denotes a conquest won. —Strange! that so vivacious a nation should use, in appearance, the coldest terms of endearment, should mark their affection by one syllable, and its highest point by three.—"*Ma respectable amie,*" writes St. Preux to Julie.—What a sentence for an English lover to preface a love-letter with!—"My respectable friend!"—O Jehu!

The worthy Breton had received answers from, that is, made acquaintance with, all the inmates of our rumbling tabernacle, save and except one, an English dandy, who as yet had not recovered confidence enough in strange company to trust his mouth with French. He, however, shewed his affability and wish to be conversable by admiring with his eyes and fingers the fur-pelisse of the Breton. Having felt it for some time, he demanded what it was made of?—"Wolf-skin."—To which, in the true dandy chain of argument, the Englishman redemanded, where such was to be had, and what it would cost?—"*Un coup de fusil?*" said the Breton.—"And there are such animals here?" said the Briton.—"Sure as a gun, in Bretagne," said the other.—About ten minutes had elapsed, when my dandy drew out his memorandum-book, as by stealth, and noted down—Mem.—*Wolves in Brittany.*

In the corner opposite to me sat an old corporal of the *Ex,* or imperial guard, as I soon found out, when the view of the little inn at Cour de France, where Napoleon passed the night of the surrender of Paris, and the Chateau of Fontainbleau, the scene of the Emperor's first abdication, led us to talk of the great man. The corporal had been in Spain, and in Russia, and at Leipsic he had bidden adieu for a while to the *grande armée,* having got heartily tired of fighting all day, and accompanying the Emperor all night with torches. I envied the rogue's situation of holding a candle to Napoleon. He added, that his regiment had been *écrasé,* annihilated at Vaterloo; that, as one of the ex-guard, he could not hope to be again employed; and that he was returning to Nismes, his native town, to turn his sword into a ploughshare. Yet he did not speak as a thorough Bonapartist, whose extreme and uncompromising admirers are now, I have remarked, for the most part confined

to England. Like almost all the French *militaires*, he had grown not a little ashamed of the later invasions of Napoleon; and he had made that progress in impartiality, which the ignorant generally do, who never arrive farther than common-place. He hated the English mortally, and told me so, for which I honoured him internally, externally striving to put on a smile of contempt; and the fellow was deeply read in the twenty volumes of the "Victoires et Conquêtes des Français," which he quoted, chapter and verse, to my frequent discomfiture, who could by no means cope with the twenty volumes.

To complete my *dramatis personæ*, I should describe the bodkins, otherwise the occupiers of the middle seats, who, however, exchanged places now and then with other and divers wights from the cabriolet, *a parte post*, and *a parte ante*, as Mr. Coleridge would describe them. The bodkins proper, consisted of a young gentleman and his wife, both of whom (for in France, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, the gray mare is the better horse) had a little time since established an iron-foundry on the banks of the Loire, through the means of English capital, English machinery, and English workmen: an hundred of the latter, he informed me, he had transported from Wales and Staffordshire to his manufactory near La Charité: the rogues did well, but liked the wine too much. He spoke of England, and of Mr. Crachy, the *roi de fer*. The little man, and his little wife, talked, looked, and breathed nothing less than iron, which, with the brass of the corporal and the Breton, left us Englishmen to look rather *soft* in such metallic company.

I never yet was in diligence, stage, or public vehicle, that each passenger did not vow, that it was the narrowest and most uncomfortable one he ever was in; this consequently was ejaculated and echoed, *nem. con.*, the responses of the bodkins being the longest and most querulous. "Last year," said the man of iron, "there was delightful travelling, and cheap, by the voiture of the Master of the Posts, that brought one in two nights to Lyons; but our blessed government, which meddles with every thing, was bribed by a round sum of money from the Diligence-office to put a stop to the competition. So now we pay double, and take double the time—the blessed effects of legitimacy. This is not the way they manage matters in England." The Breton being an Ultra and a Bourbonist, kindled at the word *legitimacy*, as did the corporal at the mention of England, and they growled their invectives in such unison, that it was impossible to understand either. "It's the way with you all," continued the surviving voice of the Breton; "all you '*sacrés négocians et fabriquans*,' damned merchants and manufacturers, are insurrectionists, and carbonari, and wish the downfall of your legitimate Sovereigns." The little man, instead of repelling the accusation, grinned assent, and began to open his case by the *Guerre d'Espagne*. Here they fell to it tooth and nail, the Breton quoting the *Drapeau Blanc* to prove that Bessières had taken Madrid, and his antagonist bringing forward the *Constitutionnel* to prove the fleets and armies that England was preparing to defend the Peninsula withal. Here the corporal broke in, "*je voudrais bien voir Messieurs les Anglais encore une fois en Espagne.*" I observed, "he might perhaps have that pleasure." The corporal, skilled in his art, knew the ground he held was weak; so he took up an ironical position. "But the English, it must be allowed," said he, "are good

soldiers, they fight almost as well as the Russians."* "Why," said I, with a lucky memory at the moment, "which of your regiments was it, that beat so gallantly the Russian Imperial Guards at Austerlitz?"—"'Twas my own," said the soldier with kindling enthusiasm; "it was the chasseurs of the imperial guard that *culbutaient*, upset, the Russians at Austerlitz."—"You yourself belonged to that regiment? then you must have been also in Portugal at the passage of the Esla?" The corporal answered "*Oh, oui,*" with a most involuntary accent, it being there that Lord Paget overthrew and cut up the said *chasseurs* with notable slaughter. "But we were out numbered," continued he, "as we always were when beaten—at Toulouse, for instance, were you not double our number?"—"Perhaps so, but you were beaten; at Talavera, you were double our number, yet were repulsed." The corporal was about to reply, when he was taken in flank by my dandy compatriot with a burst of French and English, but so mingled and so uncouthly pronounced, that neither of us knew what to make of it. It, however, interrupted an argument which might have gone farther than was agreeable.

Thus we jogged on through the wild and rocky tract beyond Fontainbleau, the beautiful town of Nemours, and Montargis, when night overtook us. Thence the next day, along the Loire to Nevers, where we were assailed by myriads of those manufacturers of bead purses, bead cords, and bead every thing, selling for sous what costs shillings in England. The Loire is broad and grand, but it possesses no beauty, —I was going to observe great rivers seldom do, but the Rhine occurred, and saved me from an assertion which France and Italy would allow. We had lost our bodkins, and here took in others, people of the country, who joined the corporal in relating feats of the French arms, and bearing testimony to each other's veracity mutually. Their vaunts, however, did not interfere with me, as here the Austrians were concerned, being encamped for a long time in 1814, they on one side of the Loire and Davoust on the other, in a state of truce nominally, but really in continual perils to the Germans from the hatred, sagacity, and courage of the French peasantry. Roanne was generally the scene of these short and sanguinary struggles. Here we passed a beautiful bridge of Napoleon's, not yet over the Loire, but at the side of it. I forgot to mention that we had passed through Moulins, nay through its very market-place, as mean and dirty a hole as ever was hallowed by sentiment. To look for Maria was in vain; the girls of the Bourbonnais are not pretty, and French girls know how to console themselves in better ways than Maria with her pipe. Neither Dandy, Breton, nor Corporal, had ever read the Sentimental Journey; so I was left to a long soliloquy on Sterne and sentiment,—"all that sort of thing and every thing in the world."—Mounting Tarare, and rolling down to Lyons, little conversation passed worth recording; we entered the second capital of France, and found it in a devil of an uproar—it was the funeral of the God Mercury, the Deity of Commerce, whose obsequies seven or eight hundred youths had followed; and they had finished by casting poor Commerce into the Rhone, to the great annoyance and occupation of the police.

* "La sanglante journée de Talavera avait repandu l'effroi dans l'armée Française, et l'on convenait que les Anglais se battaient tout aussi bien que les Russes." — French Account of the Peninsula War.

MR. BARRY CORNWALL'S NEW POEMS.*

We regret that this volume has not reached us sufficiently early in the course of our preparation for the present Number, to enable us either to enter into a critical discussion of its merits at such length as they deserve, or to give as many extracts as we could wish. But the name and reputation of the author are well known, and the following specimens of the Flood of Thessaly and the Girl of Provence will enable the reader at least to judge of the characteristic beauty of two of the principal poems. In the former of these, the phenomenon of a deluge is thus very powerfully delineated.

Higher and higher fled the wasted throngs,
And still they hoped for life, and still they died,
One after one, some worn, some hunger-mad:
Here lay a giant's limbs sodden and shrunk,
And there an infant's, white like wax, and close
A matron with grey hairs, all dumb and dead:—
Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit safe,
Deucalion laboured through the dusky day,
Completing as he might his floating raft,
And Pyrrha, sheltered in a cave, bewailed
Her child which perished.——
Still the rain fell:
No pity, no relapse, no hope:—The world
Was vanishing like a dream. Lightning and Storm,
Thunder and deluging rain now vexed the air
To madness, and the riotous winds laughed out
Like Bacchanals, whose cups some God has charmed.
Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers
Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines;
And piles of marble, palace and pyramid
(Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept
Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
Bellowing, and vainly with the choaking waves
Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned:
All on the altar of the giant Sea
Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,
Whose blood allays the burning wrath of Gods.

* * * * * *

Still fell the flooding rains. Still the Earth shrank
And Ruin held his strait terrific way.
Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
(Beast of the fiery air) howled from his cloud,
Exulting, towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
Below, the Ocean rose boiling and black,
And flung its monstrous billows far and wide
Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills;
Then its dark throat it bared and rocky tusks,
Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs,
The demons of the deep were raging loud;
And racked to hideous mirth or bitter scorn
Hissed the Sea-angels; and earth-buried broods

* The Flood of Thessaly, The Girl of Provence, and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall. 8vo.

Of Giants in their chains tossed to and fro,
And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
Like atoms round and round.—
Mankind was dead:
And birds whose active wings once cut the air,
And beasts that spurned the waters,—all were dead:
And every reptile of the woods had died
Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm:—
The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
In his dark home—were choaked; the darting ounce,
And the blind adder and the stork fell down
Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
Was washed far out amongst the populous foam:
And there the serpent, which few hours ago
Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were,
Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung
Forth when a plague prevails; the rest down-sucked,
Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.——

In the Girl of Provence, which terminates with a story pretty generally known and even alluded to in modern poetry, namely, that of a young French woman who fell in love with the statue of Apollo, and died of her hopeless passion, we have the following spirited description of the sculptured deity.

Life in each limb is seen, and on the brow
Absolute God;—no stone nor mockery shape
But the resistless *Sun*,—the rage and glow
Of Phœbus as he tried in vain to rape
Evergreen Daphne, or when his rays escape
Scorching the Libyan desert or gaunt side
Of Atlas, withering the great giant's pride.

And round his head and round his limbs have clung
Life and the flush of Heaven, and youth divine,
And in the breathed nostril backwards flung,
And in the terrors of his face, that shine
Right through the marble, which will never pine
To paleness though a thousand years have fled,
But looks above all fate, and mocks the dead.

Yet stands he not as when blithely he guides
Tameless Eoüs from the golden shores
Of morning, nor when in calm strength he rides
Over the scorpion, while the lion roars
Seared by his burning chariot which out-pours
Floods of eternal light o'er hill and plain,
But, like a triumph, o'er the Python slain:

He stands with serene brow and lip upcurl'd
By scorn, such as Gods felt, when on the head
Of beast or monster or vain man they hurled
Thunder, and loosed the lightning from its bed,
Where it lies chained, by blood and torment fed;
His fine arm is outstretched,—his arrow flown,
And the wrath flashes from his eyes of stone.

IRISH ARTISTS.

During a month I lately remained in the Metropolis of Ireland, my attention was occasionally directed, by our friend Sketch, to the state of the Fine Arts. One of our first morning lounges was to the shop of Mr. Allen, in Dame-street, whose name has been associated for the last twenty years perhaps, and in the minds of two generations, with drawing-paper, prints, chalks, black lead pencils, and Indian rubber, and a swarm of little et-ceteras known only to the cunning artist or emulative amateur. Here you will almost always find a picture or drawing sent to be framed, or, peradventure, to be sold. Mr. Allen can also talk knowingly to you about the merits of the Dublin painters, give you their addresses, or shake his head in praise or blame on their claims to notice. Indeed, he is himself a liberal patron of more than one in the lower classes; constantly purchasing portfolios of pencil-drawings, flower-wreaths and baskets, red-chalk drawings of arms, legs, noses, and ears, and, now and then, batches of legitimate water-colour landscapes. An artist who once held a respectable rank in his profession, now chiefly subsists on Mr. Allen's "encouragement" in the latter-mentioned branch. This is certainly a man of talent; I saw some of his early drawings, which, though slight, pleased me considerably; but it is melancholy to thumb over the heaps of things he now brings in, per week, to his "employer's" market. It is still more melancholy to observe him bring himself into the shop, with his little portfolio chucked under his arm. He happened to enter it while I was there. Rubbing his shoes on the mat with scrupulous anxiety, he advanced, radiant in smiles lit up by Mr. Allen's brief salutation, and then slowly and deferentially deposited his humble pack on the counter. "So, so — ay, ay — nearer the thing—better, much better than the last: but, C——, don't you think this foreground wants a wash of bistre? and those hills a grayer tint?"—said the sagacious mercantile connoisseur, his nether lip protruded in the very easiness of in-felt power. I deemed myself getting angry at this scene, but a hearty laugh came to my relief, and I hurried out of the shop with Sketch, agreeing to seek elsewhere the character and respectability of Irish Art.

We turned towards the Dublin Society house, in Kildare-street, which at present may be called an epitome of our Royal Academy and British Museum: for here, along with stuffed fishes, open-mouthed lions, and cases of fossils and butterflies, and all the other curiosities of a Museum, you are prepared to meet casts of the antique, drawing-schools of four kinds, figure, landscape, modelling and architecture, and a life-academy for practising artists. Here, also, the students of the different schools annually exhibit drawings for premiums, and by the committee of Fine Arts of the Dublin Society their claims are judged and rewarded. You may ask how many eminent artists find place in this committee? I answer, No artist of any kind. Who compose it, then? Connoisseurs!

With malicious precision Sketch detailed to me, as he walked along, all the imposing professions and theoretic economy of this institution, and I approached its gates with no little awe and interest. The Society house is a princely structure, terminating a good street, across

which, at the top, it stands. It was lately purchased by the Society from the Duke of Leinster, whose family residence it had been, for a thundering sum, half in hand, and the other half to be paid—yet, I believe: the same building, by the way, which, when Ned Evans inquired in his Welsh brogue its name and purpose of a Dublin basket-boy, caused the characteristic reply of—"O J——s! where was *hur* born at all, at all?" or something like it, and afterwards much personal inconvenience to the mettlesome hero. It is faced by an entrance of three gates, and you walk across a noble court yard to the edifice itself. A tinselled porter opened one of these gates for us, and another stood in the hall of the mansion to require our names in a visiting-book. We passed up magnificent staircases to the museums and library, which occupy excellent apartments. Before this we had visited the board-room, and found it fit for the reception of Majesty. I asked to see the gallery of casts. Sketch reconducted me first to the hall, and next introduced me to a little room off it; where, amid a few statues and the Elgin fragments, you have scarcely space to turn without breaking them or your nose. The rest are posted out of sight in the hall. I expressed my desire to turn upstairs again, to see the drawing-schools and life-academy. Sketch smiled bitterly, and led me out of the house across the court-yard. We reached the entrance gates, where I beheld a small red door in the side-wall of the yard, immediately opposite the porter's lodge, and this my friend shoved open and held for me to pass. We traversed, first, a narrow stable-lane, and then a stable-yard, grass grown and strewed with nuisance, and approached a row of mean brick buildings, which at a glance I recognized as, originally, the stables and dog-kennels of his Grace the Duke of Leinster. We gained them, and ascended by a dirty staircase to what had formerly been the hay-lofts of those stables; and after walking through narrow passages, floored with tiles, halted before a little low door, smeared with a dun raddle-colour, and upon which something was painted in large white letters. Sketch pointed and bade me read; and I deciphered words like the following. "The drawing-school to be opened such a day and hour—the landscape, such and such, &c—by order—John Wilson—— *house-keeper!*" "This is the figure-school day and hour, so let us in"—said Sketch. We pushed away and entered a place, the joists of the low and squalid roof of which slanted down to the ground. That ground was earthen, and burrowed into sundry holes. The light streamed in through oblong windows, patched, like harlequin, with a kind of glass called by "the trade" bulls-eyes, I believe. The walls were of a raddle colour to suit the door, and rugged and unfinished. School-desks and forms ran round, at and upon which sate some twenty or thirty shabby little boys, more than one of them bare-legged. In the middle of the loft was a stove, before which I descried a stool, and a little gentleman, to whom Sketch immediately introduced me as "Master of the figure academy." He bowed with an air, flourished his hand over his bald pate, as if to winnow together a few lank and desolate hairs, the last of their race, and shy, I thought, of being caught airing his shins at the stove; then smirked his way to a pedagogal desk, but—as garden-snails carry their shells wherever they go—taking the precaution to bring his stool along with him. We talked--pshaw! we talked—"of Raphaels,

Corregios, and stuff;"—and I wished for Reynolds's trumpet. But this is the home afforded to the Arts of their country by the all-professing Dublin Society. I had nearly forgotten, though I should not forget, that inside this nice school-room is another apartment, of the same appropriate physiognomy,—in fact, another hay-loft, dedicated to the established artists of Dublin for the purposes of their figure-academy. I described to you the absolute splendour of the interior of the Society-house itself; its museums, library, and, above all, its board-room. Let me add that the house-keeper, who orders the school-professors to keep their hours, has elegant apartments; that the meanest servant is accommodated under the Society's roof, while the arts and artists, with all their bag-and-baggage, are thus bundled out of the house, nay—*extra muros*—beyond the precincts of the court-yard, into, as I have truly described it, the dog-kennel and stables.

Suffer me to subjoin an anecdote or two illustrative of the general feeling held by the Fine Arts Committee of the Dublin Society towards the Fine Arts. I state authentic facts. In their old house in Hawkins-street, now transformed into the Theatre Royal, some lads who had gained premiums in different classes, were, on a particular occasion, huddled up to the very immense secretary to—*be paid.* Among them were two or three educated young persons, who had won prizes in the head class—to wit, drawing from the life. They found the secretary discharging the accounts of a labourer, a bill-poster, and what appeared to be a char-woman. He took no notice of them as they entered, and they stood duteously at a window. They stood till the worthier claimants were paid off, and at last the man of patronage turned with a—"Have you got a sixpence among you, and I'll settle with you?" And behold the ceremony of a distribution of prizes at the Dublin Academy! Again: about the time to which I allude, a few liberal-minded students in the gallery of casts formed themselves into a friendly association to assist each other in their studies, and to preserve some order around them. The servants of the house, who had been in the habit of plucking their predecessors out of their seats to wrestle and riot about the gallery, did not approve this innovation, and through these, the magnificent house keeper waxed sceptical of its propriety, and through him the Fine Arts Committee frowned ill omens. By the servants, or by some little boys out of the schools, one of the casts was scratched, when, without investigation or other preface, a leading member came to the door and hollowed out—"D'ye hear me—the next time any fellow of you does this, you shall all be turned out of the house." I have ascertained the name and connoisseur pretensions of this gentle remonstrator. He is the same remarkable individual of whom Curran observed in the year 98 in Dublin, "It is only in the hot-bed of a Revolution that such premature buds can be accelerated without being matured." Since his notoriously active life at this period, he has had time on his hands; and so, out of very lassitude, became a connoisseur and old picture-broker: trades that, in his estimation, would seem as facile in acquirement as the peculiar notoriety glanced at by his forensic commentator.

I do not blame the Dublin Society for not having done more, but I blame them for having done so much. Let me explain myself. Their patronage of the arts appears singularly gratuitous. Neither the spirit nor

letter of their constituting laws compelled them into such exertion. Those laws recognize the existence of schools "for the benefit of the trades and manufactures of the country"* solely; yet in time the Dublin Society had its Committee of Fine Arts, and the schools described in its own laws as schools for artizans, and "for admission into which scarcely any thing but the application is necessary,"† became schools for professional artists also. This Society, further, applied to, and received from Parliament, additional grants for the use of the Fine Arts, and during many years legislated, in every way that appeared to them best, for the interests and name of Art in Ireland. Behold the subject of my complaint! The original pretensions of the Dublin Society did not extend to the manufacture of artists; and had they been content with the useful discharge of their imposed duty, we could have no possible objection, but the contrary, to their laudable efforts. We should have witnessed and praised the beneficial results, in the ornamenting of chimney-pieces, of tomb-stones, and of the fronts of fancy shop-windows. When, however, they invite Fine Art students into their mechanical schools, establish a life-academy, and distribute prizes —when, at their leisure, they build a national exhibition-room, and, mark you, with money obtained from our Government for the purpose —under such circumstances I must beg leave to consider their first arrogation of the ability to be umpires in all questions of Art, as, at the least, not very modest; and I have no hesitation, from patient examination of facts, to declare, that the money so obtained has been injudiciously appropriated. If to these considerations we join the curse of their periodical crop of quack artists, sent out with their counterfeit stamp alone, without the sanction, as is the case at Somerset-house, of bodies of accomplished professional men, who must be the sole judges of the fitness of professional candidates—without, in a word, the sanction of a single artist—yet thrust forth to jostle and scramble among established artists:—if we contemplate this consequence of uncalculating and unqualified pretension, this leprous multiplication of bad art;—and if to all we add the swagger and domineer of the self-elected, self-called, self-endowed patrons—the very contumely with which they treat the Arts and every thing bound up with and clinging to them,—in such a view I am fairly warranted in denouncing the Dublin Society, not only for the insult of its system, but also for the temerity of its interference.

Until within a few years, you have before you, in the existence and policy of the Dublin Society, the only opportunities for self-assertion afforded to the Irish artists. Lately, however, appeared the Royal Irish Institution—a body imitative of our British Institution. Much was naturally expected from this high-sounding establishment, upon whose list of members—though in no other, as necessary, places—we meet all the rank, title, and talent of the country, to say nothing of the royal blood that typically meanders through the printed names of its patrons. The Irish Institution, by the persevering tingle of its professions in the ears of the public, accumulated a sound fund, and proposed premiums for native pictures; premiums that became the mouthbell. Historical and landscape painters rubbed their hands and

* Quoted from reports of the Dublin Society. † Ibid.

smacked their lips; set their pallets and strained their canvasses. One curious codicil was, however, soon tacked to the liberal promises of the Institution. They begged to be understood as reserving to themselves the right of giving nothing at all when the aspirants for premiums in the first classes of art should come into the field. The artists stared, as well they might, you will say; and no professional gentleman could be found to hang up his character for the re-adjustment of a connoisseur jury. Other evidences of the good taste and good feeling of the new patrons rapidly followed; until at last the riddle became soluble in the detection of a melancholy fact. The old Committee of the Dublin Society had passed, almost individually, into the Committee of the Royal Irish Institution. The same men, who, for a series of years, had catered with but a step-mother's liberality for the well-being of Irish art, now re-appeared as governors of the new fund, carrying into office all their habitual incompetency and inveterate pettiness of view. A rather amusing proof of the identity of these nominally distinct bodies is on record, and may be worth subjoining. The Royal Irish Institution had need of the exhibition-room of the Dublin Society, to bring forward their periodical display of old masters: their committee accordingly met, and drew up a request for it; then proceeded to the Dublin Society house; there sat as the committee thereof; gravely presented themselves with their own petition, and were graciously pleased to consider and grant the prayer it contained. Having thus shewn you the constitution of this second assemblage of Irish patronage, I am surely saved any farther comment upon its worse than inutility. When you recollect the true statement already made of the economy of the Fine Arts Committee of the Dublin Society, and when you here recognize the same men, and, of course, the same measures, it does not become necessary for me to add, that, since the establishment of the Royal Irish Institution, no novel advantages have resulted to native art, and no yearnings of sympathy or confidence grown up between artists and their patrons. I have now to lay before you some facts of considerable interest and importance. Very lately the artists of Dublin awoke to a sense of their disgraceful dependence on the smile, frown, or shrug, of a few unqualified lawgivers, and applied to his Majesty for permission, by charter, to form themselves into a Royal Academy. Immediately previous to his Majesty's visit to Ireland, the permission was granted, and they became an independent, and, what is better, a recognized body; remaining however without any means to build a house, or, in other respects, surround themselves with necessary appendages to their new rank and character. Soon after his Majesty's visit, the great event was followed by a public subscription to commemorate, in a national testimonial, a national era, which Irishmen of all sects and classes seem willing to regard as the most auspicious one in the annals of their country. It was expected that the fund would have been able to accomplish great things; such as the erection of a Royal Palace, I believe;—but poor Ireland, widowed as she was, could only come forward with her widow's mite, and the subscription stopped short at between 12 and 13 thousand pounds. A question arose as to the appropriation of this sum, and there were many opinions on the point. Among the rest, in Jan. 1822, an advocate for the Fine Arts gave his,

in the shape of a public letter, recommending that the testimonial fund should be applied to the building of a national house for the new academy, and of which they stood so much in need. A good general impression was made by this advocate, and the proprietors of the money appeared, eventually, favourable to his view; when a certain public body stepped forward, and—within the last few months—applied to the Marquis of Conyngham to lay before his Majesty *their* printed proposition to expend the amount of the subscription fund "in erecting a gallery for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland—*under the protection*" of——themselves, the memorialists. I will not keep you in suspense, or rather, I hasten to assent to your "foregone conclusion" upon the name of this certain body: it is—could it be any other? —it is the Royal Irish Institution!

I deem there can be little question of the certain and speedy ruin of Irish art, if the application to which I have alluded meet with success. We know our men now. We know the qualification and sentiments of the Irish Institution, in its capacity as arbiter of the pretensions of the Fine Arts, and it would be idle to expect from their future legislation any thing different from their former practice. Supposing we had not our experience of the past, still should we be warranted to reject, on principle, their proferred "protection" of the infant academy. There never has been, and there never can be, any true sympathy between artists and connoisseurs, in any relative situation. Since the time that Michael Angelo sported his dust in the eyes of the sagacious cardinal, down to the present day, all we have heard and seen illustrates this position. There is little real fellow-feeling this moment between the Council at Somerset-house and the managing Committee of the British Institution. And here a natural question presents itself. If at the formation of our Royal Academy, the last-named body had also been in existence, and if the academicians had been handed over, at the moment of their very election, to the *surveillance* of a quorum of —allowing every thing—elegant and accomplished connoisseurs, would the character of the British school of painting now stand as high as it really does stand? Could the English academy have carved out for itself the independent station which it now occupies? In reason and in nature, no. The patrons and *protégés* must have eternally gone wrong together. They have not one idea in common on the subject of patronage; not one concord in their whole separate theories; how then should they have harmonized in practice? The fact is, painters and connoisseurs mutually distrust each other. They interchange compliments and flatteries, no doubt, but they mean nothing by this lip-homage; and the moral discordance continues ever the same. So that the project of an amicable, not to say advantageous connexion, between an academy of art and a committee of gentlemen, appears, altogether, Utopian and impracticable. You might as well set a bevy of critics, that is, of reviewers, to superintend the quarterly or monthly lucubrations of a college of authors. Reasonably speaking, why should such a system be at all supposed feasible? Painting is an art that requires long practice, even from a man of genius, for reputable success. It is as difficult to paint a good head as it is to write a book, or to pass an examination for a fellowship, or to note a brief, or to take up an artery. And if the author must be allowed to go on without

caring for the critic,—if a board of fellows are not superintended by another board of amateur scholars,—if lawyers do not permit the suggestions of every Saddletree who may condescend to offer them,—and if the College of Surgeons have emerged from the reign of old women, why should we—how can we, with taste, propriety, or judgment, expect, that a Council of R. A's shall patiently or profitably submit to be "protected" by a junta of private gentlemen?

But, from the wisdom and caution which must ultimately adjust this question, I have the strongest hopes in behalf of the young academy. If, unfortunately, those hopes should be disappointed, I cannot avoid thinking that the artists of Ireland will be placed in a worse situation than they ever yet experienced — worse than they held without a charter, without an academy, without the additional rank conferred by these changes, at first apparently in their favour. Before, they could scarcely have been worse off than they were; in fact, they had nothing to lose; the government of the Dublin Society left them bare of individual pretension, and collective form or social place they did not possess. Now, however, that his Majesty's gracious patronage has given them a name and called them into national existence, degradation would become visible in their public character, and they would fall from a height of some importance. If such is to be the case, better for them that they had never gained that height! better for them to have remained with nothing to compromise, than to be thus elevated into objects of officious interest, and to be invested with attractions which should only induce their own professional prostitution!

With the assistance of the subscription fund, honourably conveyed to themselves, as was at first proposed, the Irish Academy would have every means for legitimate exertion and creditable success; but to participate it through the caution, condescension, or charity, of a connoisseur quorum, would be to meanly exist on the mited wages of their own servility and dishonour. N. M.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Son animali al mondo di si fiera."

Some animals there are, whose stronger sight
Can stare undazzled on the noonday sun,
And some whose weaker eye must wait the night,
And shroud in darkness till the day is done.

Some like the moth enamour'd of the light
Around the torch in narrowing circles run,
But learn that fire will scorch, however bright:
Alas! for me and them; for I am one.

Too weak to bear the lustre of that eye
Divinely bright, and too unwise to lie
In sheltering cave till twilight's shadowy gloom,

I with unsteady wing, but steady will,
Around the flame that scorch'd me flutter still,
And move with open eyes to meet my doom.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.*

This splendid work is an additional illustration of the long established claims of this country to preeminence in the improvement of maritime science, the discovery of new sources of human intercourse, and the advancement of those branches of natural history which are at once curious and useful. The arduous enterprize of exploring by land the northern coast of America, by the shores of Hudson's Bay, from the mouth of the Copper-Mine river to the eastward, with the view of facilitating the discovery of a North-West passage, was entrusted by his Majesty's government to Captain Franklin, who embarked on the 23d of May, 1819, on board the ship Prince of Wales, at Gravesend. The instructions given to Captain Franklin were judicious, full, and clear. He was informed, that the main object of the expedition was that of determining the latitudes and longitudes of the northern coast of North America, and the trending of the coast from the mouth of the Copper-Mine river to the Eastern extremity of that continent: that it was left to him to determine, according to circumstances, whether it might be most advisable to proceed, at once, directly to the northward till he arrived at the sea-coast, and then explore westerly towards the Copper-Mine river; or advance, in the first instance, by the usual route, to the mouth of the Copper-Mine river, and from thence easterly, till he should reach the eastern extremity of that continent;—that, as another principal object of the Expedition was to amend the very defective geography of the northern part of North America, he was to be very careful to ascertain correctly the latitude and longitude of every remarkable spot upon his route, and of all the bays, harbours, rivers, headlands, &c. that might occur along the northern shore of the Continent;—that, in proceeding along the coast, he should erect conspicuous marks at places where ships might enter, or to which a boat could be sent; and deposit information as to the nature of the coast for the use of Lieutenant Parry;—that in the journal of his route, he should register the temperature of the air, at least three times in every twenty-four hours, together with the state of the wind and weather, and any other meteorological phenomenon;—that he should not neglect any opportunity of observing and noting down the dip and variation of the magnetic needle, and the intensity of the magnetic force:—and that he should take particular notice, of any, and what kind or degree of influence the aurora borealis might appear to exert on the magnetic needle, and whether that phenomenon was attended with noise, &c. &c.

The Lords of the Admiralty, anxious to promote the principal objects in view, selected, with peculiar care, three gentlemen, in every respect, qualified to cooperate with Captain Franklin. They were Doctor John Richardson, a surgeon in the royal navy, and Mr. George Back and Mr. Robert Hood, two admiralty midshipmen, who were joined with him in the Expedition. Doctor Richardson united, with his professional attainments, considerable knowledge as a naturalist, and Messrs. Back and Hood were not only capable of assisting in all

* Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 20, 21, and 22. By John Franklin, Captain R. N. F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition. 4to.

the requisite observations, but of making correct drawings of the land, the natives, and the various objects of natural history. The wisdom of government had also anticipated the advantages which might result from the expedition both to commerce and to science; for it appears that Captain Franklin was instructed to visit the spot on the Copper-Mine river, from whence native copper had been brought down by the Indians to the Hudson's Bay establishment, for the purpose of enabling Doctor Richardson to make such observations as might be useful for the improvement of trade or the study of mineralogy.

After touching at Stromness, where Captain Franklin engaged four bowmen and steersmen to assist in the expedition, the Prince of Wales sailed on the 16th of June, and arrived at York Factory, Hudson's Bay, the 30th of August. Here, in consequence of the united opinions of the Governor and gentlemen belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the partners of the North-west Company, who were then under detention at the factory, Captain Franklin determined to proceed through the interior by the route of Cumberland House and the chain of posts to the Great Slave Lake. The route directly to the northward was, in fact, rendered impracticable by the impossibility of procuring guides and hunters along the coast, as well as by that of obtaining a vessel capable of conveying him as far north as Wager Bay. The Esquimaux inhabitants had also left Churchill a month previous to his arrival, and no interpreter could be procured from that quarter, before their return in the following spring. Captain Franklin passed but ten days at York Factory, all of which were busily employed in preparations for commencing the journey. The Governor supplied one of his largest boats, which was, however, too small to contain the provisions, stores, and ammunition, of which the expedition stood in need. The party commenced their voyage into the interior of America on the 9th of September, and the difficulties they experienced in the very outset, formed a melancholy presage of the fatigues and hardships for which they were reserved. The current was too rapid to admit of the use of oars to advantage, and the crew were compelled to drag the boat by a line to which they were harnessed. The operation was extremely laborious in these rivers, in consequence of the declivity of the banks, the roughness and wetness of the roads, and the trees, which impeded the passage in a great variety of directions. It was, however, constantly practised, so numerous were the rapids, rocks, and shoals they had to pass during their journey to Cumberland House, which occupied forty-four days. The travelling distance between York Factory and Cumberland House was about six hundred and ninety miles, and the position of the latter was, according to their observations, latitude 53° 56′ 40″ N., longitude 102. 16. 41. W., by the chronometers; variation 17. 17. 29. E., dip of the needle, 83. 12. 50.

Of the establishments maintained here by the Hudson's Bay and the North-west Company, Captain Franklin gives the following account:

"The houses of the two Companies, at this post, are situated close to each other, at the upper extremity of a narrow island, which separates Pine Island Lake from the Saskatchawan river, and are about two miles and three quarters distant from the latter, in a northern direction. They are log-houses, built without much attention to comfort, surrounded by lofty stockades, and flanked with wooden bastions. The difficulty of conveying glass into the

interior has precluded the use of that material in the construction of the windows, and its place is poorly supplied by parchment, imperfectly made by the native women from the skin of the rein-deer. Should this post, however, continue to be the residence of Governor Williams, it will be much improved in a few years, as he is devoting his attention to that point. The land around Cumberland House is low, but the soil, from having a considerable intermixture of limestone, is good, and capable of producing abundance of corn, and vegetables of every description. Many kinds of pot-herbs have already been brought to some perfection, and the potatoes bid fair to equal those of England. The spontaneous productions of nature would afford ample nourishment for all the European animals. Horses feed extremely well even during the winter, and so would oxen, if provided with hay, which may be easily done. Pigs also improve, but require to be kept warm in the winter. Hence it appears, that the residents might, with common attention, render themselves far less dependant on the Indians for support, and be relieved from the great anxiety which they too often suffer when the hunters are unsuccessful. The neighbourhood of the houses has been much cleared of wood, from the great demand for fuel; there is, therefore, little to admire in the surrounding scenery, especially in its winter garb; few animated objects occur to enliven the scene; an occasional fox, marten, rabbit, or wolf, and a few birds, contribute the only variety. The birds which remained, were ravens, magpies, partridges, cross-bills, and woodpeckers. In this universal stillness, the residents at a post feel little disposed to wander abroad, except when called forth by their occupations; and as ours were of a kind best performed in a warm room, we imperceptibly acquired a sedentary habit. In going out, however, we never suffered the slightest inconvenience from the change of temperature, though the thermometer, in the open air, stood occasionally thirty degrees below zero."

During their residence at Cumberland House, which continued until the 18th of January, 1820, they had the most favourable opportunities of forming a correct estimate of the character, manners, usages, and opinions of the Crees, the Indians who inhabit the district belonging to that post. They are, indeed, thinly scattered,

" —— rari nantes in gurgite vasto,"

over an immense surface of country. The whole district extending about one hundred and fifty miles from East to West along the banks of the Saskatchawan, and about as far from North to South, and comprehending on a rough calculation, upwards of twenty thousand square miles, was then inhabited by only one hundred and twenty Indian hunters. Of these a few have several wives, but the majority have only one, and as some are unmarried, the number of married women may be considered as slightly exceeding that of the hunters. The women marry very young, have a custom of suckling their children for several years, and are besides constantly exposed to fatigue and often to famine; hence they are not prolific, bearing, upon an average, not more than four children, of whom two may attain the age of puberty. Upon these data, the amount of each family may be stated at five, and the whole population in the district at five hundred. The third chapter of the work, written by Doctor Richardson, and appropriated to this subject, contains a variety of interesting particulars. It appears, that the Crees are a vain, fickle, improvident and indolent race, not very strict in their adherence to truth, but at the same time observant of the rights of property, susceptible of the kinder affections, capable of friendship, very hospitable, tolerably kind to their women,

and decidedly inclined to peace. Much of the faulty part of their character originates, no doubt, in their mode of life. Accustomed as a hunter to place his main dependence on chance for his subsistence, the Cree takes little thought of to-morrow; and the most offensive part of his behaviour, the habit of boasting, is probably assumed as a necessary part of his armour, which operates upon the fears of his enemies. Every Cree is in dread of the medical or conjuring powers of his neighbour, but at the same time exalts his own attainments to the skies. "I am god-like," is a common expression among them; and they prove their divinity by eating live coals, and by various tricks, most of which are too clumsy for the most awkward of our jugglers. A medicine bag, furnished with a little bit of indigo, blue vitriol, or vermilion, is, in the possession of a noted conjuror, such an object of terror to the rest of the tribe, as to enable him to fatten at his ease upon the labours of his deluded countrymen. A pleasant anecdote of an impostor of this description is related by Doctor Richardson.

"Notwithstanding the then miserable state of the Indians, the rapacity of this wretch had been preying upon their necessities, and a poor hunter was actually at the moment pining away under the influence of his threats. The mighty conjuror, immediately on his arrival at the house, began to trumpet forth his powers, boasting, among other things, that although his hands and feet were tied as securely as possible, yet, when placed in a conjuring-house, he would speedily disengage himself by the aid of two or three familiar spirits, who were attendant on his call. He was instantly taken at his word; and that his exertions might not be without an aim, a *capot* or great coat was promised as the reward of his success. A conjuring-house having been erected in the usual form, that is, by sticking four willows in the ground and tying their tops to a hoop at the height of six or eight feet, he was fettered completely by winding several fathoms of rope round his body and extremities, and placed in its narrow apartment, not exceeding two feet in diameter. A moose skin being then thrown over the frame, secluded him from our view. He forthwith began to chant a kind of hymn in a very monotonous tone. The rest of the Indians, who seemed in some doubt respecting the powers of a devil when put in competition with those of a white man, ranged themselves around, and watched the result with anxiety. Nothing remarkable occurred for a long time. The conjuror continued his song at intervals, and it was occasionally taken up by those without. In this manner an hour and a half elapsed; but at length our attention, which had begun to flag, was roused by the violent shaking of the conjuring-house. It was instantly whispered round the circle, that at least one devil had crept under the moose-skin. But it proved to be only the "God-like man" trembling with cold. He had entered the lists, stript to the skin, and the thermometer stood very low that evening. His attempts were continued, however, with considerable resolution for half an hour longer, when he reluctantly gave in. He had found no difficulty in slipping through the noose when it was formed by his countrymen; but, in the present instance, the knot was tied by Governor Williams, who is an expert sailor. After this unsuccessful exhibition his credit sunk amazingly, and he took the earliest opportunity of sneaking away from the fort."

The Expedition took up sixty-four days in its progress from Cumberland House to Fort Chipewyan, during which it travelled between eight and nine hundred miles, subject to an intermixture of agreeable and disagreeable circumstances. Among the most prominent of the latter was that of walking in snow-shoes, which was attended with the painful inconvenience of marching with a weight of

nearly three pounds constantly attached to galled feet and swelled ancles.

Having left Fort Chipewyan with three canoes and a bare sufficiency of provisions for one day's consumption, the Expedition, after surmounting the various difficulties of the rivers, lakes, and portages, succeeded in reaching Fort Providence, the last establishment of the traders in that direction. It is situated, according to their observations, in latitude 62. 17. 19. N., longitude 114. 9. 28. W.; the variation of the compass was 33. 35. 55. E., and the dip of the needle 86. 38. 02. Here as they approached the grand object which they had in view, their anxiety to prosecute their journey increased, and having mustered the officers and men, they found that the expedition, on leaving Fort Providence, on the afternoon of the 2d of August, consisted of six English – Captain Franklin, Doctor Richardson, Messrs. Back and Hood, Mr. Wentzel, clerk to the North-West Company, John Hepburn, a seaman,—and seventeen Canadian voyagers, three interpreters, and three women, the wives of three of the voyagers, who were brought for the purpose of making shoes and clothes for the men at the winter establishment. Their course was then directed towards the Copper-Mine river, through a line of country which had not been previously visited by any European; and they were accompanied by Akaitcho, a chief of considerable importance in that quarter, and a party of his Indians. On the 20th of August, they arrived at the situation where Akaitcho proposed that they should pass the winter. It possessed all the advantages they could have desired; and they placed their house, formed of the wood of pine trees, on the summit of the bank of a small river, commanding a fine prospect of the surrounding country. The total length of the voyage from Chipewyan was computed at five hundred and fifty-three miles. The name of Fort Enterprize was given to their new residence erected on the summit of the bank. Our limits prevent us from noticing the transactions which occurred at this spot, to which Captain Franklin, with the exception of a short excursion, was for ten months, until his departure on the 14th of June, 1821, necessarily confined by the severity of the weather. Provided with three Canadians, two Esquimaux, and two Indian hunters, Captain Franklin proceeded towards the final object of his anxious wishes. Doctor Richardson had gone forward with another party, but they effected a junction shortly afterwards. The navigation of the Copper-Mine river did not prove so difficult as they had been led to expect; but the impracticability of navigating it upwards from the sea, and the want of wood for forming an establishment, appeared insuperable objections to rendering the collection of copper in that part worthy of mercantile speculation. The Copper mountains vary in height from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet. A party of twenty-one persons, consisting of the officers, some of the voyagers, and all the Indians, visited them in search of specimens of the ore. They travelled for nine hours over a considerable space of ground, but found only a few small pieces of native copper. The uniformity of the mountains is interrupted by narrow valleys, traversed by small streams; and the best specimens of metal were found among the stones in these valleys. It would seem, that when the Indians see any sparry substance projecting above the surface, they dig there; but

they have no other rule to direct them. and have never discovered the metal in its original repository.

The Expedition being on the 18th of July within a short distance of the sea, was abandoned by the Indians, who returned home. After passing a few rapids, the river became wider and more navigable for canoes, flowing between banks of alluvial sand. An encampment was formed on the western bank at its junction with the sea. Its situation was ascertained to be latitude 67. 47. 50. N., longitude 115. 36. 49. W., the variation of the compass 46. 25. 52. E., and dip of the needle 89. 5. 07. Here Mr. Wentzel, with four of the Canadian voyagers, left them for Fort Enterprize. Captain Franklin had discharged them for the purpose of reducing, as much as possible, the expenditure of provision; and the remainder of the party, including officers, amounted to twenty persons. The travelling distance from Fort Enterprize to the north of the Copper-Mine river, was estimated at three hundred and thirty-four miles; and the canoes and baggage were dragged over snow and ice for one hundred and seventeen miles of that distance.

Captain Franklin commenced his voyage on the Hyperborean Sea, the 21st of July, during which he sailed between five and six hundred miles along the shore, exploring bays and inlets; and it was not until the middle of August, when his stock of provision was reduced to a bare sufficiency for three days' consumption, and the hope he had cherished of meeting the Esquimaux, and obtaining a further supply, was extinct, that he felt convinced of the absolute necessity of returning A farther advance must have endangered the lives of the whole party, and prevented the knowledge of what had been effected from reaching England. Here his own observations, with respect to the practicability of a North-west Passage, and the probable success of Captain Parry's Expedition, assume a peculiar degree of interest:

"Our researches, as far as they have gone, seem to favour the opinion of those who contend for the practicability of a North-West Passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, the Sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay; and very little doubt can, in my opinion, be entertained of the existence of a continued sea, in or about that line of direction. The existence of whales too, on this part of the coast, evidenced by the whalebone we found in Esquimaux Cove, may be considered as an argument for an open sea; and a connexion with Hudson's Bay is rendered more probable from the same kind of fish abounding on the coasts we visited, and on those to the north of Churchill River. I allude more particularly to the Capelin or Salmo Arcticus, which we found in large shoals in Bathurst's Inlet, and which not only abounds, as Augustus told us, in the bays in his country, but swarms in the Greenland firths. The portion of the sea over which we passed is navigable for vessels of any size; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbour, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands affords shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbours at convenient distances. I entertain, indeed, sanguine hopes that the skill and exertions of my friend Captain Parry will soon render this question no longer problematical. His task is doubtless an arduous one, and, if ultimately successful, may occupy two and perhaps three seasons; but confiding as I do, from personal knowledge, in his perseverance and talent for surmounting difficulties, the strength of his ships, and the abundance of provisions with which they are stored, I have very little apprehension of his safety. As I understand his object was to keep the coast of America close

on board, he will find in the spring of the year, before the breaking up of the ice can permit him to pursue his voyage, herds of deer flocking in abundance to all parts of the coast, which may be procured without difficulty; and, even later in the season, additions to his stock of provision may be obtained on many parts of the coast, should circumstances give him leisure to send out hunting-parties. With the trawl or seine nets also, he may almost every where get abundance of fis[illegible] en without retarding his progress. Under these circumstances I do not conceive that he run[illegible] y hazard of wanting provisions, should his voyage be prolonged even beyond the latest period of time which is calculated upon. Drift timber may be gathered at many places in considerable quantities, and there is a fair prospect of his opening a communication with the Esquimaux, who come down to the coast to kill seals in the spring, previous to the ice breaking up; and from whom, if he succeeds in conciliating their good-will, he may obtain provision, and much useful assistance.

"If he makes for Copper-Mine river, as he probably will do, he will not find it in the longitude as laid down on the charts; but he will probably find what would be more interesting to him, a post, which we erected on the 20th of August, at the mouth of Hood's River, which is nearly, as will appear hereafter, in that longitude, with a flag upon it, and a letter at the foot of it, which may convey to him some useful information. It is possible, however, that he might keep outside of the range of islands which skirt this part of the coast."

Captain Franklin originally intended, should the severity of the season compel him to relinquish the survey, to return by the way of the Copper-Mine river; but his scanty stock of provisions, and the length of the voyage, impressed upon him the necessity of selecting a shorter course. He, therefore, resolved to proceed at once to Arctic Sound, where he had found a greater number of animals than at any other place; to advance by Hood's river as far as it was practicable, and to construct small canoes out of the materials of the larger ones, which would be more portable in traversing the barren grounds to Fort Enterprize. He embarked on the 22d of August, 1821, and the journey was continued with the assistance of canoes, or on foot, amid the most afflicting incidents and the most distressing privations, until the 23d of September, when they were deprived of the only canoe left them. They were now reduced to an emaciated state, all destitute of strength, and many bereft of hope. The slightest breeze seemed to penetrate through their debilitated frames. The description of their sufferings is melancholy in the extreme.

"Our progress next day was extremely slow, from the difficulty of managing the canoe in passing over the hills, as the breeze was fresh. Peltier, who had it in charge, having received several severe falls, became impatient, and insisted on leaving his burden, as it had already been much injured by the accidents of this day; and no arguments we could use were sufficient to prevail on him to continue carrying it. Vaillant was, therefore, directed to take it, and we proceeded forward. Having found he got on very well, and was walking even faster than Mr. Hood could, in his present debilitated state, I pushed forward to stop the rest of the party, who had got out of our sight during the delay which the discussion about the canoe had occasioned. I accidentally passed the body of the men, and followed the tracks of two persons who had separated from the rest, until two P. M., when, not seeing any person, I retraced my steps, and on my way met Dr. Richardson, who had also missed the party whilst he was employed gathering *tripe de roche*, and we went back together in search of them. We found they had halted among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin, and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had

rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them, as well as the skin; and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast. Peltier and Vaillant were with them, having left the canoe, which, they said, was so completely broken by another fall, as to be rendered incapable of repair, and entirely useless. The anguish this intelligence occasioned may be conceived, but it is beyond my power to describe it. Impressed, however, with the necessity of taking it forward, even in the state these men represented it to be, we urgently desired them to fetch it; but they declined going, and the strength of the officers was inadequate to the task. To their infatuated obstinacy on this occasion, a great portion of the melancholy circumstances which attended our subsequent progress may, perhaps, be attributed. The men now seemed to have lost all hope of being preserved; and all the arguments we could use, failed in stimulating them to the least exertion. After consuming the remains of the bones and horns of the deer we resumed our march, and, in the evening, reached a contracted part of the lake, which perceiving to be shallow, we forded and encamped on the opposite side. Heavy rain began soon afterwards, and continued all the night. On the following morning the rain had so wasted the snow, that the tracks of Mr. Back and his companions, who had gone before with the hunters, were traced with difficulty; and the frequent showers during the day almost obliterated them. The men became furious at the apprehension of being deserted by the hunters, and some of the strongest throwing down their bundles, prepared to set out after them, intending to leave the more weak to follow as they could. The entreaties and threats of the officers, however, prevented their executing this mad scheme, but not before Solomon Belanger was despatched with orders for Mr Back to halt until we should join him. Soon afterwards a thick fog came on, but we continued our march and overtook Mr Back, who had been detained in consequence of his companions having followed some recent tracks of deer. After halting an hour, during which we refreshed ourselves with eating our old shoes and a few scraps of leather, we set forward in the hope of ascertaining whether an adjoining piece of water was the Copper-Mine river or not, but were soon compelled to return and encamp, for fear of a separation of the party, as we could not see each other at ten yards distance. The fog diminishing towards the evening, Augustus was sent to examine the water, but having lost his way he did not reach the tents before midnight, when he brought the information of its being a lake. We supped upon *tripe de roche,* and enjoyed a comfortable fire, having found some pines, seven or eight feet high, in a valley near the encampment."

It appears, that the Canadian voyagers, although inured from their infancy to constant exercise and fatigue, were as little capable of supporting the calamities and hardships of the journey as the Europeans. Captain Franklin at length reached Fort Enterprize with a few of them; Doctor Richardson had been left behind with Mr. Hood, Hepburn, and Michel the Iroquois. That part of the Doctor's narrative which relates to the strange behaviour of Michel and the murder of Mr. Hood, is replete with horror.

Captain Franklin reached Moose-deer island on the 17th of December, where he and his companions were enabled, by the kind attentions of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, to recruit their strength; and after a residence of five months, to proceed on their journey. He arrived at York Factory on the 14th of July, 1822. "And thus terminated," says Captain Franklin, "our long, fatiguing, and disastrous travels in North America, having journeyed by water and by land (including our navigation of the Polar Sea) five thousand five hundred and fifty miles.

The value of this important work is much increased by an Appen-

dix, containing many useful and curious geognostical, astronomical, and meteorological observations, with a considerable variety of botanical and mineralogical specimens, supplied by Doctor Richardson, Captain Franklin, and Lieutenant Hood. A zoological appendix is furnished by Joseph Sabine, esq. F.R.S., and notices on the fishes, and a botanical index by Doctor Richardson

A curious discovery, in the observations on the aurora borealis, appears to have been made by Lieutenant Hood, for whom Captain Franklin claims the merit of having been the first to ascertain that the altitude of the aurora, in those high northern latitudes, is far inferior to that assigned to it by any former observer. Lieutenant Hood had also the merit of demonstrating the important fact of the action of the aurora on the compass needle. This he accomplished by a skilful adaptation of a Vernier to the graduated circle of a Kater's compass, which enabled him to read off small deviations of the needle. The observations made at Cumberland House by Doctor Richardson, and at the Basquiau by Lieutenant Hood, with respect to the altitude of the aurora from the earth, are opposite to the general opinion of meteorologists; but of the certainty of the result, no doubt can be entertained. An attenuated aurora has been sometimes observed to flash across 100° of the sky in a single second; a quickness of motion altogether inconsistent with the height of sixty or seventy miles, the least which has been hitherto ascribed to it. This kind of aurora is not brighter than the milky way, and resembles sheet-lightning in its motions.

The geognostical remarks of Doctor Richardson confirm the observations of Werner, Humboldt, Von Buch, Saussure, Ebel, and Daubuisson in many districts in the continent of Europe and in America, and of Professor Jameson in Scotland, that the common direction of the primitive and transition strata is nearly from N.E. to S.W. According to the general result of his notes, the position of the rocks, traced through twelve degrees of latitude, was N.E. and S.W. as the average direction of their strata.

Mr. Sabine's appendix will be found highly interesting to zoologists, and the information supplied in this branch of natural history by Doctor Richardson is not less relatively advantageous than the scientific benefits imparted by their labours and exertions in the more important objects of their mission,

The enterprizing spirit, undaunted resolution, and indefatigable perseverance of Captain Franklin and his companions are now consigned to immortality. "Not a loop to hang a doubt on" is left to question the veracity of their narrative in its most minute details; and while their memories must for ever be entwined with the glories of their native country, the rest of Europe will not fail to contemplate, with admiration, the magnitude of their sufferings, and the results of their exertions.

This noble work is presented to the world in a manner worthy in every respect of its character, spirit, and objects. It is embellished with numerous charts and plates, admirably executed. The plates taken from drawings, executed on the spot by Lieutenants Hood and Back exhibit the costume of the different tribes through which they passed, the most expressive features of the interior, and several striking scenes along the coast. The tables of science are distinguished for precision and perspicuity.

ON MUSIC.
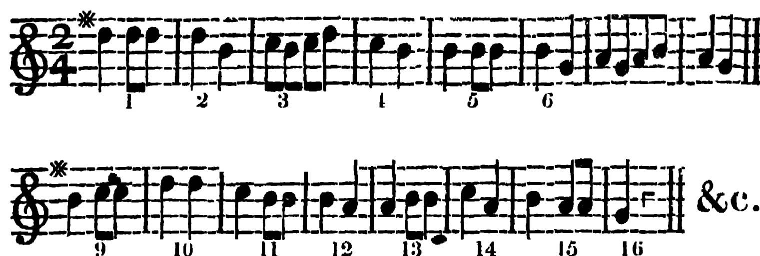
No. 2.—With reference to the Principles of the Beautiful in that Art.

OUR previous remarks having paved the way to a consideration of rhythmical beauty in Music, we now propose to enter at once upon this important subject. In so doing, however, it may be proper to premise, that it is not within our purpose to write a treatise upon musical rhythm. Such an undertaking, however interesting and perhaps acceptable it might be, would furnish matter for a volume, before the subject were exhausted. Our object is merely to touch briefly upon such points relating to this essential branch of musical science, as contribute decidedly to musical beauties, or tend to illustrate them; in doing which, it will naturally become necessary to enter upon some primary views and explanations, without which we could scarcely hope to be generally understood.

With the ancient Greeks, the doctrine of rhythm, or, as they termed it, the *Rhythmopoeia*, formed the principal branch of musical science; and they had, with their usual acuteness, carried it, if not to great perfection, at least to very great lengths; that is to say, as a German author observes, they considered the *form* of musical ideas to be of greater moment than their intrinsic substance. However singular this may seem, to us it appears rather a natural consequence of the state in which the science of Music stood with them. Harmony, in our sense of the term, was unknown to the Greeks; they therefore, at all events, missed that part of musical beauty, if it be any (a doubt Rousseau entertains), which consisted in accompaniment. Moreover, as all our melodies, even when not intended to be accompanied, still spring from a scale founded upon the harmony of the common chord; are in most cases, although often unconsciously, *bassed* upon such harmony; and indeed exhibit, more or less, such harmony—not simultaneously, it is true, but in succession—the sphere of musical beauties with us is much more manifold and extensive than it was with the Greeks. Thus, with a less field of action before them, it is natural to suppose that they would cultivate and expand those branches which were at their command. Rhythm was a positive department, fully in their grasp, and they made the most of it.

Our readers, not satisfied with the general explanation of the nature of musical rhythm, may by this time wish to know with precision, *what musical rhythm is;* and *how it is produced:* and we could instantly answer these questions by giving the closest definition of the term, and explaining the mode in which musical ideas derive a rhythmical form: but we fear much of what we might thus dogmatically propound, would appear in some degree unintelligible or doubtful. On this ground we think it preferable to give beforehand a practical illustration of the nature and effect of musical rhythm, and with this view to call their attention to the following air of Paesiello. We select it on account of its great simplicity and symmetry, qualities particularly conspicuous in almost all the works of that composer. We have, moreover, purposely taken some liberties with the authentic melody,

both in regard to time and form, in order to render it still more plain and available for our object.



The rhythm in these sixteen bars may fitly be illustrated by the common signs of punctuation (, ; : .) viz.

1 2, 3 4; 5 6, 7 8:
9 10, 11 12; 13 14, 15 16.

Bars 1 and 2 exhibit the first distinct, yet imperfect, sentiment or *section;* a farther idea is added by bars 3 and 4, and these four bars may be said to form the first *phrase.*

Bars 5 6 7 & present precisely the same features; a direct correspondence, moreover, is observed between bars 1 and 5, 2 and 6, 3 and 7, 4 and 8, and bar 8 concludes what may be termed a *period.*

Bars 9 to 16 are every way similar in construction to the eight previous bars, and bar 16 ends another period.

In this melody, therefore, the most exact symmetry and keeping prevail throughout; it is strictly rhythmical. It is still heard with delight, although forty years old, and will probably please forty years hence.

Here it may naturally be asked, "What is it that renders the ear sensible of the conclusion of a section, phrase, or period?" and we are compelled to admit, that the particular object we have in view, and the limits to which that object restrains us, prevent us from entering into a detail sufficient to answer this question completely. The laws of cadences, their subdivision into perfect, half and quarter cadences, irregular cadences, &c. must be studied in theoretical works.

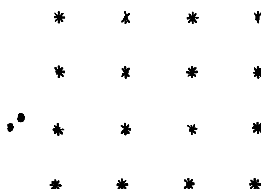
But we may be allowed to go so far as to mention briefly that the sense of repose, necessary to distinguish a section, phrase, &c. from another, is produced in two ways—either by rests, i. e. a short interruption in the progress of the sounds; or by the peculiar nature of the sound, unassisted by any such interruption. The first of these two means will be easily understood from the beating of a drum. Let us imagine we heard any particular quick march merely performed on the drum, as is constantly done in the military service of the French, who cannot march ten yards without such an accompaniment. Here we shall soon feel the effect of rhythmical sections, phrases, &c., independent of any variation in pitch.

The second method of bringing a phrase to conclusion by a mere change of sound from higher to lower, or sometimes *vice versâ*, is less obvious, although sufficiently felt by the most common ear. On this subject, however, it would, as we have already stated, be quite foreign to our purpose to go beyond a desultory remark or two, just to give a slight idea of the matter. Every piece of Music is written in a certain key or tonic; a close upon such tonic affords to the mind the most complete impression of repose. Hence, in the above melody of Paesiello, which is in the key of G, the 8th and 16th bars terminate with that note; and hence all pieces usually end in the tonic. The common chord of G is G, B, D; i. e. the tonic, its third and fifth. Upon either of these two latter, therefore, a musical idea may rest its termination, but these terminations will be found less perfect and complete. In our melody, the 2nd and 4th bars close with the third of the key (B); and the 10th with its fifth (D). But, besides the tonic, its third and fifth, musical phrases may end in other degrees of the scale (*e. g.* bars 12 and 14), as is fully shewn in every good theoretical work, and to such we must refer our readers for farther information.

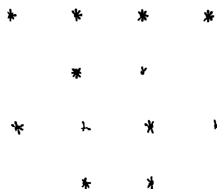
The foregoing practical illustrations will, we hope, have prepared the reader for a proper definition of rhythm in Music. Aristides, the Greek theorist, describes it to be a junction of times or measures bearing to each other a certain proportion; and the definition, in all its simplicity and wide range, appears to us just. A musical composition, therefore, is rhythmically perfect when its smallest sections, as well as the phrases formed by the succession of these sections, and the periods formed by the succession of the phrases, in short, when all the parts into which the piece may be divided and subdivided, are in satisfactory proportion, in symmetry with each other.

Without such symmetry, no Music can be deemed beautiful; without it, ideas in themselves good and pleasing lose their charm: they may be compared to a confused heap of gaudy gems; but these ideas when rhythmically ordered, we would liken to the same gems seen through a Kaleidoscope; and, as in the latter, the ways of effecting this rhythmical order in Music are susceptible of great, we may say of infinite, variation.

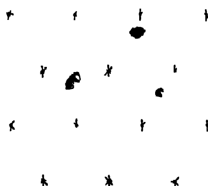
The most common arrangement is by sections or by phrases, of two or four bars, as productive of great regularity in repetition, and easily seized by the ear. Thus, if we express a bar by an asterisk (*), our air might be represented thus—



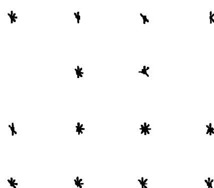
The following musical diagram, however, would equally indicate good rhythm :



Also this—



"God save the King" may be thus expressed—



This melody is rather irregular as to rhythm, the 5th and 6th bars (line 2 above) not having any companions. But the ear has been so habituated to it from the earliest infancy, that we are now scarcely aware of this imperfection.

Periods of five bars, from their unevenness, are seldom heard, and those of seven bars are still more rare.

Periods of great length, under the best rhythmical arrangement, ought to be avoided; because, as their appearance is a matter of succession, and the comparison between them a matter of recollection, the ear will probably fail in memory, and be incapable of feeling the symmetry. The case is different in architecture, where the simultaneous perception of the eye may convey to the mind a comparison of parts in correspondence, though these parts, as columns, windows, &c. were considerable in extent or number.

As all that regards order and measurement forms a part of musical rhythmic, it may here be in its place to advert briefly to the advantages which Music derives from the variation of metre, and from the manifold combinations of notes of different reciprocal duration. A reference to a theme with variations, will, in some degree, explain our meaning. Here the same subject expands itself into various forms chiefly by means of changes of time, and the combination of sounds constantly varying in their relative duration. This varied duration is apparently but sevenfold, from the semibreve to the demidemisemiquaver; but when we consider the different degrees of quickness in which these notes of different value are employed, the varied species of

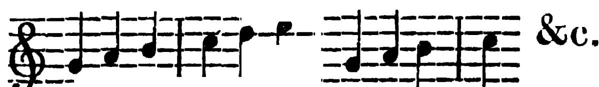
common and triple time the manifold intervention of rests, the employment of triplets, fives, &c. and a variety of other expedients referring to time, it will not be difficult to conceive that the metrical or simply chronical changes (if the faculty will allow us the use of the latter expression) which may be effected upon *one* sound, must be infinite, independently of the changes to be produced by the combination of different sounds, of which we shall speak hereafter, and the immense variety to be obtained by combining both.

The compositions of Rossini owe a part of their attraction to the great variety of metrical combinations which they exhibit, and many of which are decidedly novel.

The above illustrations of rhythm being sufficient for our purpose, we now proceed to *Melody;* the most important, in fact, the paramount object in Music.

Melody, according to Rousseau, is a succession of different sounds, ordered according to the laws of rhythm and modulation, so as to please the ear. It is either vocal or merely instrumental, and the latter probably had its origin in the former. All the rules to be observed in the construction of an instrumental melody, apply equally to vocal compositions, while the latter are influenced by a variety of additional and specific considerations. It will now be our aim, after a few preliminary and general remarks, to endeavour to trace the causes which conduce to beauty in both kinds of melody.

Our readers are already aware of the great influence of rhythm upon all melody, of its application and operation; we, therefore, may at once enter upon the chapter of modulation, which, in its widest sense, (for it has another and more restricted signification in Music,) implies the arrangement of successive sounds, of different pitch, according to a fixed scale. The four first bars of "Robin Adair" present a very simple example for illustration:



Here the sounds modulate or move in simple diatonic ascent through the scale of C, and they produce a plain yet pleasing melody.

As our diatonic scale has but seven sounds, some persons may conceive that the changes of melody to be produced by them cannot be very numerous, and we have before now heard it maintained, that it is scarcely possible, at this day, to invent a melody absolutely new, the immense number of compositions that have accumulated from age to age having nearly exhausted the field of invention.
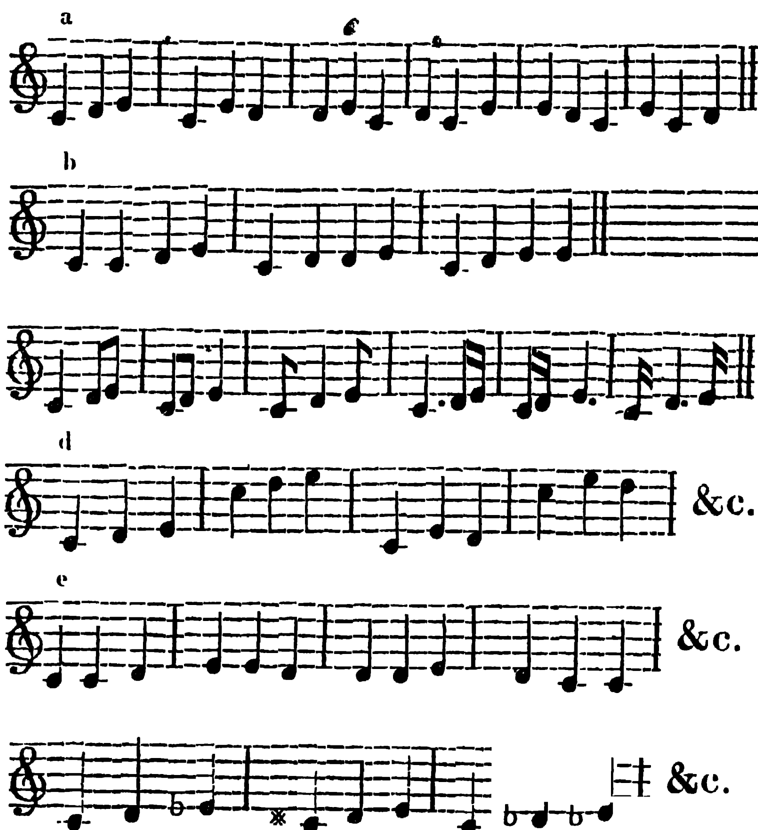
It is scarcely worth while to refute such an assertion; but as the refutation will serve to prove the infinite resources which the composer has at his command, we shall devote a few lines to it, and just shew what may be done with no more than *three* notes—C, D, E, we will suppose. Rousseau, in his *Devin du Village*, has made an agreeable melody, in which he employed but three notes, and other composers have done the same with success.

The above three notes, according to the laws of combination, may in their simple state be transposed six times—(see (a) below.)

By doubling one of the three notes, each of the six groups may be varied three different ways, thus producing eighteen changes—(see (b) which shews the three first.)

By an alteration in the metrical foot, a great variety of farther changes may be effected. Thus at (c), the first group of (a), alone, is varied six different times.

By repetition in the octave, as at (d), or by the omission of one of the sounds in each group, as at (e), or by prefixing an accidental flat or sharp to any one of them, as at (f), a farther extensive number of changes will be produced; and by divers other expedients, similar and very numerous varieties may be effected.



Although we have not yet entered upon the subject of harmony, we may here be allowed to observe, that every single melodic group, in any of the above classes, is farther susceptible of an immense variety of harmony or accompaniments, so that really the changes to be effected with no more than three notes are beyond the power of calculation—absolutely infinite.

This infinity is attainable with three notes only; but our scale has

seven! Now as three different objects can be transposed 6 different ways,—(see (a) above)—four, 24 ways—five, 120 ways—six, 720 ways, and seven, 5040 ways: it follows that the seven notes of our scale are capable of 5040 changes, in the way of *simple* transposition merely, as shewn in example (a); without adverting to any of the other modes of variation. If, therefore, the number of changes with but *three* notes be already infinite, what must it be with *seven?* Inexhaustible to eternity!!

If a composer therefore feel at a loss for novel and original ideas, or abound in such as have been used by others, the cause surely must lie in the poverty of his imagination, indolence, or unbecoming haste. It is difficult, we admit, to be almost always original, like Mozart or Haydn; but we have a right to expect a fair proportion of originality in every musical composition. This partial originality we meet with in the works of Rossini, in which, amidst a considerable portion of new and most fascinating ideas, we find many common-place expressions of the Italian schools, much repetition, a great deal of mannerism, and not unfrequently direct plagiarisms.

Reverting to the above observations on the changes to be produced by the mere transposition of a certain number of notes, and their exhibition under diversified degrees of measure, we will add, by way of concluding these remarks, that although mechanical expedients in works of genius are not very legitimate, it is our opinion, that an hour or two occasionally devoted to trials of this description, might tend to augment a composer's stock of materials for future use, by presenting him with combinations and passages never before employed.

The foregoing preliminary digression, if digression it can be called, previously to entering more fully on the chapter of melody, appeared to us desirable, in order to convey some idea of the infinite resources afforded to the composer by the *matériel* of the art placed at his command.

In proceeding to the subject of *melody* in particular, we see before us difficulties of such various descriptions, and of so grave a nature, that we must beforehand claim the indulgence of the reader if we fail in answering his expectations. He will, in the first place, be kind enough to bear in mind, that we are not writing a professional treatise on melody; that our essay, intended as it is for general perusal, necessarily must abstain from entering into any technical detail. On this account alone, we should find it impossible to treat, in this place, the subject of melody in any thing like a full and comprehensive manner. But even without the restraints imposed upon us by our object and our limits, we candidly own, the sense we entertain of the arduous nature of the investigation would almost make us shrink from the task. The path to be entered is next to untrodden; various detached and desultory hints are to be gleaned from books; but a code of melody, ample or compendious, has not come within the range of our reading.

Such a code, it may perhaps be observed, would be as unnecessary to a musical genius as an *Ars poetica* to the real poet, inasmuch as Haydn, Paesiello, Mozart, Cimarosa, Rossini, and others, in all probability never read any thing of the kind, and yet became first-rate composers. This may have been the case, we allow; but whether these and other great men in their line had the aid of written instructions

for the invention and conduct of melody or not, it is certain that they enjoyed the oral tuition and counsel of masters. The incipient composer gleans information in a variety of ways, and the want of positive doctrine is supplied by a constant and intense observation and examination of classic models, from which his genius enables him, unconsciously perhaps, to store up treasures of information and knowledge. We are far from disputing the intuitive workings and the inspirations of genius, especially in the fine arts; but in these, in particular, genius, without a high degree of cultivation, will not arrive at eminence; indeed it is a concomitant quality in genius to seek cultivation indefatigably, and in all possible ways. Good books of instruction, therefore, facilitate and accelerate, in our opinion, the march of the man of genius. He will indeed use them in a very different way from the pains-taking plodder; in appearance rather superficially, because, like the bee, he sucks but the honey, and cares not for the leaves and stalks.

It is rather curious, although not extraordinary, to remark that no great genius in the fine arts has ever written any thing of importance towards teaching his art. In fact, he acquires and practises the precepts of it without knowing how, and if he were methodical enough, or had sufficient consciousness of them, to set them down in order, like the problems and theorems in Euclid, he is too much devoted to the practical part of his art to employ his time upon the theory. Generally speaking, this consciousness of positive precepts is seldom to be found in a great genius. Haydn could never give a reason why he wrote any one passage in the way he did. His answer invariably was, "I wrote it thus, because I liked it best so;" even when he had altered a few bars in a rough score, and was asked by a friend to assign the reason for the change, he only could reply, "I substituted the passage because the first somehow or other did not please me."

Melody, to define the term more precisely, is a succession of sounds which form degrees of a musical scale belonging to a particular key or tonic, arranged, according to a given measure, into phrases and periods affording points of repose more or less impressive, and exhibiting mutual rhythmical proportion or symmetry.

It is natural to suppose that the formation of melody, the *melopoica* of the Greeks, must be governed by certain laws and principles. They are numerous, and many of them are rather felt than reduced into a positive code. These laws we are inclined to class into mechanical and logical, or rather æsthetical—if we may be allowed to borrow the latter epithet from the German writers.* Mechanical are those which are simply founded upon the grammatical and theoretical principles of Music, without reference to expression, and little depending upon any principles of the beautiful. Thus a melody may be mechanically correct, and yet worthless. A great number of compositions, indeed, is of this description. The logical, or æsthetical laws of melody are of a higher order: their field is feeling, expression, intrinsic propriety and beauty, a just combination of unity and variety.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enumerate the various mechanical laws to which melody is subject; they are to be found in several the-

* Αισθητικος, *sensu præditus*, *sensibilis*, feeling, relating to feeling, to intrinsic beauty.

oretical works on Music. The numerous technical rules for casting the melody to measure, the doctrine of cadences, the directions for avoiding intervals of difficult intonation, the prohibition against faulty progressions, such as consecutive fifths, &c. (even in mere melody,) and many more positive precepts of a technical nature—do not form the immediate object of our present enquiry.

In treating of the logical, or æsthetical, laws of melody, we beg to be allowed to translate a paragraph from Sulzer's Theory of the Fine Arts, directly bearing on the subject before us. "The essence of melody," he states, "consists in expression; its object, in all cases, is to depict a state of mind under the influence of some passion or other, or of some particular humour. Every one who hears the air is to imagine that he hears the language of a person displaying a particular impression or feeling with which he is penetrated. This impassioned language, however, designed as it is to be a work of art and taste, must, like every other work of art, form a whole, in which unity and variety are blended. This whole must be exhibited under a pleasing form, and in the aggregate, as well as in its component parts, be so constituted as to excite uninterrupted interest in the auditor, and to induce him to abandon himself gladly, and without being once displeased or diverted, to the impressions he is receiving. Every melody possessing this twofold quality is good; if altogether destitute of it, the melody is bad; and it is faulty if it be partially deficient in this respect."

A melody, as we have already stated, is either purely instrumental—that is, not intended to serve for the expression of any words; or it is vocal, i. e. subservient to a particular text.

We are not inclined to enter into the discussion of the question, often agitated, which of these two descriptions of melody was first thought of. Unworded melody, in all probability, claims the seniority, as exhibiting a direct imitation of nature—the song of birds, the sound of winds, &c.: perhaps it was even pre-existent to language itself. The vocal attempts of savages are mostly yells without text. To assort words to sounds seems to be a step of advance from barbarism.

Instrumental melody being of a more simple and general nature, and subject to a less number of positive rules, we shall, in the first place, briefly notice some of its primary requisites, which course will at the same time assist our subsequent enquiry into the principles of vocal melody. The following general laws seem to be indispensable in instrumental melody; and, indeed, in melody of any kind:—

1st. It must be founded on the scale appertaining to *one* tonic or key. Whatever tonic we deem most proper for the main expression intended—(of this more in the sequel)—the scale of that tonic must prevail, must predominate in the whole air. Thus in the two examples, as previously quoted, the scale of G is that on which Paesiello's air is founded, and the scale of C that of "Robin Adair." This law is essential, in order to produce the effect of *unity*, and to render the component portions of the air homogeneous, members, as it were, of the same family.

2d. This unity of tonic is required with greater strictness, the shorter the air is. In a melody of a certain extent, however, such strict unity would be productive of monotony; the ear would soon become fatigued, and our attention lulled. In such case it is not only permitted,

but desirable, to make occasional, yet temporary, deviations into other *kindred* scales, thereby attaining the other requisite of the beautiful, *variety*. For the laws of relationship between the different tonics we must refer to works on theory. These deviations to other scales are termed *modulation*, in the more limited sense of the word; for, as has been observed above, the word modulation is sometimes employed to express generally any melodic progress of sounds. To modulate into tonics of distant relationship should be avoided, or sparingly resorted to; however common the practice may be in the modern school. Such extraneous modulations should be reserved for particular effects intended to be produced. They then prove a valuable resource to the composer; but by prostituting them on all occasions, and without occasion, he throws away a powerful engine in his art. The palate constantly excited by high seasonings, soon loses a taste for natural and wholesome food. Haydn, great as he is, bears the just blame of having set the example of this wanton abuse of modulation. In his hands, it is true, the sin was often clothed with the charms of temporary loveliness; his manner of preparing and presenting the forbidden fruit is frequently the most seductive. His disciples and imitators, however, have generally but ill succeeded in the adoption of their master's fault. Beethoven, a greater musical genius, more lofty but more wild and eccentric, carrying the practice to its utmost stretch, occasionally steals from us applause and admiration by the novelty of some of his combinations in this respect; while but too often we are compelled to condemn others as the extravagant and wanton freaks of an autocrat in Music, bending to no law but that of his own whim. With Mozart we have less cause to find fault in this respect; allowing for some exceptions, there is generally more sobriety, more chasteness, and more design and purpose, observable in the modulations he resorts to. Rossini often goes great lengths in sudden and forced transitions, but it is seldom that the text which they accompany does not present a justification, or at least an excuse.

On this subject we cannot refrain from quoting a great authority in support of our opinion. It is no less a name than the celebrated Piccini. He compares modulation to the turning off from a road on which we are travelling. "The ear," he says, "is willing to follow us, it even wishes to find a guide in us; but it expects, that when we have brought it to a halt, it should find something to act as a recompense for the journey, and to serve as a place of temporary repose. If you disregard this reasonable demand, and yet expect that the ear should continue the race after you without stopping, you will find yourself disappointed: it will ere long leave you running on by yourself, and all your efforts to call it again to you will be in vain. Besides, there is so little ability and skill required in modulating, that it may be acquired by a certain routine, like every thing else belonging to the mechanical branch of the art. This is proved by the enharmonic modulations which strike the uninitiated as the *ne plus ultra* of musical science, while they prove mere children's play to even a pupil in counterpoint. But to devise and order a melody according to a preconceived natural and unaffected plan of modulation, never to deviate from the latter except just at the right time, to return to it in a proper manner with ease and without outrage to a good ear, to make

use of changes in the modulation merely as means of expression, or, perhaps, occasionally for the sake of variety—these are the real difficulties of the art, which are not to be overcome without the skill and judgment of a master in the science. To abandon, on the other hand, a tonic which has scarcely been propounded to the ear; to wander at random, without reason or object, from one key to another; to skip to and fro, merely to leave a place in which you are incapable of maintaining a footing; in short, to modulate merely for the sake of modulating—betrays an utter ignorance of the object of the art and of its principles; an affectation of richness in invention to cloak the author's poverty of ideas."

The justness and force of the above remarks of Piccini will, we trust, render any apology for their insertion unnecessary. They leave little room for any additional observations of our own. The hint he gives, with regard to impressing the key or tonic forcibly on the ear at the outset of the melody, is of essential importance, although often, nay generally, neglected by unripe pretenders. Like sorry riders, they scarcely have mounted the harmonic Pegasus, but they sit ill at their ease, fidget in the saddle, prance to the right and left, and instead of going steadily forward on the straight road, leave us in utter ignorance of the object of their journey.

Besides strongly inculcating the tonic at starting, and letting it preponderate in the progress of the piece, it ought to appear in full force towards the winding up, and by all means terminate the air: its impression must remain on the mind after the conclusion, otherwise all effect of unity is lost. To advert to some legitimate exceptions to this latter rule, would exceed our purpose and limits. We therefore proceed to the next general law of melody.

3d. Among the expedients resorted to on the principle of *Variety*, is that of *variation* or *amplification*, according to which a melodic idea, if to be repeated, is exhibited, not in its pristine plain state *(totidem notis)*, but under a diversified form, although the same in substance. It is from similar reasons that we avoid tautology in writing. This practice is so very common, that our readers will easily supply numerous instances of it, without our furnishing examples in type. The phrase is generally amplified, i. e. expressed by a greater number of adventitious unmelodic notes, occupying the same space of time. But it is to be observed that no compositorial artifice has been subjected to greater abuse, and it requires a pure taste and nice tact to judge of the propriety of resorting to it, since the strict repetition of the thought is often preferable to its variation. Unity and variety may thus come into conflict. Who would approve a portico in which the alternate columns were of the severe Doric in all its purity, and the intervening ones of the same order and dimensions, but variegated by all sorts of fillagree embellishment? Admirers, no doubt, there would be; but of what class? and—may we venture to utter the word—there would probably appear a majority in one sex. The case is precisely the same in Music. Variation was a favourite principle of the Beautiful in Music with our ancestors; its practice is much more confined with the moderns, although we must admit large exceptions in the works of the vivacious Rossini.

It seems to us, that the nature of the composition ought to be con-

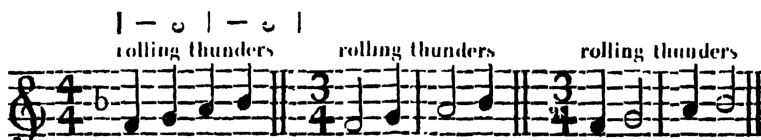
sulted in this respect. The more solemn, serious, or pathetic it is intended to be, the less ought we to fritter away the impression by adventitious amplification or ornament. We* do not chatter when we wish to be impressive, but compress our thoughts into laconic pithiness. And upon this ground we even think that bare and strict *repetition* may often be employed as an engine of the Beautiful. The recurrence of the same verse in Homer has always struck us as being of simple primæval grandeur.

4th. The next law concerns Time and metrical arrangement. By the latter term we understand the clothing or throwing melody into just and appropriate *measure*; which measure is indicated by "bars," as they are technically named. These are precisely the same as "the feet" in poetry. Music has not only all the various feet enumerated in prosody, but, infinitely richer than poetry, it possesses a number of different ways of expressing every one of these feet. As our paper is not absolutely of a didactic nature, we must limit ourselves to the exhibition of a few only of the musical feet, merely for the sake of elucidating the object in view.

Before giving these, however, a brief but important observation upon *accent* is indispensable; more particularly as, in vocal Music, emphasis and expression are mainly dependent upon musical accent. In the English language, as well as in some other modern languages, long and short syllables are seldom determined by their intrinsic quantity arising from long and short vowels, double consonants, &c. as in the Latin and Greek. Accent is the arbitrary tyrant that almost invariably sways English pronunciation. We say *préferable*, and, yet, *transférable*. Without dilating upon the rules of musical accent, we shall content ourselves with stating briefly that a measure or bar in Music consists generally of as many constituent members as the numerator of the fraction prefixed as signature indicates. Thus $\frac{2}{4}$ has two members, $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ three, $\frac{4}{4}$ four. (Into the few exceptions, such as $\frac{6}{8}$, &c. we cannot enter at present). The first of these members of the measure *always* bears accent; and in common time every alternate member is accented; i. e. 1, 3; or 1, 3, 5, 7; whereas in triple time, when there are three members to the measure, the first alone has the accent, the second and third being unaccented. Upon this many theoretical works will give every farther information that can be desired.

Hence the intrinsic value of a note does not influence the accent any more, and indeed even less, than the intrinsic quantity of a syllable in our language, as may be seen in the examples which we now subjoin.
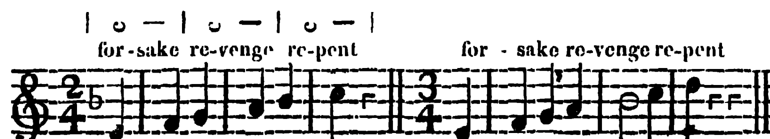
Troche.



* Viriliter loquentes.

The *Spondee* is a doubtful English foot, and may, in general, be musically expressed in the same manner as the Trochee.

Iambics.



Our readers will dispense with similar graphic illustrations for the *Dactyl*, the *Anapæst*, *Bacchius*, and a variety of other feet of hard names. Ours is a mere cursory glance at the subject, to pave the way for remarks more immediately appertaining to our purpose. In the above examples, too, we have contented ourselves with two or three varieties in the musical exhibition of the feet, whereas they might have been expressed in a vast number of different ways, which must be left to the reader's ingenuity. This great diversity again affords an infinite source of variety to the composer; and as a matter of curiosity in this respect, we beg to refer to a publication of *one* song, set to music by *nine* different composers*.

Besides the metrical arrangements of a composition purely instrumental, the *absolute* time for its performance is a matter of important consideration. In our subsequent remarks on vocal music we shall have a more appropriate opportunity of saying a few words on the proper choice of time with regard to the sentiment of the text. At present we suppose the time to have been fixed upon by the author, and the question to be—how to indicate that time at the head of his composition. For this purpose the Italian words *Adagio*, *Allegro*, *Presto*, &c. are utterly insufficient. They are but vague and relative. Fortunately all doubts and uncertainties in this respect have been set at rest by a late and most valuable invention. We allude to Mælzel's Metronome, which furnishes a fixed and unerring standard of musical time for all countries and all ages *shone upon by the solar disk:* for the standard assumed upon Mælzel's scale is founded upon Solar time, inasmuch as his scale is graduated according to a varied number of pendular vibrations per minute, from 50 to 160. The invention is sufficiently known to exempt us from any farther explanation; most of the great composers in Europe have for some years marked their works by it; it will ever form an epoch in the annals of Music. What renders Mælzel's labour a permanent, we might almost say an eternal benefit, to the art, is the circumstance, that the Tempo metronomically marked upon a composition will in all ages be the means of finding out the proper time, even if all metronomes shall have perished, for the metronomical mark simply directs how many minims, crotchets, or quavers, are to go to a minute.

5th. The fifth law to be observed in the construction of melody regards its rhythmical arrangement; i. e. its division into phrases,

* The publication in question we believe to be on sale at Messrs. Boosey and Co's.

periods, &c. bearing among each other due proportion and symmetry. On this important subject we have already fully treated by anticipation. We therefore proceed forthwith to the sixth and last general rule.

6th. This rule regards Harmony, or the support of melody by a simultaneous accompaniment of parts, i. e. of other sounds in harmonic relation with the melodic notes. The rule itself demands that the melody be so constituted as to be readily susceptible of a good, a varied, and an appropriate harmonic accompaniment. In the *melopoiea* of the ancient Greeks, who were ignorant of harmony in its modern sense, such a law could of course not have existed. It is equally unknown in the musical code of the modern Greeks, the Chinese, and other *un*harmonic nations; it is even but imperfectly applicable to many old national Scotch airs. Hence the attempts to harmonize the latter, in spite of the ingenuity exercised, have never been completely successful, and at all events have conferred no advantage on the melody itself.

We are far from presuming to give any directions for devising a melody susceptible of good harmonic support. We not only confess our inability to furnish such instruction, but state our belief that any precepts of this kind would be of very little service. One thing, however, appears to us essentially requisite in the production of harmonic melody. The melody and its harmony, if both are to be good, must be twin-sisters, of simultaneous conception. The chords which are to accompany the air must vibrate in our mind at the very moment of its springing into life; they must celebrate the birth of the heavenly offspring by a peal of cheering harmony. The melodic author must think harmoniously; common chords, and sevenths, with all their inversions, must ring through his mind's ear; his sensorium must be a full orchestra. Whosoever cannot conjure into his imagination such a band of invisible assistants, or whenever the spell disappoints the bard, at other times successful, let him desist from any attempt at composition.

If we did not apprehend a smile from our readers, we should be tempted to give here a recipe for producing at will this sort of harmonic inspiration. Indeed we can scarcely resist, even at the risk of moving, perhaps, their risible faculties. The result of the experiment may, for aught we know, prove different in other individuals; with us it has never yet failed. The simple fact is, that the moment we enter a carriage and drive over the stones through a populous part of the town, musical ideas of the most novel and interesting nature crowd upon our mind involuntarily, not only in the shape of mere plain melody, but with an accompaniment of the richest and most varied harmony.

To this singular, but invariable, result we have applied our reasoning faculties, with a view to account for the acoustic phenomenon. Having farther observed that an old hackney-coach is particularly well calculated for the experiment, and that the harmonic inspirations, far from being confined to one key, ramble with the greatest facility through every possible tonic, the rattling of the vehicle and perhaps of others in the vicinity, instantly eliciting in the mind's ear appropriate chords for keys of the most distant relationship, we began to theorize in manner following. Considering the numerous pieces of iron, metal, and wood, of various lengths, employed in the construction of a coach,

it seemed to us natural enough that each of them singly would emit not only its own appreciable musical sound, but in many cases the respective harmonics of that sound. The motion of the vehicle causes the simultaneous vibration of all these sounds collectively. Here, we own, the train of our logic struck upon a difficulty: How, did we ask ourselves, can the ear be deemed capable of discriminating and extracting, *ad libitum*, from this chaotic compound of "sweet sounds," just those which may suit its purpose, and not be disturbed and utterly put out of countenance by the immense mass of compound remaining *pro tempore* unappropriated? Our logic, with the assistance of a little compliment to our musicality, proved a match for this dilemma. It was conceded that in an ordinary musical subject, the above objection would be fatal; but the fact being within *our* ears, nothing was more clear than that the hypermusical construction of our frame would enable *us*, and others equally happily organized, to discriminate, however unconsciously, the very elements of the musical chaos; in the same manner as an experienced gastronome, on partaking of a rich ragout, would readily discriminate the taste of the truffles, shallots, pommes d'amour, and of every other individual ingredient; or a great composer on hearing a symphony, individualize the march of the flutes or the bassoons, at the same time that he seizes the undiminished effect of the aggregate of the performance.

SONNET OF VINCENZO FILICAJA

ON THE SEASONS.

"Così con saggio avviso il giorno e l'ore."

THUS with a still but stern solemnity
Time bids us seize the hours that glide away,
And every speaking season seems to say,
Be wise in time—man only lives to die.

The pomp of woods—the gloom of hills on high,
The shooting trees—the Sun, that far away
Bears, or from distant realms brings back the day-
The flow'rs, expanding to the morning sky,

Expiring with the noon—all sadly show,
Too sadly show, alas! how all below
Yields in its turn to Time's devouring sway.

Why then pursue with vain and groveling care
Vain hopes, and empty names, and shapes of air,
That like the breezes come, and pass away?

THE BORE'S BOX. AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Grateful for a past season of unexampled patronage, and fully satisfied, thus far, with a present one, the proprietor of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket requests the attention of the nobility and gentry to a candid and concise statement of facts. It has come to the knowledge of the proprietor, in the course of his Shakspeare sales in his other profession, that "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and some of his enemies have charged him with allowing five more pebbles to be cast into the Cytherean current. It is necessary therefore that, toward his own justification, he should go somewhat into detail.

It is known to grammarians that there are three degrees of comparison, the positive, the comparative, and the superlative: it is known to householders that there are three floors to let,—the ground, the first, and the second: and it is also known to subscribers to the Opera that there are three tiers of boxes for the accommodation of people of distinction. Of the tiers above these, it is unnecessary to speak. Like the attics of other residences, there are people who inhabit them: but where they come from, heaven above (toward which they aspire) only knows. It is exclusively of the three degrees o' fashionable comparison in his Haymarket edifice that the proprietor feels himself now called upon to speak. The second-floor tier is, as his patronesses are aware, chiefly taken by ladies whose ancestors, coming in with the Norman conquest, brought with them the Norman nose. This feature, accompanied, as it usually is, with dark eyes and arched brows, produces good stage effect at a distance. Here, too, ladies, who have weathered Cape Forty, find a genial harbour; as middle age, well lighted and rouged, is at a distance not distinguishable from youth—a proposition as plain as the nose on Signor Di Giovanni's face. The first-floor tier is, in the opinion of most people, the best in the house. Here beauty exhibits itself in full blaze, and whilst, in apparent unconsciousness, it gracefully adjusts the green silk shade that interrupts the rays of the stage lights, exults in the number of human hearts which it transfixes in the pit below. The female frequenters of this tier have also the inestimable advantage of attracting that mass of puppyism which barks in the train of the goddesses of midnight, inasmuch as the said mass may, from this open plain, exhibit its own visage, while it affects to fawn upon its tutelary deity. But if the mere multitude of fashion give the palm to this tier, the race of prudent wives and mothers decidedly prefer the ground-floor tier, which sinks to a level with the pit. This, like the ground-floor of a set of chambers in the Temple, is, the proprietor confidently assures the public, the real place for doing business. Here a young lady, in quest of an establishment, talks to her swain in Fop's Alley almost face to face. Here, between opera and ballet, she stops the whole procession of beaux, to assure him whom she accosts that it is a very cold night, that Madame Ronzi di Begnis is highly attractive in La Donna del Lago, and that Alfred le Grand must have cost a great deal of money in getting up. Here, in short, while the single lady may flirt in front in desirable publicity, the married one may flirt in

the rear in desirable privacy. Upon this rock the proprietor builds his bank.

The great object of going to the opera, whether in Naples, Paris, or London, being to see and be seen, to talk and be talked to; the proprietor has, by means of swing doors and stuff-curtains, sought to put these objects within the reach of the meanest capacity. May he venture respectfully to hint, that the privilege of talking ought to be used in a more *diminuendo* note than it lately has been? The proprietor is aware that, at an oratorio, such doings have been tolerated time out of mind. As an instance, he respectfully mentions Handel's chorus, "Unto us a son is born," where the unexpected halt of the voices and instruments after the word "wonderful," is sure to catch the whole house in a clack. This may do very well at so trivial a treat as an oratorio; but at an Italian opera ladies and gentlemen should conduct themselves with more decorum. The practice, *too*, implies remissness in the study of Rossini, and is apt to compromise the proprietor with his performers behind the curtain; of the female branch of whom the proprietor will merely hint, that, in angling for an Italian, he has not unfrequently caught a Tartar.

Vain, however, are all the efforts of the proprietor, if he is not seconded by the co-operation of a candid and enlightened public. It is worse than useless to leave box-doors openable from behind, if the most nauseous society be allowed to intrude itself. Better lock every box till the conclusion of the ballet, like pews in a Presbyterian Meeting-house, or marshal the sexes separately, as is done in Cathedrals. The proprietor employs very sober and decent door-keepers; but their eyes cannot dive into pockets. How can they, by the mere outside, distinguish coppersmiths from county members—poets from peers--men of rank from rank weeds—nine thousand a-year, a barouche, and Berkeley-square, from half-pay, a ricketty dennett, and lodgings in Maddox-street? Where cases are very flagrant, however, the proprietor can and ought to interfere; and this brings him to the chief object of the present advertisement. He alludes, in the opening part of the present address, to a charge made against him, namely, that of allowing "five more pebbles to be cast into the Cytherean current." The phrase is metaphorical: it means, as it has been whispered to the proprietor, that he has permitted five especial *Bores* (called by the French, Messieurs Trops,) to intrude themselves, as in and-out visitors, on the three principal tiers of boxes, in such a way as to injure the fair trader, by marring the lawful love-making of the establishment. Having, as hereafter mentioned, provided a situation for these gentlemen elsewhere, the proprietor feels the less delicacy in publishing a description of their names and persons, that his door-keepers may know, and knowing, hand them to their proper places.

The first of these Bores, commonly called Frank Fidget, is under the influence of the dæmon of locomotion. He will open and shut a box-door ten times, in as many minutes, heedless of North winds and open corridors. He would make a capital mandarin to a chimney-piece: his head is never quiet, and unluckily the worst feature in it, his tongue, moves in quicker time than his head. He is the best wonderer going. He wonders what o'clock it is now? where

Lindley learned the violoncello? why Ambrogetti is not engaged? what Louis means by going to war? and what o'clock it will be before the ballet is over? In short, he is such a monopolizer of wonders, that he has only left one for his friends, and that is, a wonder that every woman in the house does not shut her box-door in his face. What renders his conduct less excusable is, that his income is only seven hundred a-year.

The second of the race that bore, is Sir Charles Chissell. In an evil hour he went to view the statues in the Louvre, and though it is now six years ago, he has positively talked of nothing since but Parthenon, Theseus, Memnon, Cheops, and Cleopatra. He wanders from box to box the whole night through, leaving every door open behind him, with his mason's gibberish, which he inflicts upon people who do not know the Caryatides from Mrs. Salmon's waxwork, and seems to think, like Perseus, that men are only made to be turned into marble. His friends have found a most eligible situation for him, namely, that of a stonecutter in the New-road, where, seated on a low wooden stool, and holding one end of a saw, he may, aided by a companion on the other side, and a *modicum* of sand and water, hew a block of granite in two parts, and thus be laudably and beneficially occupied. Unfortunately, however, the men leave off work before the opera begins.

The third Bore, Jeremy Journal, is a regular retailer of a newspaper. He wanders into every box, telling every body what every body knows, and what nobody cares about. The fourth, General Broadley, is chiefly objectionable on account of his size, and his talking over the Spanish war. If any gentleman will cast an eye up toward the opera ceiling, "where sprawl the saints" of the fiddle-stick, and contemplate a huge figure who, pen in hand, is trampling upon a wreath marked "Cimarosa," he must, from the marvellous resemblance, recognize General Broadley when he meets him. His bulk occupies the whole back of a box, to the utter exclusion of bashful opulence peeping in at his rear. It has been calculated that, on one evening, he has kept eight and twenty thousand a-year out of a single box. It is high time he was removed. The fifth and most inexcusable of all the Bores is Colonel Rappee. He takes loads of snuff, and consequently out-bellows Signor Tromboni by the trumpet accompaniment of nose. The dust he strews at every box doorway may be ascertained by the sneezing of the sweepers on the following morning. How he has escaped extermination is a miracle to the proprietor.

Impressed with a conviction that the five gentlemen last mentioned must, if not checked in their boring, ere long make his boxes a desert, the proprietor has, for their accommodation and the relief of their friends, fitted up, at a considerable expense, a handsome lodge in the upper circle, marked, "The Bore's Box," to which Mr. Francis Fidget, Sir Charles Chissell, Mr. Jeremy Journal, General Broadley, and Colonel Rappee, are respectfully requested by the proprietor hereafter to confine themselves. There is one apparent objection to this scheme. The humane department of the candid and enlightened public may suppose that Bores of such opposite habits will quarrel and fight. It may be imagined, that the silver strains of Madame Camporese will be checked, and the fairy footstep of the first Figurante impeded,

by discord, oaths, and exclamations of "Throw him over!" nay, that the silver-craped head of some fair Cyprian in the pit, will be deranged by a bore or two cast headlong from the aforesaid box into the parterre, like young rooks in an avenue after a high wind: or like the incident which occurred to Baron Emanuel Swedenborg, who, after a conflict of "fiends in upper air," found five dead devils fall flat at his feet, immediately opposite his lodgings, at a barber's in Cold Bath Fields. The inference is specious, but the analogy is false. To prove his position, the proprietor requests the candid and enlightened public only to take one ride over Waterloo-bridge. Upon the Surrey side of that magnificent structure, they will behold an Italian mendicant, possessed of a strong wired cage, in which those apparently hostile personages, a polecat, a tom-tit, a white mouse, a rabbit, and a weasel, "play all about without anger or rage." The proprietor cannot distinguish between the two last-mentioned substantives, but doubtless Doctor Watts can. In conclusion, the proprietor begs leave to state, that the box, thus appropriated, is carefully coated with cast iron, to prevent the Bores from boring through.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O Southern Wind!
Long hast thou linger'd 'midst those islands fair
Which lie, like jewels, on the Indian deep,
Or green waves, all asleep,
Fed by the summer suns and azure air—
O sweetest Southern Wind!
Wilt thou not now unbind
Thy dark and crowned hair?

Wilt thou not unloose now,
In this—the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-coloured flowers;
And, shaking the fine fragrance from thy brow,
Kiss our girls' laughing lips and youthful eyes,
And all that world of love which lower lies
Breathing, and warm, and white—purer than snow?
O thou sweet Southern Wind!
Come to me, and unbind
The languid blossoms which oppress thy brow.

We, whom the Northern blast
Blows on from night to morn, from morn till eve.
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our brief summer days not long must last:—
And yet, perhaps, 'twere well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet Spirit of the sunny South,
But touch thy odorous mouth
Once,—and be gone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow:
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe.

C. L.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. VI.

Of the Tooth-ache.

Of all the complaints incident to the human frame, the tooth-ache is one of the most painful. There are people enough who would willingly give large sums to any one who should discover a speedy and certain cure for it. How frequently you hear this observation with reference to other painful disorders; but those who make use of it know not what they are talking about.

Tooth-ache is a species of disease of which there are many varieties. To talk of a specific for tooth-ache is, in reality, just as absurd as to desire a specific for all the disorders of infants—a specific for a multitude of evils, which are comprehended, indeed, under one general name, but the causes and natures of which are not only very different from, but frequently quite contrary to, one another. So little, then, as we can expect to discover a medicine that shall deserve the appellation of a universal specific for all diseases, because many of them require totally different treatment; so little can we build upon an infallible remedy for tooth-ache. Hence it is that some medicines, which in certain cases have removed the tooth-ache, have in others either done no good, or perhaps aggravated the complaint; and that a universal remedy for tooth-ache is as grossly absurd as all other universal remedies without exception.

Before I proceed to the proper treatment for tooth-ache, I shall describe the different kinds of that disorder, and the reader will then perceive that the opprobrium commonly thrown upon physicians, as being ignorant of a certain cure for these complaints, rests on no other ground than this, that people confound the one with the other, and that the remedies which are beneficial in one case are applied in others which they cannot possibly relieve. There are, however, some good palliatives which afford ease in most kinds of tooth-ache; and this is the reason why some of them have been found more generally efficacious than others.

When tooth-ache lasts long and is violent, it has no small influence on a person's general health. It may be attended with sleepless nights, high fever, delirium, ulcers, tumours, caries of the bones, convulsions, swoons, and other distressing symptoms. The most common kinds of tooth-ache proceed from the following causes: 1. from hollow teeth; 2. from inflammation of the nervous membrane that covers the teeth and spreads into the gums; 3. from a cold catarrhal humour that settles upon the nerves of the teeth; 4. from a general acrimony of the juices, either scorbutic, or of some other kind; 5. from a gouty or rheumatic affection; 6. from dentition in children. Mauriceau describes a kind of tooth-ache peculiar to pregnant women, and Raulin another incident to hysteric females; to say nothing of others which are not so essentially different as those here enumerated. Sometimes there is a concurrence of the causes of the different kinds of tooth-ache, and in these cases there is greater latitude in the choice of remedies; but their operation is slower, and frequently the diagnostics of these kinds are too obscure.

I shall first consider the tooth-ache as occasioned by hollow teeth.

The decay of the tooth uncovers the nerve which it contains; for

every tooth is furnished with a nerve as well as with blood-vessels, which, as it were, supply it with life and nourishment. The nerve thus exposed is affected by the air, by food, both solid and liquid, and also by the corrosive humour which is destroying the tooth; and all these occasion pains which are sometimes more and at others less violent. When the tooth is considerably decayed and hollow, this species of tooth-ache is sufficiently defined, and no other diagnostics are required. A person who has many hollow teeth may, nevertheless, be troubled with tooth-ache of other kinds, in which caries has no share; but this must be inferred from their symptoms.

A tooth that is quite decayed must be extracted; for it is dangerous to leave it, even when the nerve is actually destroyed. It not only communicates a bad smell to the breath, but injures the gum; it prevents the patient from chewing with the adjoining teeth, so that they become covered with tartar, or they too, perhaps, contract caries, and thus the evil spreads farther and farther. Sometimes the carious matter penetrates through the small apertures by which the nerves and vessels enter the tooth, to its very roots and to the cavities of the jaw-bone, in which cases hard tumours arise on the sides of the face or chin, which never can be cured till the tooth is extracted. Ulcers and caries of the jaw itself are the most dangerous consequences to be apprehended when decayed teeth are left too long in their places. Those who are reluctant to lose them on account of the unsightly vacancies which they leave in the mouth, may have the defect supplied by artificial teeth, especially if the decay does not originate in the root of the tooth, but in the body of it, or that part which projects from the gum. In such cases, where the roots are yet sound, the carious remnant of the body may be broken off, and replaced either with an artifical tooth, a seal's, or one taken from a human subject; for dentists of great experience have asserted that it is more advisable to leave the roots in than to extract them. In this manner both jaws may be furnished with a complete set of artificial teeth, when not one of their original stock is remaining.

In case the roots also be decayed, it will be necessary to take them out too: but this operation is painful, and patients naturally dislike to submit to it. Here recourse might be had to those menstrua, the application of which to the hollow of a decayed tooth is said to loosen it so completely, that in a short time it may be removed, without the least pain, with the fingers only. There are dentists who pretend to possess applications of this sort, but make a secret of their composition; indeed, there is no reason to doubt that such applications may exist. This effect has been attributed to the root of henbane and of asparagus, when put into the hollow of the tooth. It is not improbable that the authority of Celsus occasioned the recommendation of these vegetables, because he prescribed an infusion of the root of henbane in water mixed with vinegar, or in wine, for tooth-ache. Should it have any effect, however, it can go no farther, in my opinion, than easing the pain, but cannot loosen the tooth in the socket; and in other respects the use of it is attended with so much danger that I should not advise its application. It seems still more improbable that the root of asparagus should produce the effect in question.

I was in hopes of discovering such a nostrum, after reading in the works of physicians the strongest testimonials of the efficacy of cer-

tain applications. Riverius extols the virtues of helleboraster as so infallible, that the patient would be liable to lose his sound teeth, unless he covered them with wax previously to the application of the helleboraster to the decayed one. He recommends also, for the same purpose, a paste composed of milkthistle and powdered frankincense, mixed with a little starch; likewise the root of the ranunculus, the bark of mulberry-tree root, the ashes of earth-worms, and many such-like things; to all which, however, he prefers the helleboraster as the most efficacious. Francis Joel says, in the most confident tone, that whoever would wish to take out his teeth without any pain with his fingers, need only dissolve half an ounce of gum ammoniac, or galbanum, in a sufficient quantity of the juice of milk-thistle or henbane, evaporate to dryness, then make small pills of the residuum, and put one at night into the hollow tooth. I have tried many such remedies, and particularly the last several times, but without experiencing any benefit, so that at last I could not help exclaiming: *O quantum est in rebus inane!* It were to be wished that respectable physicians would, occasionally, make experiments on this subject.

When hollow teeth are not so much decayed as to threaten the above-mentioned dangers, in case of their being left in their places, they may be treated in a different manner. It is of the ordinary tooth-ache of hollow teeth that I am now about to treat.

It is necessary to consider the signs of decay, in order to be able to distinguish this species of tooth-ache from the rest. In the preceding case they were sufficiently evident: but sometimes the decay begins on the side next to another tooth, by which the evil is concealed, and then it is necessary to examine more closely. An experienced person can perceive from the colour of a tooth that it is affected. He may also discover it by means of a tooth-scraper, the smell of the breath, the acute pain occasioned by cold air or cold water, the obstinacy of the tooth-ache without any particular swelling of the gum, and the discharge of matter from small orifices in the gums, surrounded by elevated rings. This complaint is most frequent between the ages of twenty-five and fifty; and the double teeth, but especially the eye-teeth, are much more liable to it than those in front. Teeth so attacked may be known by their colour, which gives them the appearance of being semi-transparent, nearly like pearls. On tapping them with a metal tooth-pick the aching returns. In the advanced stages of this complaint, carious matter forms in the cavities of the jaw-bone, and affects the latter. The fever, in such cases, is sometimes so violent, that the patient becomes delirious.

The causes which render the teeth black and hollow, are in general too hot, too cold and acid meats and drinks, the effluvia of mercury, the scurvy, and the like. It frequently happens, however, that teeth decay without any apparent cause; and it is an established fact, that this evil befalls persons whose parents had bad teeth, though they may themselves have taken the utmost care of theirs. It must, nevertheless, not be imagined, that the precautions to be observed in regard to the cleaning of the teeth are wholly useless. For this purpose many nostrums have been invented, but few of them are of real benefit. I shall take this opportunity of subjoining a few directions for the preservation of the teeth.

To this end, the principal points to be attended to are, to avoid those causes which, as stated above, render teeth hollow and black, and to clean them every day after dinner. When the teeth are sound, cold spring water is the best thing for washing them with, or red wine may be employed for this purpose. In the composition of the tooth-powders, used for removing the tartar and adhesive impurities, care should be taken not to employ matters possessing properties so subtle as to attack the enamel, or exterior smooth surface of the teeth; bread burned to a coal and pulverised is regarded as the best and safest dentifrice. Some medical men assert, that pumice-stone made several times red-hot, plunged in this state into white wine, and then rubbed to powder, makes the teeth beautifully white; and others have ascribed the same effect to tobacco-ashes. Others again have recommended for the like purpose, and for the cure of bad gums, vitriolic acid, which, however, must be used with great caution, or it will injure the teeth. With the water employed for washing the teeth are mixed a few drops of this acid, just sufficient to communicate to it a sourish taste. For diseased gums this is an excellent application, but after the use of it the teeth should be rubbed with a rough cloth. Pure oil of vitriol is much more pernicious, though Montanus declares that a lady of Rome extolled it to him as the best preservative of the beauty of the teeth. The manner of using it is to wet the teeth with a drop or two, and to wipe it off almost immediately with a cloth or rag. When the teeth are thickly encrusted with tartar, this application diluted may be employed with advantage till the enamel appears. It fastens loose teeth and imparts firmness to the gums. The practice of rubbing the teeth every day with burnt salt has also been found extremely conducive to their preservation. Such are the simplest and safest means of keeping the teeth sound, clean, and white, and of protecting them from decay. Of compound tooth-powders there is an infinite variety. I shall give the ingredients of one only, without underrating the merits of the rest. Take an ounce of iris root, half an ounce of pure saltpetre, a quarter of an ounce of red sanders wood, and a drachm of Peruvian balsam, and prepare a tooth-powder with them.

For cleansing the gums, fastening the teeth, removing small ulcers and spongy sores in the mouth, some practitioners have recommended five parts of spirit of scurvy-grass mixed with one part of lemon-juice, which cannot possibly injure the teeth, as it does not change the colour of blue paper.

If these resources have either been neglected or employed in vain, and the teeth have become decayed and hollow, other methods must be resorted to. When a tooth is so bad as not to be worth preserving, it must be extracted without mercy, as directed above. But, should it still look tolerably well, and be yet serviceable, notwithstanding its decay, it will be advisable to try to preserve it, but something must be done to destroy its sensibility, that it may never ache again. To this end some recommend that it should be drawn not quite out, but so far as to break the nerve, after which it should be pressed into the socket again, by biting with it at a cork. Others think it better to extract such a tooth entirely, and after cleaning it and filling up the hollow with melted metal, to replace it immediately, when it fastens again in about a week. These processes are indispensably necessary

where the interior of the tooth is decayed, but where there is externally either no hole at all, or too small a one to get at the nerve for the purpose of killing it. As the total extraction of a tooth is sure to break the nerve, which is not always accomplished when it is but partially drawn, the former is the only way to make quite sure that it will never ache again.

When a hollow tooth has an externally accessible aperture, the sensibility of the nerve may be destroyed by the introduction of the end of a piece of heated wire several times into the hollow of the tooth, by which the nerve is burned and the progress of the caries is checked. When this operation is cleverly performed, it is attended with less danger and difficulty than the use of many subtle remedies, which are applied to the hollow of the tooth with a view to deaden the nerve, and which have frequently pernicious consequences. Such are, particularly, aqua-fortis and oil of vitriol. It is much safer to have recourse to milder means which merely allay the pain of the nerve; for instance, to put into the hollow a little cotton impregnated with a drop of essence of cloves or cinnamon, or some other essential oil, by which the aching is frequently stopped for a considerable time. Of this sort of remedies, which are said to prove sometimes wonderfully efficacious, I might introduce a long catalogue; but I shall content myself with a brief notice of those that are most extolled.

In such cases camphor has been employed in various ways. Montagnana directed a small quantity to be boiled in vinegar, and this vinegar to be held in the mouth. He declares that this application will remove all kinds of tooth-ache, which is false. Martin Ruland relieved a lady of quality of a tooth-ache which would not yield to any other application, by introducing oil of camphor upon cotton into the hollow of the tooth. Fonseca used the same oil in like manner. Thoner was dining with a party, when one of them was seized with such violent tooth-ache, that he would have retired: he put a small piece of camphor into the hollow of the tooth, which immediately ceased aching, so that the patient could stay with the company and enjoy himself. Hartmann dissolved half a scruple of camphor in a drachm of oil of cloves, put a drop upon cotton into the hollow of a tooth, and thus stopped its aching.

Opium also renders good service in such cases. Either a drop of tincture of opium alone, or mixed with an equal part of essence of cloves, is applied on cotton. This method is recommended by Tissot. A small pellet of opium, or laudanum, upon cotton, may likewise be put into the tooth; and this sometimes relieves the pain instantaneously.

Many writers extol oil of box as an infallible specific in tooth-ache. Fonseca directed a few drops to be dropped into a hollow tooth, and it always stopped the aching immediately. Riverius and others are equally warm in their commendations of this remedy. I have tried it myself with three patients; two were relieved, but with the third it failed: to be sure, the tooth-ache of the latter, though the tooth was hollow, was partly occasioned by inflammation.

Forestus praises a remedy which was communicated to him by a rustic, namely, dock-roots cut into slices and laid upon the aching

tooth, which removed the most obstinate pains; but the *primæ viæ* were always previously cleansed.

The roots of the yellow iris are also said to be wonderfully efficacious in stopping the tooth-ache immediately, either if they be chewed, or their juice be rubbed on the ailing tooth.

M. Tissot, by boiling wild tansy in water, made a lotion which, when held in the mouth, frequently allays the aching of hollow teeth, and which may be constantly used by persons who are liable to tooth-ache, as it can do no harm, is of benefit to the gums, and is not so disgusting as the practice recommended by some French physicians, to wash the mouth every morning with warm urine, from which such patients are said to be sure of deriving benefit who have many hollow teeth at once, that are liable to ache on the slightest occasion.

When tooth-ache is prolonged by worms which fix themselves in the cavity, tobacco of every kind may be used with advantage, as the smoke, even with those who are unaccustomed to it, deadens the sensibility and gives ease, if the pain be not attended with inflammation and fever. Ettmuller directed a decoction of savine to be held in the mouth for the purpose of expelling worms; and Crato prescribed decoction of nettle-root, which also relieves the pain.

When the nerve has been destroyed or deprived of sensibility by any of the above means, and the hollow of the tooth is cleaned out, it may be filled with lead, which prevents the air and food from affecting it and the neighbouring parts so easily, and exciting it to ache afresh. To this end a bit of wax is introduced into the hollow of the tooth. and this, when taken out, serves as a model for forming a piece of lead, which is then inserted and pressed in firmly by the opposite tooth.

Some years ago considerable expectations were entertained of the efficacy of the magnet in tooth-ache, from some experiments made by a learned physician of Gottingen. When applied to the aching tooth it was said to afford speedy relief. I have frequently tried it, and it cannot be denied that the magnet has some effect on the complaint. After a sensation of coldness in the tooth, the pain subsides in a short time, but it generally returns in as short a space in another. Sometimes, indeed, the magnet fails of affording even this temporary relief, and then recourse must be had to other means of more certain operation. The means to which I allude are those that remove pain, which is nothing but a very lively sensation, by exciting either another violent pain, or a number of slighter ones, the sum total of which is sufficient to overpower the first. Accidental circumstances, too, sometimes effect such cures as a physician, with all his study and experience, would fail to accomplish. A violent blow on the shin has frequently been known to stop instantaneously the most raging tooth-ache. Sudden fright often drives it away, or the fear which those experience who set out for a dentist's for the purpose of having a tooth drawn, but on reaching his door find themselves at once relieved from their pain. A sound box on the ear has been known to dispel tooth-ache, owing to the joint effect produced on body and mind. Let us now endeavour to purify this mode of cure of its grossness.

By placing medicines that produce pain on sensitive parts of the skin, and enduring them as long as possible, you may frequently dis-

pel the most vehement tooth-ache, which may not return for a considerable time. Garlic is a suitable matter for producing this effect, but those who cannot bear the smell of it may use scraped horse-radish in its stead. It is to be applied to the interior of the elbow joint on the side affected, and I have often witnessed effects from it which have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. If applied to the contrary side, it is said that the pain shifts to that side, and is not to be removed from it again by this treatment. The pain caused by these applications is severe; but whoever has suffered, for any time, the torments of tooth-ache, which are frequently excruciating, would find it the easier of the two to bear. Any sort of damp salt applied to the temples produces, by its excitement, a similar effect. A slice of turnip toasted, and placed behind the ear, is recommended for the same purpose. Such as prefer a less simple remedy, may make a paste with fermented dough, vinegar, and mustard, and apply it to the soles of the feet, to the hips, or to the bend of the knees or elbows. Tissot assures us that he cured violent tooth-ache in the lower jaw with a plaster made of flour, white of egg, aqua vitæ, and mastix, and applied either to the temple or behind the ear. On the temple it is particularly serviceable in head-ache. All these remedies, in fact, operate in the same way; for whatever excites lively sensations in another part overpowers and dispels tooth-ache, and hence this effect is frequently produced by cathartics of such a nature as to occasion violent pains in the intestines.

As, after any violent pain, there is a determination of the juices to the seat of it, and as even garlic, horse-radish, salt, and mustard plasters, affect the skin and raise blisters which give out a watery fluid, this effect has led most physicians to consider it as the principle of the cure of the pain, and to give to all these remedies the general epithet of *drawing*. If this notion be correct, the remedies of this kind are suitable only for those sorts of tooth-ache arising from colds, since they draw from the nerves of the teeth the acrid catarrhal humour which causes them to ache. But it would appear that on this point practitioners are often mistaken, because the operation of the remedies that cause pain is frequently so rapid, and the quantity of the humours drawn off by them so inconsiderable, that it is doubtful whether they do not operate rather in a psychological way, if I may so express it, by obtunding the feelings, than physically by drawing. Indeed, it is evident, from the operation of the affections of the mind, that such cures are practicable without drawing; and in catarrhal tooth-aches, drawing remedies, which act without so much pain as those mentioned above, but draw off more water—for instance, blister-plaster, cathartics, and cupping—are comparatively much slower in their operation, in all kinds of tooth-ache, than those which give pain, when they succeed.

Respecting the latter, I must observe generally that it is better to apply them to the limbs or to the nape of the neck, than to the temples or behind the ears. It is true that on the last-mentioned places their operation is sometimes more speedy; but I have remarked that on the temples large sores, which are very unsightly, are occasionally produced by such applications; and that the frequent use of drawing remedies behind and in the ears causes a ringing in them, and even hardness of hearing, which cannot be too carefully guarded against.

I shall add one more general observation, which is, that the aching of hollow teeth is at the same time, in many cases, catarrhal or inflammatory, or is liable to become so in the course of the complaint. Those remedies which otherwise allay the pain immediately when applied to the tooth, then fail of producing their usual effect, and even opium only makes it worse. Having recently observed this in a person who had frequently employed opium with the best success, and perceiving at the same time some inflammation, I directed her to lose blood, which immediately produced the desired effect.

As the consideration of the treatment of tooth-ache occasioned by hollow teeth has occupied much more space than I expected, I must reserve for another paper my observations on the other sorts of that disorder.

LONDON LYRICS.

Stage Wedlock.

Farren, Thalia's dear delight,
Can I forget that fatal night
 Of grief, unstain'd by fiction,
(Even now the recollection damps)
When Wroughton led thee to the lamps
 In graceful valediction?

This Derby prize by Hymen won,
Again the God made bold to run
 Beneath Thalia's steerage,
Sent forth a second Earl to woo,
And captivating Brunton too
 Exalted to the peerage.

Awhile no actress sought his shrine,
When lovely Searle, in Columbine,
 Each heart held "cabinn'd, cribb'd in:"
Her dark blue eye, and tresses loose,
Made the whole town dub Mother Goose
 Chef-d'œuvre of Tom Dibdin.

"Hail, feather'd Conjuror!" I cried,
"September's dish, Saint Michael's pride,
 Theatric gold collector:
I pledge thee, bird, in Circe's cup!"—
But Heathcote, ring in hand, ripp'd up
 The Capitol's protector.

Thrice vanquish'd thus, on Thespian soil,
Heart-whole awhile, from Cupid's toil
 I caught a fleeting furlough:
Gay's Newgate Opera charm'd me then,
But Polly sung her requiem when
 Fair Bolton changed to Thurlow.

These wounds some substitute might heal;
But what bold mortal bade O'Neil
 Renounce her tragic station?
Taste, talent, beauty, to trepan—
By Heaven, I wonder how the man
 Escaped assassination!

I felt half bent to wing my way
With Werter, on whose table lay
Emilia Galoti :
Stunn'd, like a skaiter by a fall,
I saw with unconcern Hughes Ball
Elope with Mercandotti.

'Tis thus that, prowling round Love's fold,
Hymen, by sufferance made bold,
(Too bold for one of his age)
Presumes behind the scenes to go,
Where only Cupid used to shew
His mythologic visage.

Would these bold suitors wield the fork,
And dip, as sailors dip for pork,
Or urchins at a barrow,
First come, first take, one would not care:
But pick and choose was never fair
At Eton, or at Harrow.

Gain we no safeguard from the laws?
Contains the Marriage Act no clause
To hush Saint Martin's steeple;
To bind the Public's daughters sure,
And from stage larceny secure
Us poor play-going people?

No! Eldon, all depends on thee:
Wards of thy Court let heroines be,
Who to stage wealth have risen;
And then, if lovers ladders climb,
Contempt of Court will be their crime,
The Fleet will be their prison.

Doctor Gall.

I SING of the organs and fibres
That ramble about in the brains;
Avaunt! ye irreverent jibers,
Or stay and be wise for your pains
All heads were of yore on a level,
One could not tell clever from dull,
Till I, like Le Sage's lame devil,
Unroof'd with a touch every skull
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all,
Then come in a crowd to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

The passions, or active or passive,
Exposed by my magical spells,
As busy as bees in a glass hive
Are seen in their separate cells.
Old Momus, who wanted a casement
Whence all in the heart might be read,
Were he living, would stare with amazement
To find what he wants in the head.

There's an organ for strains amoroso,
Just under the edge of the wig,
An organ for writing but so so,
For driving a tilbury gig:

An organ for boxers, for stoics,
For giving booksellers a lift,
For marching in zig-zag heroics,
And editing Jonathan Swift.

I raise in match-making a rumpus,
And Cupid his flame must impart
Henceforth with a rule and a compass,
Instead of a bow and a dart.
"Dear madam, your eye-brow is horrid;
And, Captain, too broad is your pate;
I see by that bump on your forehead
You're shockingly dull *tête-à-tête*."

When practice has made my book plainer
To manhood, to age, and to youth,
I'll build, like the genius Phanor,
In London a palace of truth.
Then fibs, ah, beware how you tell 'em,
Reflect how pellucid the skull,
Whose downright sincere cerebellum
Must render all flattery null.

Your friend brings a play out at Drury,
'Tis hooted and damn'd in the pit;
Your organ of friendship's all fury,
But what says your organ of wit?
"Our laughter next time prithee stir, man,
We don't pay our money to weep;
Your play must have come from the German,
It set all the boxes asleep."

At first, all will be in a bustle;
The eye will, from ignorance, swerve,
And some will abuse the wrong muscle,
And some will adore the wrong nerve.
In love should your hearts then be sporting,
Your heads on one level to bring,
You must go in your night-caps a courting,
As if you were going to swing.

Yet some happy mortals, all virtue,
Have sentiment just as they should,
Their occiput nought can do hurt to,
Each organ 's an organ of good:
Such couples angelic, when mated,
To bid all concealment retire,
Should seek Hymen's altar bald-pated,
And throw both their wigs in his fire.

My system, from great A to Izzard,
You now, my good friends, may descry,
Not Shakspeare's Bermudean wizard
Was half so enchanting as I.
His magic a Tempest could smother,
But mine the soul's hurricane clears,
By exposing your heads to each other
And setting those heads by the ears.
Oh, I am the mental dissector,
I fathom the wits of you all;
So here is an end to the lecture
Of craniological Gall.

THE LIBRARY.

"Books, like men their authors, have but one way of coming into the world but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more."—*Tale of a Tub.*

Let us take off our hats and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter into a library, that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life; the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments, and pyramids, or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties, and empires.

This battered, soiled, and dog's-eared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust, and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down, to us entire, although the language in which he wrote has for many ages become silent upon the earth. This circumstance, however, is rather favourable to endurance; for a classic poem, like the Phœnix, rises with renewed vigour from the ashes of its language. He who writes in a living tongue, casts a flower upon a running stream, which buoys it up and carries it swimmingly forward for a time, but the rapidity of its flight destroys its freshness and withers its form, when, the beauties of its leaves being no longer recognizable, it soon sinks unnoticed to the bottom. A poem in a dead language is the same flower poised upon a still, secluded fountain, whose unperturbed waters gradually convert it into a petrifaction, unfading and immutable. To render Achilles invulnerable he was dipped into the river of the dead, and he who would arm his work against the scythe of Time must clothe it

in an extinct language. When the Chian bard wandered through the world reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes with its hundred gates flourished in all its stupendous magnificence, and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves in its temples before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was rummaged out of the sarcophagus in the great pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills, whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust, since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the poem; and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires, all are annihilated together. Even their heaven is no more. Hyænas assemble upon Mount Olympus instead of deities: Parnassus is a desolate waste; and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fanes, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain; nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts cannot be intended to revert to the earth with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality may well aspire to its enjoyment.

Ah! if the "learned Thebans," of whom we have made mention, had thought of embalming their minds instead of their bodies; if they had committed their intellect to paper, instead of their limbs to linen; and come down to us bound up in vellum, with a steel clasp, instead of being coffined up in sycamore with an iron screw, how much more perfect would have been the posthumous perservation, and how much more delightful to the literary world to have possessed an epic Thebaid from an ancient Theban, than from so affected and turgid a Roman as Statius. Let us not, however, despair. A portion of the very poem of Homer which has elicited these remarks, has lately been discovered in the enveloping folds of a mummy; and who shall say that we may not hereafter unravel the verses of some Memphian bard, who has

been taking a nap of two or three thousand years in the catacombs of Luxor? M. Denon maintains that almost all the learning, and nearly all the arts of modern Europe, were known to the ancient Egyptians; and as a partial confirmation of this theory I may here mention, that on the interior case of a mummy chest there was lately found a plate of *crystallised* metal resembling tin, although that art has only been recently and accidentally discovered in England. So true is it that there is nothing new which has not once been old.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved while others of greater value have perished! The monks of the middle ages being the great medium of conservation, and outraged nature inciting them to avenge the mortification of the body by the pruriousness of the mind, the amatory poets have not only come down to us tolerably entire, but they "have added fat pollutions of their own," passing off their lascivious elegies as the production of Cornelius Gallus, or anonymously sending forth into the world still more licentious and gross erotics. Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which, in the scarcity of parchment, they had been overwritten. If some of your multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamt of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well-known inscription—"Physic for the Soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review; the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolomy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains:—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over

mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction is the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest; it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none; though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a desertion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat, as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophite state of existence, is that of the writers of Ephemerides, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being as Mr. A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zig-zag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents entrusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop. Compared to this ignoble imprisonment, how light the punishment of the negligent Sylph, who was threatened to

> Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
> Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
> Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
> Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
> While clogg'd, he beats his silken wings in vain.

So gross are my perceptions, that my mind refuses to take cognizance of these Magazine sprites, in their alphabetical and shadowy state. I animate these monthly apparitions, put flesh and blood around the bones of their letters, and even carry my humanity so far as to array theirs in appropriate garments. I have an ideal (not always a *beau* ideal) of every one of the contributors to the New Monthly, as accurate, no doubt, as the notion which Lavater formed of men's characters from their autograph. Sometimes, however, this Promethean art has been a puzzling process. One Essayist, wishing to immortalize himself, like the Wat Tylericide Mayor of London, by a dagger, assumed that note of reference as his signature, and occasioned me infinite trouble in providing a sheath of flesh. Another, who now honourably wields the sword of justice in the land of the convict and the kangaroo, used to distinguish his well-written papers

by three daggers at once, taxing my imagination to the utmost by this tripartite individuality, and making expensive demands upon the wardrobe of my brain. A third held out a hand at the bottom of his page, beckoning me to its welcome perusal—a symbol which my eye (if the catachresis may be allowed) was always eager to grasp and shake, and to which my fancy affixed a body with as much confidence as he who conjured up a Hercules from a foot. But the most bewildering of these contractions of humanity was the subscription of a star; for, after a man had become sidereal and accomplished his apotheosis, it seemed somewhat irreverend to restore him to his incarnate state.

"This raised a mortal to the skies,
That drew *an Author* down."

I brought down these Astræi from their empyrean, remodelled their frames, gave them a suit of clothes for nothing, and had before my mind's eye a distinct presentment of their identity.

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propriâ personâ*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we "come like shadows, so depart." From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethean gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of "Beauties of the Magazines," "Spirit of the modern Essayists," or some such embalming words; but alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments' respite, when both sink together into the waters of oblivion. We know what pains have been taken to appropriate Addison's and Steele's respective papers in the Spectator, distinguished only by initials. Deeming my own lucubrations (as what essayist does not?) fully entitled to the same anxious research, I occasionally please myself with dreaming that some future Malone, seated in a library, as I am at this present moment, may take down a surviving volume of the New Monthly, and naturally curious to ascertain the owner of the initial H, may discover by ferreting into obituaries and old newspapers, that it actually designates a Mr. Higginbotham, who lies buried in Shoreditch church. Anticipating a handsome monument with a full account of the author, and some pathetic verses by a poetical friend, he hurries to the spot, and after an infinity of groping, assisted by the sexton's spectacles, discovers a flat stone, which, under the customary emblems of a death's head and cross bones, conveys the very satisfactory information that the aforesaid Mr. Higginbotham was born on one day and died upon another. Of all the intervening period, its hopes and fears, its joys and miseries, its verse and prose, not an atom farther can be gleaned. And this it is to be a writer of Ephemerides! Verily, Mr. Editor, the idea is so disheartening, that I should be tempted to commit some rash act, and perpetrate publication on my own account, but that I have before my eyes the fate of certain modern Blackmores, impressing upon me the salutary truth, that if we must perish and be forgotten, it is better to die of a monthly essay than an annual epic. H.

UGLY WOMEN.

"Un homme rencontre une femme, et est choqué de sa laideur ; bientôt, si elle n'a pas de prétentions, sa physionomie lui fait oublier les défauts de ses traits, il la trouve aimable, et conçoit qu'on puisse l'aimer ; huit jours après il a des espérances, huit jours après on les lui retire, huit jours après il est fou."

De l'Amour.

The ancient inhabitants of Amathus, in the island of Cyprus, were the most celebrated statuaries in the world, which they almost exclusively supplied with gods and goddesses. Every one who had a mind to be in the vogue ordered his deity from those fashionable artists: even Jupiter himself was hardly considered orthodox and worship-worthy, unless emanating from the established Pantheon of the Cypriots; and as to Juno, Venus, Minerva, and Diana, it was admitted that they had a peculiar knack in their manufacture, and it need hardly be added that they drove a thriving trade in those popular goddesses. But this monopoly was more favourable to the fortunes than to the happiness of the parties. By constantly straining above humanity and aspiring to the representation of celestial beauty; by fostering the enthusiasm of their imaginations in the pursuit of the *beau idéal*, they acquired a distaste, or at least an indifference, for mortal attractions, and turned up their noses at their fair countrywomen for not being Junos and Minervas. Not one of them equalled the model which had been conjured up in their minds, and not one of them, consequently, would they deign to notice. At the public games, the women were all huddled together, whispering and looking glum, while the men congregated as far from them as possible, discussing the *beau idéal.* Had they been prosing upon politics, you might have sworn it was an English party. Dancing was extinct unless the ladies chose to lead out one another; the priests waxed lank and woe-begone for want of the marriage offerings: Hymen's altar was covered with as many cobwebs as a poor's box; successive moons rose and set without a single honeymoon, and the whole island threatened to become an antinuptial colony of bachelors and old maids.

In this emergency, Pygmalion, the most eminent statuary of the place, falling in love with one of his own works, a figure of Diana, which happened to possess the *beau idéal* in perfection, implored Venus to animate the marble; and she, as is well known to every person conversant with authentic history, immediately granted his request. So far as this couple were concerned, one would have imagined that the evil was remedied; but alas! the remedy was worse than the disease. The model of excellence was now among them, alive and breathing; the men were perfectly mad, beleaguering the house from morn to night to get a peep at her; all other women were treated with positive insult, and of course the whole female population was possessed by all the Furies. Marmorea (such was the name of the animated statue) was no Diana in the flesh, whatever she might have been in the marble; if the scandalous chronicles of those days may be believed, she had more than one favoured lover; certain it is that she was the cause of constant feuds and battles in which many lives were lost, and Pygmalion himself was at last found murdered in the neighbourhood of his own house. The whole island was now on the point of a civil war on account of this philanthropical Helen, when one of her disappointed,

wooers, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed her to the heart, and immediately after threw himself from a high rock into the sea.

Such is the tragedy which would probably be enacting at the present moment in every country of the world, but for the fortunate circumstance that we have no longer any fixed standard of beauty, real or imaginary, and by a necessary and happy consequence no determinate rule of ugliness. In fact there are no such animals as ugly women, though we still continue to talk of them as we do of Harpies, Gorgons, and Chimeras. There is no deformity that does not find admirers, and no loveliness that is not deemed defective. Anamaboo, the African prince, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand on his heart and exclaiming, "Ah! madam, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!" And the same beauty, when travelling among the Swiss Cretins, heard several of the men ejaculating, "How handsome she is! what a pity that she wants a Goitre!" Plain women were formerly so common that they were termed *ordinary*, to signify the frequency of their occurrence; in these happier days the phrase *extra*ordinary would be more applicable. However parsimonious, or even cruel, Nature may have been in other respects, they all cling to admiration by some solitary tenure that redeems them from the unqualified imputation of unattractiveness. One has an eye that, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins; another is a female Sampson, whose strength consists in her hair; a third holds your affections by her teeth; a fourth is a Cinderella, who wins hearts by her pretty little foot; a fifth makes an irresistible appeal from her face to her figure, and so on to the end of the catalogue. An expressive countenance may always be claimed in the absence of any definite charm; if even this be questionable, the party generally contrives to get a reputation for great cleverness; and if that too be inhumanly disputed, envy itself must allow that she is "excessively amiable."

Still it must be acknowledged, that however men may differ as to details, they agree as to results, and crowd about an acknowledged beauty, influenced by some secret attraction of which they are themselves unconscious, and of which the source has never been clearly explained. It would seem impossible that it should originate in any sexual sympathies, since we feel the impulsion without carrying ourselves, even in idea, beyond the present pleasure of gazing, and are even sensibly affected by the sight of beautiful children: yet it cannot be an abstract admiration, for it is incontestable that neither men nor women are so vehemently impressed by the contemplation of beauty in their own as in the opposite sex. This injustice towards our own half of humanity might be assigned to a latent envy, but that the same remark applies to the pleasure we derive from statues, of the proportions of which we could hardly be jealous. Ugly statues may be left to their fate without any compunctious visitings of nature; but our conduct towards women, whom we conceive to be in a similar predicament, is by no means entitled to the same indulgence. We shuffle away from them at parties, and sneak to the other end of the dinner-table as if their features were catching; and as to their falling in love and possessing the common feelings of their sex, we laugh at the very idea. And yet these Parias

of the drawing-room generally atone, by interior talent, for what they want in exterior charms; as if the Medusa's head were still destined to be carried by Minerva. Nature seldom lavishes her gifts upon one subject: the peacock has no voice; the beautiful Camellia Japonica has no odour; and belles, generally speaking, have no great share of intellect. Some visionaries amuse themselves with imagining that the complacency occasioned by the possession of physical charms conduces to moral perfection.—

> "Why doth not beauty, then, refine the wit,
> And good complexion rectify the will?"

This is a fond conceit, unwarranted by earthly test, though destined perhaps to be realized in a happier state of existence.

What a blessing for these unhandsome damsels, whom we treat still more unhandsomely by our fastidious neglect, that some of us are less squeamish in our tastes, and more impartial in our attentions. Solomon proves the antiquity of the adage—"De gustibus nil disputandum," for he compares the hair of his beloved to a flock of goats appearing from Mount Gilead, and in a strain of enamoured flattery exclaims, "Thy eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim: thy nose like the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus." Now I deem it as becoming to see a woman standing behind a good roomy nose, as to contemplate a fair temple with a majestic portico; but it may be questioned whether a nose like the tower of Lebanon be not somewhat too elephantine, and bordering on the proboscis. The *nez retroussé* is smart and piquant; the button-nose, like all other diminutives, is endearing; and even the snub absolute has its admirers. Cupid can get over it, though it have no bridge, and jumps through a wall-eye like a harlequin. As to the latter feature my taste may be singular, perhaps bad, but I confess that I have a *penchant* for that captivating cast, sometimes invidiously termed a squint. Its advantages are neither few nor unimportant. Like a bowl, its very bias makes it sure of hitting the jack, while it seems to be running out of the course; and it has, moreover, the invaluable property of doing execution without exciting suspicion, like the Irish guns with crooked barrels, made for shooting round a corner. Common observers admire the sun in his common state, but philosophers find it a thousand times more interesting when suffering a partial eclipse; while the lovers of the picturesque are more smitten with its rising and setting than with its meridian splendour. Such men must be enchanted with a strabismus or squint, where they may behold the ball of sight gracefully emerging from the nasal East, or setting in its Occidental depths, presenting every variety of obscuration. With regard to teeth, also, a very erroneous taste prevails. Nothing can be more stiff and barrack-like than that uniformity of shape and hue which is so highly vaunted, for the merest tyro in landscape will tell us that castellated and jagged outlines, with a pleasing variety of tints, are infinitely more pictorial and pleasing. Patches of bile in the face are by no means to be deprecated; they impart to it a rich mellow tone of autumnal colouring, which we should in vain seek in less gifted complexions: and I am most happy to vindicate the claims of a moderate beard upon the upper lip, which is as necessary to the perfect beauty of the mouth as are the thorns and moss to a rose, or the leaves

to a cherry. If there be any old maids still extant, while mysogonists are so rare, the fault must be attributable to themselves, and they must incur all the responsibility of their single blessedness.

In the connubial lottery ugly women possess an advantage to which sufficient importance has not been attached. It is a common observation that husband and wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features, congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c., have fallen into the very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion, not the result of marriage. Every man, like Narcissus, becomes enamoured of the reflection of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face, he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting! how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposals to the personage so expressly and literally calculated to keep him in countenance. The uglier he is, the more need he has of this consolation; he forms a romantic attachment to the "fascinating creature with the snub nose," or the "betwitching girl with the roguish leer" (Anglice—squint,) without once suspecting that he is paying his addresses to himself, and playing the innamorato before a looking-glass. Take self-love from love, and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke. The same feeling extends to his progeny: he would rather see them resemble himself, particularly in his defects, than be modelled after the chubbiest Cherubs or Cupids that ever emanated from the studio of Canova. One sometimes encounters a man of a most unqualified hideousness, who obviously considers himself an Adonis; and when such a one has to seek a congenial Venus, it is evident that her value will be in the inverse ratio of her charms. Upon this principle ugly women will be converted into belles, perfect frights will become irresistible, and none need despair of conquests if they have but the happiness to be sufficiently plain.

The best part of beauty, says Bacon, is that which a statue or painting cannot express. As to symmetry of form and superficial grace, sculpture is exquisitely perfect, but the countenance is of too subtle and intangible a character to be arrested by any modification of marble. Busts, especially where the pupil of the eye is unmarked, have the appearance of mere masks, and are representations of little more than blindness and death. Painting supplies by colouring and shade much that sculpture wants; but, on the other hand, it is deficient in what its rival possesses—fidelity of superficial form. Nothing can compensate for our inability to walk round a picture, and choose various points of view. Facility of production, meanness of material, and vulgarity of association, have induced us to look down with unmerited contempt upon those waxen busts in the perfumers' shops, which, as simple representations of female nature, have attained a perfection that positively amounts to the kissable. That delicacy of tint and material, which so admirably adapts itself to female beauty, forms, however, but a milk-maidish representation of virility, and the men have, consequently, as epicene and androgynous an aspect as if they had just been bathing in the Salmacian fountain.

Countenance, however, is not within the reach of any of these substances or combinations. It is a species of moral beauty, as superior to mere charm of surface as mind is to matter. It is, in fact, visible spirit, legible intellect, diffusing itself over the features, and enabling minds to commune with each other by some secret sympathy unconnected with the senses. The heart has a silent echo in the face, which frequently carries to us a conviction diametrically opposite to the audible expressions of the mouth: and we see, through the eyes, into the understanding of the man, long before it can communicate with us by utterance. This emanation of character is the light of a soul destined to the skies, shining through its tegument of clay, and irradiating the countenance, as the sun illuminates the face of nature before it rises above the earth to commence its heavenly career. Of this indefinable charm, all women are alike susceptible: it is to them what gunpowder is to warriors, it levels all distinctions, and gives to the plain and the pretty, to the timid and the brave, an equal chance of making conquests. It is, in fine, one among a thousand proofs of that system of compensation, both physical and moral, by which a Superior Power is perpetually evincing his benignity; affording to every human being a commensurate chance of happiness, and inculcating upon all, that when they turn their faces towards heaven, they should reflect the light from above, and be animated by one uniform expression of love, resignation, and gratitude.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd?
—Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well, farewell!

F. H.

A LONDON SPRING.

Of all seasons the season of Spring is my favourite, and of all places the neighbourhood of London is the place in which I best love to enjoy it. It is impossible, I believe, for any one to know how pleasant an English Spring may be, if he has never happened to spend that season in London and its environs. While the inhabitants of other parts of the kingdom are cringing over their fires, or creeping out in their wintry habiliments, the Londoners are enjoying an early summer. Their country villas are gay with flowers; their meadows are as green as the eye can desire; their hedgerows are full of bud and bloom. It is a curious reflection, that they are thus enabled to beat the country people at their own game; but so it is. The empire of *fashion*, we know, is speedily extended. A few days will enable a country milliner, dress-maker, or tailor, to transport the most exquisite novelties from London to the remotest parts of the kingdom. The bonnet that attracted all eyes and won all hearts in Bond-street on Wednesday, may grace the head of some belle at the Land's End on the following Sunday. But of the garb of Nature it may be said that no power can enable the inhabitants of the country thus speedily to clothe their landscapes in the bright liveries every where visible around the metropolis. They must wait patiently till the hour of their revivification comes.

I am no Londoner myself, yet I have felt like one during occasional Spring visits to the busy world; and the days thus added to existence were some of the sweetest in my life. Never at any time did the meadows look so green, the aspect of Nature so beautiful, as when from time to time, a few days generally intervening, I marked her progress in excursions from London to the neighbouring country. The rapidity with which vegetation appeared to advance, the new creations every where taking place, beheld in contrast with the eternal sameness of our city dwellings,--all this gave me a greater relish for the country than I had ever experienced before.

They, indeed, are not the most observing of mortals who expect to find the lovers of Nature among country residents. From experience I have learned to look for them in "populous cities." The gentlemen of the Lakes may smile, and whisper "Grub-street;" but sure I am, that few of those who spend their lives in the midst of rural beauty know any thing of the deep delight that fills a Londoner's heart, and dances in his eye, when, after a week of ceaseless toil, he catches a glimpse of his rural villa at Hampstead,—when, after long familiarity with the dingy and murky atmosphere of the metropolis, his eye rests upon the short green turf, the scattered trees, and the undulating hill,—lovely in themselves, loveliest of all when we consider how near their refreshing beauties are brought to the ken of the inhabitants of this mighty city. Yes! smile as you please, gentlemen of the Lakes! you know not much of this. You that talk in raptures of childish purity and heavenly intercourses —that think you can look directly from your own lakes and mountains into the mansions of the blest—you know not what it is for a man that has spent his long day toiling for no unworthy purpose, in the heat and turmoil of London, who has seen in that "mighty heart" something to hate, but something to pity, to pardon, and to love,— you know not what it is for such a man, after doing what he can to make that world better, to go and repose himself in the pleasant shades

of his country dwelling. How is it possible that such a man should view what he there sees of Nature with a dull and stupid eye? He may be too busy to write sonnets; but depend upon it he has a poetical spirit within him. He carries into his retirement a daily portion of rational concern in the interests of society. He has the hopes, the fears, the thoughts, and purposes of a man among men. This is the food upon which sense, talent, public spirit, and soundness of intellect have ever been nourished. And he is a *good* man too, full of kind projects, mild and just designs, yet not avenging the disappointments his benevolence may have met with in one quarter by callous misanthropy in another. I say such a man as this will love the country the better for his love of society. He is the man

> —— " to drink at every pore
> The spirit of the season."

—And let no one scoff when I speak of *country* within a very few miles of Temple-bar. What! are aristocrats to deny us the credit of enjoying the country, because we have it not in solitary lordly enjoyment? Are we to see no beauty in our flowers and trees, the meadow, and the hill behind our dwelling, because our front windows present to our view many edifices like our own—in other words, because our fellow-creatures have a fellow-sentiment, and come like us to breathe untainted air, without any of that troublesome fastidiousness which makes children quarrel with their pudding because it is not pie?

But Spring is pleasant *in* London also. To say nothing of our more equivocal sources of amusement, our plays, our exhibitions, our various resorts of fashion and gaiety, there is something very exhilarating in a London morning's walk in Spring. You are sure to meet with some country friend or other; one, perhaps, whom you had not seen since your childish years, and never might have met again but for the overwhelming attractions of this " resort and mart of all the earth." And this is also the season of London benevolence. Every society formed for the relief of suffering humanity is holding its meetings; and our excellent and gentle-minded friends, the Quakers, are abroad, pouring in upon us, to remind us of our debts of charity, and open our hearts and purses to the relief of our brethren. A true member of the Society of Friends may be regarded as a second conscience on these occasions. The very sight of these gentle beings, who seem to have stepped into a world with which they have no fellowship, to remind us of our duties, has a happy influence on the mind. It may be feeling, no doubt—it may be fancy; but this apparition of Friends always makes me breathe more cautiously, walk more circumspectly. How is it possible to look at the rigid simplicity of their costume, and not repress the rising desire to make one's self the proud possessor of some new and fashionably indispensable article of personal expenditure? When we think, too, that so many pure feet are treading our polluted ways, it touches the heart, and makes us anxious at least to do what we can to put away evil from their walk. Primitive times—primitive feelings—thoughts that claim kindred with Heaven, gather about us. Well, peace be with the Quakers! and as long as London remains, so long may they continue their annual visitations.

I will mention but one more among the sources of attraction with which the metropolis is filled at this season of the year; and that is so

far from being peculiar to the Spring, that I am doubtful whether it has any place in my record of its pleasures. I have been, however, particularly struck by the appearance of some individuals among the groups collected round the itinerant musicians, who are to be met with about the streets of London; and I believe, much of what has thus interested me is to be ascribed to the influx of strangers,—consequently, is more remarkable in the Spring than at any other time. A genuine Londoner, high or low, has a sort of pride in showing his superiority to these attractions: he will rarely allow himself to be struck, pleased, or affected by common sights or sounds, while walking along the busy and crowded mart. He rather wishes it to be understood that he has something better to do than to give way to the feelings of nature at these times. Consequently, with the exception of here and there an individual whom affliction may have placed above or below the sense of degradation, you will find these groups generally composed of people who come to London they hardly know why, and look as if they would be away from thence did they but know how. When the beautiful air of Rousseau's Dream, or a German, or Irish, or Scotch melody, has been played by one of those sweet-toned barrel-organs which we meet with at different stations, it is really an affecting sight to watch the countenances of the listeners, as they linger and linger, unwilling to leave the region enlivened or hallowed by these beautiful sounds. I have speculated, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse, on the variety of associations which this one strain may be awakening in the minds of different individuals. Mr. Wordsworth's little poem, "At the corner of Wood-street," is probably as natural as it is touching. In some hearts, perhaps, there may be less of tender feeling than of *remorse*—and in that one word how much have we included! There is the remorse of the boy, lightly thought of by hard and callous natures, but no small and trifling burthen to him who carries it—of the boy, I say, who some time ago left a pure and happy home, with an unsullied conscience, and feels that he has taken into his mind images and thoughts of evil which he dreamt not of before—who recollects the days of generous feeling, the season of young devotion, and feels that he now sees but the utmost "skirts of glory, and far off adores;"—the remorse of the female, who has fallen a victim to the arts of seduction, and would fain return and live;—and the stronger and deeper anguish of the aged sinner, who has outlived those passions which led him to the commission of crime, and now feels a sort of infantine longing after the scenes in which he once lived happy and virtuous. It is possible, also, that among those who stand within those charmed circles of sound, there may be minds of a higher cast, young poets who have been entrapped into the fatal error of making the Muse a pander to courtly authority, who have tainted the Castalian spring by a mixture of the waters of corruption; --these few natural notes are enough to make them scorn their worse than Egyptian bondage, and abjure, for a moment, all the gloss and glitter which Art has thrown over the face of society—other hearts, other feelings.—Beautiful and salutary is the transient developement of natural emotion which takes place in the minds of the gay and young who come to London for enjoyment's sake, and leave it full of its pleasures without sharing in its pollutions. Even these are reminded of things worth remembering, and feel themselves the better for the strain. To them

——— "they bring a thought, like balm,
Of Home, and Love, and nearer ties
Of Friend and Neighbour, and the calm
Of undistracted sympathies."

If such should now be passing "a Spring in London," perhaps they will feel for themselves what I have imperfectly described. B.

DAVID.

Alone Judea's sovereign seeks
His chamber at the gate,
And tears fall fast from his royal cheeks,
He weeps his offspring's fate.

He weeps for Absalom his son—
"Oh, Absalom! would for thee
I had died on the battlefield Joab hath won—
Oh! would I had died for thee."

There is silence in the palace hall,
There is grief on every face,
And the lightest step from the marble wall
In echoes the ear may trace.

All move by token, look, or sign—
Hush'd is the pomp of state—
And the gilded rooms made for mirth and wine
Look sad and desolate.

The monarch grieves his favourite son—
"Oh, Absalom! would for thee
I had died on the battlefield Joab hath won—
Oh! would I had died for thee!"

No victor's shout was heard that day,
No train of triumph borne;
But the warriors in silence march'd on their way
Nor sounded trump or horn.

Joab their chief hath sought the king,
Secluded at the gate,
Where in garb of woe, and in suffering,
He melancholy sate.

"Now hear, O Israel's monarch, hear!
What all thy people say,
They saved thee and thine from the rebel spear,
In the heat of battle-fray—

They cry, 'In vain their blood they pour'—
They witness with despair,
That thou grievest the loss of the rebels more
Than thy subjects perish'd there.

To their dwellings they go in shame;
Thou, king, art left alone;
And the evil that threatens thy house and name
Will overwhelm thy throne.

Forget, O king, thy ill-timed woes,
The hour is now full late."—
And the king put on, as he mournful arose,
The purple of his state.

He is gone heart-sick to the hall—
He bids his people come,
And they shout—but their shout is a funeral call—
The knell of Absalom! I

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. V.

The Titian Gallery at Blenheim.

I PROPOSE to offer a separate notice of these extraordinary works; partly, because it is impossible to do any thing like justice to them in the very limited space that could be allowed them if they were included in a general notice of the pictures at Blenheim; but chiefly for the purpose of calling the public attention to a set of works, which, *as a set*, are only second in power and value to the Cartoons, and which yet are almost as little known and visited as if they were of no value at all. This has probably arisen partly from the nature of their subjects, and from their being, on this account. not *shewn* to the casual visitors of Blenheim.* But it must be attributed chiefly to the fact of their never having been adequately described, and the nature of their various merits estimated and pointed out; for if this latter had been done, the former reason for their neglect would not have existed —for there is nothing in the least degree exceptionable in the treatment of any of the subjects—certainly much less than is to be found in the Danaes, Venuses, &c. that form a part of almost every great collection.—If I venture to attempt furnishing something like this desideratum now, it is not because I feel myself capable of doing it adequately or effectually, but because no one else seems disposed to do it at all; and a fruitless attempt to do a good thing not unfrequently calls forth a successful one, when nothing else would.

I shall say little of these pictures generally, except that they are all of exactly the same character, though of different degrees of merit; that they seem all to have been executed much about the same time, and with reference to each other as a regular *set* of works; and that they include (what Titian's highest productions not always did) *both* those kinds of merit for which he was nearly unrivalled; namely, his matchless truth and harmony of colouring, and his intense power of expression—not of restricted and individual expression only, the expression of *parts*—but general unity of expression breathing forth from each work as a whole.

There are eight of these pictures, all on subjects from the Greek mythology; or rather all on one subject; namely, the loves of the immortals of that mythology. They are all of the same dimensions; and each picture represents a couple nearly the size of life: and yet there is not the slightest similarity in either the attitude, air, or individual expression, of any two of them, or the slightest feeling of monotony excited by seeing them all in the same room. This "infinite variety" alone may be looked upon as an evidence of high genius.

I shall begin my separate notice of them with the *Mars and Venus;* which, together with the Cupid and Psyche, occupies the end of the room opposite to that at which you enter. This is not one of the best of these works, and it appears to me to have been the most injured by time, cleaning, &c.

Venus is seated on the knee of Mars, but turned away from him; and while one of her hands passes behind his head, with the fingers delicately pressing on the back of it, in the other hand she

* They do not shew them unless you *ask* to see them.

holds a glass, in which she is contemplating his image andher own at once. There is an imaginative voluptuousness in this idea which strikes me as being exceedingly fine and characteristic. It is not enough for her to see the object of her passion; but she must go out of herself, in order to see herself at the same time. She endeavours, in this way, to heighten *his* attractions, by looking at them through an atmosphere that is cast about them from her own. A dazzling effect, in the way of contrast, is produced by the mode in which the limbs are arranged—one of the sunburnt arms of Mars passing right across the back of the Venus, and the lower limbs illustrating each other in a similar manner. The Mars is designed with considerable grandeur, as well as force; but there is little elevation of mental character about it. The head in particular is fine, but somewhat coarse; and there is an individualized and somewhat modern air about it that produces a bad effect. The God of War looks, at best, like a Roman centurion. The air and attitude of the Venus are also exquisite; but the colouring is not good, when compared with that of some of the other females in these pictures.

Perhaps the contrast in the colouring of the two figures is more abrupt than Titian's notions of harmony usually permitted him to adopt; the one being of a rich sunburnt brown, and the other of a dazzling fairness. But there is a little Cupid lying on the ground, of a "celestial rosy red," on which the eye rests almost unconsciously, and the two extremes are thus in part blended together.

The next picture, of *Cupid and Psyche*, is one of the finest in the set. It is not the usual subject, of Psyche gazing on the sleeping god; it is the immortal gazing on the mortal maid, as *she* lies dreaming of *him*. The effect of the great brooding wings of the Cupid outspread above the sleeping beauty, as a protecting canopy, is very grand. He is standing on the ground, leaning over and intently gazing on her; but they, while they shade *her*, seem to bear *him* up from pressing too closely to the earth, to which he does not belong. (I should like to know *who* it was that first thought of imping the human form with wings. Whoever it was, he deserved to be the first to wear them; for it has given rise to the highest thoughts and the finest images that ever peopled the human mind.)—The head, arms, and shoulders of the Psyche, as they lie pressed into the pillow of her couch, are exquisite. They seem to communicate a softness to each other, and to breathe forth on all about them an atmosphere of love. And the head and face of the Cupid are as intense and poetical as any thing in art. He seems to be kindling with desire as he stands gazing upon her, and to pour forth his spirit into her's from his immortal eyes with a force and depth of passion that is prodigious. There is a bit of sky-blue drapery about the neck (I think) of the Cupid, which produces a singular effect. It looks like a little fragment of the heaven from which he may be supposed to have just descended—as if the very element itself had clung to him in fondness, and would not be shaken off. The old man who shews you the pictures told me, that this bit of drapery was added by the artist who was employed many years ago to clean and put them in order. I can scarcely believe this. He might have found it nearly defaced, and restored it. But if he added it, its happy success excuses its boldness: unless, indeed, I am attaching an interpretation to it that it will not bear. And yet I cannot think that I am; for there

is no denying that it has suggested this idea to me; and a hint of this kind cannot be said to be not calculated to suggest, what, in point of fact, it *does* suggest.

The next picture, proceeding round the room to the left hand, is on the subject of *Apollo and Daphne*. The moment chosen is that when the god has just overtaken the flying nymph, and is stretching out his arms to seize her; while she, no longer able to fly from his dreaded embraces, is in the act of changing into the laurel. The leaves are sprouting from the tips of her fingers as she makes a last effort to slip from his touch. There is an effect of *motion* in both these figures, which is equal to what Rubens would have given in a similar case. The Apollo, in particular, is rushing right onward like a wind on a sunbeam, and you shrink for the modest nymph, lest he should attain her before the change is completed. The form of the Daphne in this picture is not by any means fine, and the head and face are totally bad. I cannot account for this; unless it was purposely done in order to aggrandize the effect of the Apollo—which, in point of expression, is prodigiously fine. Nothing can be more passionately conceived, or executed with a greater force of *gusto*, than the head, face, and attitude of the Apollo. The colouring, too, of the body is exceedingly fine; for, mixed with all the truth and life of real flesh and blood, I seem to see a kind of marbly hardness and brightness about it—as if the painter had chosen (as a tribute of admiration to the kindred spirits of ancient times) to mix up in this figure a something that should call up those divine associations which *they* have clustered round this favourite object of their art. The *form* of this figure is, however, altogether different from any thing that they have left us representing the ideal of human beauty. It is the profile of the figure that we see; and a most ungainly, and, indeed, unnatural effect is produced, by the manner in which the back is made to bend in, and the lower part of the body to protrude forward. Neither is there any elevation or refinement of character in the face and head. They are highly poetical, from the intensity of passion displayed in them; but they are in some degree coarse, and vulgar, in one sense of the word, from the same cause. They in some respects resemble those of the Cupid in the preceding picture; and the tone of colouring given to the flesh is nearly the same; while that of all the other male figures in the collection is of a dark, deep brown. In these two pictures the male and female forms blend and harmonise with each other; in all the others they contrast; and it is remarkable accordingly, or rather, perhaps, I should say it is *not* remarkable, that in all the other pictures a little rosy Cupid is introduced, to unite the two tones together; while in these two there is none.

It may here be observed that there is nothing in the slightest degree *ideal* about Titian's style, either in his colouring, his drawing, or his expression. His bodily faculties enabled him to pierce deeper into the actual truth of things than any other painter that ever lived; and he was satisfied with what he found, perhaps on that very account, and sought no farther. Probably it was the want of this power, in an equal degree of perfection, which led other painters to seek for that *out* of Nature which he was enabled to find *in* it; and this may in some degree account for the prevalence of the ideal style in minds of an inferior

order, and of the preference of that style in others. They prefer to represent, and to see represented, that which *is not*, because they cannot see, and therefore cannot feel, the whole value and beauty of that which *is*. They are not satisfied with *the truth*, simply because they do not see it all; and not being satisfied with what their senses present to them, they resort to their imaginations. But they are destined still to remain unsatisfied; because nothing but the truth, as it is in Nature, is adapted to satisfy the natural wants of the human mind, and therefore nothing else *can* satisfy them. It would probably be admitted on all hands that it betrays an effeminacy of taste to prefer Guido to Titian. It would not be so readily admitted that it betrays the same deficiency to rank the Apollo Belvedere above the Elgin marbles in point of style: this arises from the second examples being in a higher class of art respectively than the first. The same principle applies equally to these as to the former. The Apollo is a magnificent work; but the power required to conceive, and to produce it, was not so high or so rare as that displayed in some of the sculptures from the Parthenon; for the latter stop at the exact point where Nature stops, whereas the former goes beyond Nature without improving upon it.

The subject of the next picture is *Pluto and Proserpine*. The whole attitude and expression of these two figures are in the highest degree voluptuous; but it is the voluptuousness of the imagination rather than the senses; or at least the imagination is made to take so obvious a part in the general expression of the scene, as to in a great degree unsensualize it. This effect is greatly aided by the presence of the little Cupid, who is placed on the top of the wheel of Pluto's car, close to the lovers; but still more by this car itself, the great wheel of which occupies almost half the picture, and produces a very fine effect, carrying away the imagination from the immediate scene before it, and suffering it to range in the flowery vale of Enna, instead of confining it to the immediate objects to which the eyes are directed: for a picture, a poem, a piece of sculpture, or whatever object it may be, is mischievously voluptuous only in proportion as it *confines* the imagination to voluptuous images. The imagination is naturally pure, and is prone to seek for purity where it does not find it, provided it have but a fair chance, and be not pinioned down to one set of images. Imprison it in an impervious dungeon of flesh, and it becomes presently subdued to the quality of that which is about it; but leave it the smallest loophole for escape, and it *will* escape, and make itself wings, and assoil itself from the pollution that did but touch, not contaminate it. Nothing can be finer, either in design or colouring, than the upper part of the body of the nymph; and the face (which is close to that of Pluto, and finely contrasted by it) corresponds.

The *Hercules and Dejanira* is the next in order. This is among the very finest. There is prodigious power of imagination, as well as of passion, in every part of it—in the most apparently insignificant details, as in the principal figures themselves: indeed more so in the former than the latter—for the figure of Hercules includes nothing either fine in itself, or characteristic of the subject. The Dejanira is magnificent. She sits across his knees, with one arm passed round his neck; and from every point of her form there seems to exude, as it were, an atmosphere of desire, which spreads itself on all the objects present, steeping them

all in the pervading sentiment of the scene. The lovers are (I think) seated on the lion's skin which Hercules has thrown off; and the extremity of this is made to curl up above their heads, as if supporting an imaginary canopy over them. Such, at least, is its effect to me. At the same time it seems self-supported, and instinct with life; and thus calls up an image of the lordly beast that once wore it in this fashion, as he sought his mate in their native woods. On the ground at their feet, too, a little Cupid is bestriding the huge club which Hercules has thrown aside—hugging it with all his limbs, and at the same time looking up at them. In fact, every object is made to play a double part;—at once aiding the general harmony of the colouring, by blending the different parts together, and heightening the general expression or sentiment of the whole, without in the least degree disturbing its unity.

The *Ceres and Vulcan* (which, I think, follows—passing round in the same direction) is not good. Both the figures are represented as considerably beyond the middle period of life; and this alone, in connexion with the subject of the picture, is enough to destroy all proper sympathy with it. The imagination, as well as the senses, revolts from any connexion between age and love; still more when to the former is added deformity. To love, is the nature of youth and the effect of beauty; and the associations called up by almost any representation of these, however voluptuous, will therefore be in a certain sense pure, to all but the impure. But "crabbed age" and love "cannot live together," without destroying the characteristic qualities of each, any more than "crabbed age and youth" can: for, in fact, what is youth but love, and love but youth?—The very thought of the above union seems to have paralyzed the imagination of the painter; for this is by far the worst picture of the set, in every respect. Ceres is represented as sitting with her back to the god, her head turned over her shoulder, looking round at him coyly; and he is looking in her face, and chucking her under the chin mincingly.

The next is *Bacchus and Ariadne* Here the painter is in his own and in love's element again; and they work together and in concert accordingly. The elaborate, and at the same time perfectly natural and graceful involution of the limbs, produces an admirable effect; and it seems also to have some mysterious connexion with, or reference to, the mingled and involved feelings of the beautiful but betrayed Ariadne, as these are represented in her face and action. She seems perplexed and hampered between her lingering love for her lost Theseus,—after whom she is pointing away into the distance with her hand,—and her rising passion for the bright being who is before her. Perhaps upon the whole,—for individual expression, colouring, and design, and at the same time an harmonious union of all these with the rest of the work,—this figure of Ariadne is the finest in the collection. The Bacchus is not by any means so good. There is an elevation of character wanting, which nothing else can in this instance compensate for; there is, indeed, but little expression of any kind, in either the figure or face. We have here, as usual, a little rosy Cupid with grapes, connecting the two tones of the flesh together.

The next, and last picture but one, is *Jupiter, Juno,* and *Io.* Neither my notes made at the time of seeing these works, nor my memory, enable me to give a description of the composition of this

picture, or the attitudes of the figures. Perhaps—(for now-a-days one is expected to be able to *account* for every thing)—perhaps this has arisen from the absorbing effect of one particular point in the picture, which fascinated my senses at the time, and has dwelt upon my memory ever since, to the exclusion of all the rest. This is the back of the Juno; which, as a piece of painting of human flesh, kindling with all the internal glow of health, and the external bloom of youth and beauty, surpasses any thing I ever saw. No Nature itself was ever finer; and, what is more, it is no finer than Nature is. In fact, it is to all intents and purposes *the same* as Nature, as far as regards the faculty of sight. It differs from the rest of the flesh in these pictures, in having more carnations mixed with it than they have. Probably this heightening was an after-thought of the painter—being rendered necessary by the patch of pure white which he had introduced into the centre of the picture, in the form of the cow's head (Io)—which intervenes between Jupiter and Juno. There is in this, as in most of the others, a Cupid above; and there is a blue drapery below—perhaps to balance the effect of the white on the one hand, as the carnations in the flesh do on the other.

The last picture in this collection represents *Neptune and Amphitrite*. The female figure is here, as usual, by much the finest part; and wonderfully fine in this instance it is. It is instinct with imaginative passion in every portion of it. She is but partly seated on the knees of Neptune, while her long arms are earnestly stretched out above him at a distance, as if anxious, yet afraid, to let them fall round him. Her hair flows loosely down her back; probably to correspond with this flowing and outspread attitude. On the ground, at their feet, there is a Cupid and a dolphin. The general harmony and particular truth of colouring in this picture, are, I think, equal to most of the others; and it may rank, upon the whole, as among the best.

I have little to add in the way of general observations. The most obvious that occurs to me is the immeasurable superiority of the female figures, over the males, in these pictures. The latter, with the exception of the Cupid and the Apollo, seem to be introduced chiefly as foils to set off the charms of the former. They are in no instance made so inferior as to produce a positively bad effect, even as it regards themselves alone; but they are all (with the exceptions I have named) kept in complete subservience to their companions. I question whether this is, upon the whole, to be regarded as a judicious mode of treating individual subjects of this kind; though, perhaps, it is the only one which ensures the success aimed at by the artist in these works,—namely, of fixing and concentrating the attention to one point, as to a focus. If Titian had thrown as much of his genius and skill into the male figures as he has into the female, the works would have been finer in themselves; but their effects, individually and collectively, on the spectator, would have been very different from what they now are, and, in proportion, less what they were intended to be. Titian was the least in the world of an egotist—in his works I mean. He sought to exhibit and impress the merits of *his subject*, not of *himself*; and his subject, in the present instance, was the influence of female beauty—not the beauty of the *human* form, but of the *female* form: and those who can visit these pictures, in however cursory a manner,

and not carry away the sting of that beauty in their minds, there to remain for ever, are not made of "penetrable stuff."

Parts of these pictures are the most eloquent commentary that ever was written on the maxim that "Beauty is Truth—Truth Beauty." They put to flight in a moment the endless jargon about the *ideal*, and leave nothing to be said on the subject.—The ideal, if it has any meaning at all, means the perfection of the *true*. It is, not what *may be*, but what *has been*, or what *is*. And it may safely be said to have never yet equalled its prototype. Probably there are existing at present, and have been at any given time, forms and faces that are more beautiful than any the pencil or the chisel ever produced.

The only other observation that it occurs to me to make is, that the artist has, in these pictures, balanced the charms of expression and of colouring more fairly than he usually did in works of this nature. He generally made one or other of these entirely predominate; witness those two splendid and unrivalled pieces of colouring at the Cleveland Gallery—the Diana and Acteon, and Diana and Calisto. In those pictures the expression goes for almost nothing. They are appeals to the senses alone. You can actually, as it were, *taste* the flavour of them on the palate. And if you remember them at all in absence, it is as a kind of harmonious chaos of colour, "without form and void;" or like a chord in music—one sweet sound made up of many—harmony without melody. But the works before us appeal equally to the senses and the imagination; like a melody and a harmony united. Whether they are the more or the less valuable on this account, I shall not determine. Certain it is, that by appealing to both in an almost equal degree, they do not act so strongly and permanently as they might otherwise do on either. The relative value of each style remains to be measured by the sum of pleasure it produces.

I understand it has been said that these pictures are not painted by Titian! If so, they are even more extraordinary works than I take them to be; for they prove that we have had as great a painter as Titian in the world, without knowing it: for if they are not by Titian, they are not by any one else that we have ever heard of.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi."

I MOURN the wreck of years untimely spent
  In the concerns of base mortality,
Without a wish to rise, though Heaven had lent
  The wings, and given a soul and strength to fly.
  Thou who inhabitest eternity,
Immortal and invisible—present
  Aid to my weakness, to my wants supply,
And guide my spirit wandering and o'erspent.
If I have lived in tempests, let me die
  In peace, and in the harbour—if my stay
Were vain, more noble let my parting be;
And let thy gracious hand be ever nigh
  Through the short remnant of my sinking day,
My hope, thou know'st, is fix'd alone on thee

THE HOUNDSDITCH ALBUM.

Third Letter from Miss Hebe Hoggins.

The Conversazione.

Cadmus had not greater difficulty in civilizing his Bœotians, than I have found in introducing a comparative gentility to our domestic circle in Houndsditch, although I have finally succeeded, as far as the nature of the obstacles will admit. An unconditional assent has been given to three articles in which I was personally interested; I am to put on a white gown every day, not to go to afternoon church on a Sunday, and never to wear pattens. My father, after a severe struggle, has consented to exchange his bob-wig for a fashionable crop; and my mother has conformed to all the external modifications I could wish, though she remains incurably afflicted with that infirmity of speech to which Mrs. Malaprop was subject. Upon questions of grammar we are perpetually at variance, for I am so often in the accusative case that Mrs. Hoggins cannot keep out of the imperative mood, and not unfrequently interrupts me with exclamations of "Psha! child, don't worret one so; I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; I knew nothing of genders and conjunctions when I was your age, but I thinks girls talks of every thing now a-days." As to mending her cacophony, (as my Lord Duberly says) it is a hopeless attempt; silence is the only corrective, and to this alternative I was particularly anxious to reduce her last night, when I obtained her consent to my giving a literary conversazione, which I am happy to say passed off with the greatest possible success and *éclat*.

Exclusively of the members of our society, some of the most celebrated characters in the world of letters honoured our coterie. The gentleman who wrote the last pantomime for one of our minor theatres, distinguished himself by some excellent practical jokes, which he played off with infinite adroitness. Mr. Grope, index-maker to one of the first publishers in the Row, astonished us by the alphabetical accuracy of his genius; Mr. Grub, who inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine a most interesting account of a Roman tooth-pick, dug up at the mouth of the Thames, was profound in antiquarian research; Miss Sphinks, who writes all the charades and rebuses for the Lady's Pocket-book, captivated the company with some capital conundrums; while we were all highly delighted with the caustic satire and biting irony of Mr. Fungus, a young man of great future celebrity, who, not having completed his studies, has not yet attained the art of writing books, and therefore contents himself for the present with reviewing them.

It is well known that absence of mind has been an invariable accompaniment of genius, and it is therefore not without complacency that I record a ludicrous incident arising from one of those fits of literary abstraction to which I have been recently subject. While presiding at the tea-table I inadvertently substituted a canister of my father's snuff for the caddy, infusing eight large spoonfuls of the best Lundy Foot into the tea-pot; nor did I discover my mistake until the wry faces, watery eyes, and incessant sneezing of the company, were explained by

Papa's angry exclamation—"Why, drat it! the girl's bewitch'd—I'll be hang'd if she hasn't wasted half-a-pound of my best Lundy Foot upon these confounded ———." A violent fit of sneezing fortunately prevented the completion of the sentence, and as I made good haste to repair my error by tendering him a cup (which he will persist in calling *a dish*) of genuine souchong by the time he had done wiping his eyes and blowing his nose, he suffered himself to be pacified. Dispatching as rapidly as possible this repast of the body, I hastened to the feast of reason, which I began by reciting a little song of my own composition, entitled

Forgetful Cupid.

A rose one morning Cupid took,
  And fill'd the leaves with vows of love,
When Zephyr passing fann'd the book,
  And wafted oaths and leaves above.

Seizing his dart, the god then traced
  Pledges to Psyche in the sand,
But soon the refluent tide effaced
  The fleeting record of his hand.

Quoth, Psyche, "From your wing I'll take
  Each morn a plume, and you another,
With which new pledges we will make,
  And write love-letters to each other."

Cries Cupid, "But if every pen
  Be used in writing oaths to stay,
What shall I do for pinions, when
  I want them both—to fly away?"

I frankly admitted that I thought the flow of these verses somewhat Moore-ish, and observed that they adapted themselves happily to one of the Irish Melodies, when I overheard Miss Caustic whisper to her neighbour, that if I was correct as to the metre, there wanted nothing but different words and sentiments to make it really very like Moore. "Envy does merit like its shade pursue," and we all know Miss Caustic's amiable propensities. If I were to require her to write a better, before she presumed to criticize my production, I fancy she would be condemned to a pretty long silence.

Mr. Scribbleton, a multifarious operator for the theatres, particularly in getting up farces, next favoured us with a comic song, which he assured us was the easiest thing in the world to compose, as it was only to take a story from Joe Miller, versify it, and add a little nonsense by way of chorus, and he had never known the experiment fail. He relied confidently on a double encore for the following, inserted in a forthcoming piece, put into the mouth of a Yorkshireman.

The Smoky Chimney.

Gripe's chimney were smother'd wi' soot and wi' smoke,
  But I won't pay for sweeping, he mutter'd;
So he took a live goose to the top—gave a poke,
  And down to the bottom it flutter'd.
    Hiss, flippity! hiss, flappity!
    Flippity, flappity, hiss!

Wauns! how cruel, cries one—says another, I 'm shock'd—
Quoth Gripe, I'm asham'd on 't, adzooks;
But I 'll do so no more. So the next time it smok'd,
He popp'd down a couple of ducks.
Quaak, flippity! quaak, flappity!
Flippity, flappity, quaak!

At my earnest solicitation, Mr. Schweitzkoffer next recited some farther extracts from "The Apotheosis of Snip." This hero is conducted to the Dandelion Tea Gardens, formerly established in the vicinity of Margate, where he delivers a political harangue, which a part of the company receive in dudgeon while others supporting the orator, a pelting of stones and general combat ensue, of which the particulars are thus humorously detailed.

'Not with more dire contention press'd
The Greeks and Trojans, breast to breast,
When, brandish'd o'er Patroclus dead,
Gleam'd many a sword and lance,
And from their flashing contact shed
Light on his pallid countenance,
Than did these Dandelion wights,
Rivals of Greek and Trojan knights,
Who all as thick and hot as mustard,
O'er Snip, the prostrate, fought and bluster'd.

Nor was that combat so prolific
Of doleful yells and screams terrific;
For Trojan stout and stubborn Greek,
Tho' wounded, scorn'd to whine or squeak,
While those who were from wounds most safe
Did here most clamorously chafe.
Mothers, aunts, sisters, nieces, grannies,
Always more voluble than man is,
Might here, by their commingled gabble,
Have stunn'd the chatterers of Babel,—
As if the warriors made their doxies
Their vocal deputies and proxies;
And by their better halves confess'd
The feelings they themselves suppress'd—
As when a bagpipe 's squeezed behind,
It squeaks by pipe to which 'tis join'd.

Questions, calls, cries, and interjections,
Were intermix'd in all directions;—
Where 's Jacky, Harry, Ned, and Billy?—
Coom hither, Tummas, or they 'll kill ye—
Good gracious! where is Mr. Wiggins?
Mamma, we can 't find uncle Spriggins.
Dear me! that lady 's in a *swound*:—
Well, ma'am, you needn't tear one's *gownd*.
Jacky, do you take care of Polly.
O heavens! there 's another volley!
O Mr. Stubbs! what *shall* I do?
Has any lady found a shoe?
Sally's lace veil is gone, I vow—
I 'll take my oath ' twas here just now.
Why do you stare at me, good madam?
I know no more of it than Adam.
Why, see, you thoughtless little fool,
You popp'd it in your ridicule.

O I shall ne'er survive the *squeedge* !
A smelling-bottle would *obleege*.—
I vow I feel quite atmospheric :—
Salts ! salts ! she 's in a strong hysteric !
O that a person of my station
Should be exposed to such flustration !
You haven't, madam, seen Sir John ?—
Where is my stupid coachman gone?—
Well, goodness me, and lackadaisy !
I 'm sure the people must be crazy.
What do you mean, ma'am, by this riot ?
Mean ?—why you 've almost poked my eye out.
Those parasols are monstrous sharp.—
Ma, that 's the man as play'd the harp.
Well, this is Dandelion, is it ?
I sha'n't soon make another visit.

George Crump, the inspired carman, of whose original Muse I have already furnished interesting specimens, having completed a poem entitled " The Skittle Ground," with the exception of the introductory stanzas, applied to me for that difficult portion; and as I was very sure that he would never imitate the discourteousness of Dr. Darwin, who received a similar contribution from Miss Seward, and prefixed it to his Botanic Garden without the smallest acknowledgment, I resolved to gratify his wish, running over in my mind the opening lines of the most celebrated epics. Virgil's " Arma virumque cano"—Tasso's " Canto l'arme pietose"—Ariosto's " Canto le Donne e' i Cavalieri" —Milton's " Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit," with many other initiatory verses, occurred to my recollection; but Mr. Crump, having intimated at our conversazione that he had himself hit upon a happy exordium, I obtained silence, when he recited the following four lines as his proposed commencement, assuring us that the fact corresponded with his statement, which he considered a most auspicious augury.

While playing skittles, ere I took my quid,
The Muses I invoked my work to crown ;
" Descend, ye Nine!" I cried,—and so they did,
For in a trice I knock'd the nine-pins down !

It was my intention to have furnished some farther poetical flowers from the literary garland woven at this interesting Symposium, but the recollection of an incident which occurred towards the end of the entertainment actually paralyzes my faculties, and makes the pen flutter in my hand. My father, who is passionately fond of whist, had stipulated for a table in one corner of the room; and for the purpose of tenanting it had invited four or five humdrum neighbours, who could only be called men of letters in the postman's sense of the phrase, although they were perfectly competent to go through the automatical movements of shuffling, cutting, and dealing. After the rubber had been played once over in fact, and twice in subsequent discussion, they prepared to depart, and I heard the announcement of their servants' arrival with a pleasure that I could ill conceal.—" Mrs. Waddle's maid and umbrella !" sounded up the stairs, and the corpulent old lady slowly obeyed the summons. " Miss Clacket's pattens stop the way !" was the next cry; and her shrill voice, still audible from below,

continued without ceasing till the hall-door closed upon her clangour. "Mr. Wheeze's boy and lantern!" followed, when the worthy oilman, having put on two great coats, and tied as many handkerchiefs round his throat, coughed himself out of the house, wishing that he was well over Tower Hill on his way to Ratcliffe. Mrs. Dubbs's shopman came to claim the last of this quartetto of quizzes, and I was just congratulating myself on the prospect of renewing our feast of intellect, free from the interruptions of uncongenial souls, when my father, running up to the table, cried out—"Well, now let's see what card-money they have left." So saying, he looked under one of the candlesticks, took up a shilling, bit it, rung it upon the table, and exclaiming, "Zounds! it's a bad one—it's Mrs. Dubbs's place—Hallo! Mrs. Dubbs, this won't do though, none of your raps"——rushed hastily out of the room. After two or three minutes, passed by me in silent horror, he re-entered, nearly out of breath, ejaculating, as he spun another shilling with his finger and thumb—"Ay, ay, this will do; none of your tricks upon travellers, Mrs. Dubbs:—a rank Brummagem!"—

Miss Caustic began the titter—but I can describe no farther. I fell into as complete a state of *defaillance* as the subject of Sappho's celebrated ode—my blood tingled, my eyes swam, "my ears with hollow murmurs rang," and yet this fainting of the mind did not afford any relief to the shame and mortification that overwhelmed the too refined and sensitive bosom of

Hebe Hoggins.

NIGHT.

"O quante belle
Luci il tempio celeste in ve raguna." Tasso.

When I look forth into the face of night,
And see those silent orbs that gem the sky—
The moon that holds her glorious path on high—
The countless host of stars of lesser light,
All moving on their destined course aright,
Through the broad ocean of infinity,
Steer'd by the hand of Him whose glories lie
Beyond the stretch of mortal sense or sight—
When I behold all Heaven divinely bright
With this array, and downward turn mine eyes,—
My soul expands into its native might,
And loathes the burden of that coil that lies
Like lead upon the soul, and clogs its flight
Unto its purer seat and kindred skies. M.

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS.*

MEMOIRS, as compared with those curious specimens of fine writing and false reasoning which pass under the name of "histories," are a decided step in literary civilization. The earlier historical compositions, with their ready-made orations and indiscriminate collections of probable and improbable events,—and the more recent and elaborate productions, having some show of criticism as to the details, but stamped in their *ensemble* with the brand of system,—belong more to the class of *belles-lettres*, than to morality and political philosophy; and they are much better adapted to form part of a College course, than to afford the statesman or philosopher an insight into the human heart, and enable him to regulate the future by the experience of the past.

It has been objected to memoirs, that they reflect too faithfully the passions and prejudices of the times in which they are written, to admit of their being received with confidence as historical; or rather, it is insinuated that they are mere registers of the lie of the day, and worthy of consideration only as a species of romance. Yet it is in this very particular and distinctive characteristic that the superior utility of such compositions consists—namely, that they *are* reflections of the passing hour,—that they *are* fac-similes of the society of which they speak, and, as it were, dried preparations of the anatomy of the times. A single memoir, it is true, may exhibit individual facts in false colours; may detail anecdotes that are defective, embroidered, or wholly untrue; but the entire work will rarely fail to exhibit so faithful a transcript of the author's mind, so complete an exposure of his prejudices, leanings, credulity, means of information and capability of using them, that his credibility may be estimated like that of a living man; while the testimony of contemporary writers will confirm or contradict any particular statements which may appear questionable and uncertain. The superiority of memoirs over the cold digests of chronicles and state papers is marked in this single circumstance; that while we know little more of general history than a few leading events, of which we only guess at the remote and predisposing causes, without any acquaintance with the personal trifles which are the immediate springs of the greatest, as of the smallest actions,—while we remain in ignorance of all the *humanity* of events, and are presented only with the abstractions and generalities of the history of other nations,—we appear to live and breathe in the court of France; and to have a personal acquaintance with all the leading personages who have figured in that corrupt and intriguing, but active and enterprising arena of conflicting interests. In the memoirs with which French literature abounds, there is to be found not only "*le dessous des cartes*," the little causes which produce great events, but we have an encyclopedia of the current ideas of the day, of the mental fashions that prevail,—the forms and qualities of the "walking gentlemen" of society, no less than of its heroes,—the average of prevailing virtues and vices, ignorance and knowledge,—the materials with which statesmen work, the mass

* Mémoires sur la Vie privée de Marie Antoinette, &c. &c.

they have to move, the resistances by which they are opposed—in one word, the "very mirror of the time, its form, and pressure." The lights and shades are not purposely distributed to produce effect; words are not artfully arranged to balance a sentence; the mock majesty of dramatic character, and the forced parade of a tragic unity of action, are not supported with poetic dexterity; but we are admitted at once to that levelling intimacy and familiarity which give events and personages their natural dimensions and proper colours: while an intelligent reader gets as much information by what escapes from his author, as by what is intentionally set down on the subject.

It is a characteristic of the bustling and inquisitive age in which we live, to bring compositions of this species to immediate light. Families are no longer content to let the papers of their distinguished members rot in obscurity, subject to the chances of literature and the accidents of life; but, duly appreciating their pecuniary value in the market, they hasten at once to realize this part of the deceased's property, as they would settle a partnership or foreclose a mortgage. Thus the French Revolution has been laid fully open to its contemporaries: and though as yet we are but at the end of the second act of the drama, we are rich in abundant materials for judging the characters and assigning the occasions of its events. We pass freely, not only from the disappointed ambition and iron despotism of Louis XIV. to the corrupting and debasing tyranny of his successor;—from the stern religious persecutions of the former, to the ridiculous squabbles concerning the bull *Unigenitus* of the latter,—and thence forward to the embarrassed finances and vacillating character of Louis XVI.;—but we are enabled to trace step by step, and day by day, the regular march of causes and consequences, from the canting piety and real intrigue of the prudish Maintenon, down to the infamies of the Duc de Richelieu, the bankrupty of Guémenée, the transaction of the diamond necklace, the profligacy of Egalité and Mirabeau, and the fatal double-dealing, which brought the unfortunate inheritors of so many false and vicious combinations to a bloody and degrading death.

The papers of Madame Campan, though last in the series of published memoirs, are by no means least in interest; and if they do not add much to the stock of positive information concerning the great events which have been so often illustrated, they derive an intense interest from the author's nearness to the illustrious personages of the eventful drama; and from the many anecdotes which she presents under other aspects than those in which we have been accustomed to see them.

Madame Campan was placed in the court of Louis XV. towards the latter end of his reign, as reader to *Mesdames* his daughters; from whose service she afterwards passed into that of the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette. Her memoirs commence from the first epoch of her existence as a courtier, and they terminate with her last separation from that unfortunate queen, on her confinement in the Temple. Madame Campan paints with much felicity and fidelity that vicious, corrupt, but *ennuié* monarch, Louis XV. such as we see him in the generality of contemporary writers,—indolent and melancholy,—harassed with the fatigue of royal representation, and escaping from it by an indulgence of the lowest habits, both of conversation and morals,—unequal himself to the labours of governing, yet occupied in an inces-

sant *surveillance* of his ministers, of whose secrets, by force of *espionage*, he possessed himself with much dexterity. The insolent contempt of public opinion of Dubarry, and the horrors of the *parc aux cerfs* are unequivocally admitted by Madame Campan, if any confirmation were now wanting to authenticate the total overthrow of morality of that degenerate period. But by far the most curious part of her picture of the court is that which relates to the four maiden ladies to whose service she was in the first instance attached. It is impossible to conceive any thing more melancholy than the, worse than claustral, life to which those wretched women were condemned. Their education had been wholly neglected, and they were cut short from the pleasures of rational occupation; while a rigid and relentless etiquette watched over every moment of their lives, and interfered with their most trifling amusements. The King himself treated them with unfeeling indifference; and so little were "the daughters of France" possessed of the comforts of life, that they had not even a garden at their disposal, and were obliged to gratify a taste for flowers, like a London citizen, by placing pots in the balconies of their windows. The royal intercourse between the parent and his children exhibits in striking colours the hideous annihilation of the charities of life, which the vanity of high station too often tends to produce.

"Louis XV. saw very little of his family; he came every morning by a private staircase into the apartment of Madame Adelaide. He often brought and drank there, coffee that he had made himself. Madame Adelaide pulled a bell, which apprised Madame Victoire of the king's visit; Madame Victoire, on rising to go to her sister's apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who in her turn rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. This latter lady was deformed and very short; the poor princess used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting, but, having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently, in spite of her haste, had only just time to embrace her father before he set out for the chase.

"Every evening at six, the ladies interrupted my reading to them, to accompany the princes to Louis XV.; this visit was called the king's *debotter*,* and was marked by a kind of etiquette. The princesses put on an enormous hoop, which set out a petticoat ornamented with gold or embroidery; they fastened a long train round their waists, and concealed the undress of the rest of their clothing, by a long cloak of black taffety which enveloped them up to the chin. The gentlemen ushers, the ladies in waiting, the pages, the esquires, and the ushers bearing large flambeaux, accompanied them to the King. In a moment the whole palace, generally so still, was in motion; the King kissed each princess on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading which it interrupted was frequently resumed at the end of a quarter of an hour: the princesses returned to their apartments, and untied the strings of their petticoats and trains; they resumed their tapestry, and I my book."

From the intolerable restraints of this royal life, Madame Louise, one of the four sisters, took shelter in a convent, where she passed the rest of her days, contented in having exchanged, for voluntary rigours and self-imposed mortifications, the enjoined restraints of heartless representation. In the hour of her death, however, this princess did not wholly forget her rank and dignity. Louis the XVIth related to Madame Campan that her last words were. "*Au paradis vite, vite, au*

* *Debotter* meaning the time of unbooting.—*Fr.*

grand galop;"—the formula usual with the royal family in giving orders to their grooms.

Marie Antoinette is introduced to the reader by a short account of the court of her mother, such as Madame Campan received it, probably, from her royal mistress; it differs considerably from our received notions on that subject. Notwithstanding the bigotry and the ambition of the Empress, she appears to have neglected the education of her children no less than the indolent and demoralized monarch of France. Totally occupied with the affairs of government, she scarcely saw her offspring oftener than once in eight or ten days. Yet such was her diplomatic cunning, or hypocrisy, that she used the meanest artifices to impose upon strangers a belief that she herself superintended their instruction.

"As soon as the arrival of a stranger of rank at Vienna was made known, the empress brought her family about her, admitted them to her table, and by this concerted meeting induced a belief that she herself presided over the education of her children."

With a mind thus neglected, Marie Antoinette arrived in France to be submitted to an etiquette the most minutely interfering with all the privacies of life; while she was exposed to the corruptions of a profligate court. On the first night of her arrival, Louis the XVth made her sup with his last and worst mistress, Madame Du Barry. If to these circumstances it be added that the Dauphin, during many years, treated his wife with a neglect that originated in physical malady, and in a constitutional coldness, which even her matchless beauty could not overcome, and that she was the victim of the daily intrigues of the anti-Austrian faction, anxious to procure her divorce, it would not be a subject for wonder, had her conduct not only been marked with the levities which have been laid to her charge, but even with all that odious criminality which malice and credulity have too perseveringly imputed to her as queen and wife.

It is, indeed, consolatory to humanity to find her kindlier feelings so frequently struggling into activity, notwithstanding the false combinations by which they were repressed: to behold the sympathies and charities of our common nature escaping, like a winter's sunbeam, through the murky atmosphere of a court; feeble indeed, and shorn of their splendour, yet perhaps the more gracious by the force of contrast. Marie Antoinette had every thing against her,—birth, station, education, seductions without, mortifications and disappointed affections within, power almost boundless to indulge her caprices, and flattery for ever active to encourage their extravagance!

The death of Louis the XVth is described by Madame Campan with great liveliness of portraiture. The manner in which the entire body of courtiers fled from the dead monarch to court the first rays of the rising sun, is admirably adapted "to point a moral." To add to the effect, it must be remembered, that Louis the XVth died of the small-pox; and that even the danger of infection could not restrain the eagerness of the nobility to crowd his bed-room even to suffocation, while there was yet an hope of getting any thing by the connexion.

"A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment: it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's anti-chamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This ex-

traordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees; both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, '*O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern.*'"

The powerful and striking sentiment of piety, and of the weight of the kingly obligations in Louis XVI. and his Queen, at this awful moment, contrasts, almost to a burlesque effect, with the petty artifice employed in the midst of their grief to reconcile their leaving the infected palace with the decorum and immutable etiquette which environed their minutest actions.

"The Dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the royal family, the moment the King should breathe his last sigh. But, upon such an occasion, decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the king's room, that the latter should place a lighted taper near a window, and that at the instant of the king's decease, one of them should extinguish it.

"The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages, and equerries, mounted on horseback, and all was ready for setting off."

The details which Madame Campan gives of the interior of the royal family, during the early part of the new reign, are often curious, and always interesting. They almost uniformly shew in the King great personal amiability, combined with utter nullity as a sovereign. The Queen they exhibit as a thoughtless and gay young woman, such as a queen and a beauty at her age might be expected to be, before the dreadful contingencies of the Revolution had called into activity the prejudices and the apprehensions of her maturer life. This part of Madame Campan's volumes is also occupied with a developement of the court intrigues and petty jealousies, by which the aristocracy engendered and nurtured into consistency those odious calumnies, of which the terrorists afterwards availed themselves, in decrying the Queen, and repressing the sympathies of the people in the hour of her trial and execution.

The object of the author in dwelling upon this part of the life of her royal mistress is to excuse her levities, and to refute the graver charges brought against her. Marie Antoinette is, however, already in the hands of an impartial posterity, and we are more interested in the narrative, as it tends to throw light on the great political struggle in which we ourselves engaged.

The feelings of the King and Queen respecting the American revolution appear to have been rather different from what has been imagined, and by no means coincided with the conduct pursued by the French government. In attacking the British interests, by encouraging the Americans, the royal family of France certainly sinned against legitimacy with their eyes open. Both Louis and Marie Antoinette seemed to have been heartily ashamed and afraid of their republican allies. On this subject Madame Campan observes:

"Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads, of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor

Franklin, who, to the reputation of a most skilful physician, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred, was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was:

'*Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.*'

"The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame: however, the Countess Diana having, to keep up to her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate; a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana as a new year's gift. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution at such a distance could excite one in which the day would come, when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.

"However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people rendering homage to the prudence, courage, and good qualities of a young Frenchman; and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de la Fayette. The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America."

The folly of the French government in thus importing American notions, while they drew tighter the line of feudal restrictions at home, is well displayed.

"The constitution desired for the new nation was digested at Paris, and while liberty, equality, and the rights of man, were commented upon by the Condorcets, Baillys, Mirabeaus, &c. the minister Segur published the King's edict, which, by repealing that of 1st November, 1750, declared all officers not noble by four generations, incapable of filling the rank of captain, and denied all military rank to those who were not gentlemen, excepting sons of the chevaliers de Saint Louis. The injustice and absurdity of this law was, no doubt, a secondary cause of the Revolution. To be aware of the extent of despair, nay of rage, with which this law inspired the third estate, we should form part of that honourable class."

A similar decree was at the same time put forth respecting the eligibility to church dignities within the narrow pale of aristocracy, and confining the clergy of the *tiers état* to the expectancy of parochial cures. "Can we," says Madame Campan, "be astonished at the part shortly afterwards taken by the deputies of the third estate, when called to the States-general?" (p. 235.)

Of Beaumarchais and his celebrated comedy, Madame Campan speaks in the language of a professed courtier. She calls it a play in which "*manners and usages the most respectable* are given up to popular and philosophic derision." The manners and usages of the courtiers formed under Louis XV. respectable!!! Those who live separated from the mass of the people can never be made to understand that nothing can become a permanent object of ridicule, which is not

essentially ridiculous. The Marriage of Figaro is played in all possible shapes on our English stage, without its political tendencies being even noticed. The whole venom of the play, at the time it was produced, lay in the truth and *apropos* of its satire. Its *terrible* philosophy is now the mere common-place of pamphleteers. Madame Campan relates, with the most unsuspecting innocence, the following speech of Louis XVI. on the occasion. "That's detestable; that shall never be played: the *Bastille* must be destroyed, before the license to act this play can be any other than an act of the most dangerous folly. *This man scoffs at every thing that is to be respected* in a government."

Madame Campan and the editors of her work, between them, give three separate versions of the affair of the diamond necklace. Upon the whole, however, they leave the reader something more in doubt than they find him. The clue which should lead to the truth is lost for ever; and nothing is left but the most provokingly contradictory suppositions. That Madame Campan herself believed in the Queen's innocence is evident, and her testimony is of some weight; but that innocence can only be established on *data* not less incredible than the guilt of a queen would be. That the Prince de Rohan, a veteran courtier, could not have discovered the cheat put on him by an actress, who is said to have personated the Queen in an interview with him in the dusk of an evening, is scarcely within the bounds of possibility: and the facility with which this nobleman contrived to communicate with a confidential friend, and procure the burning of his papers, after his arrest in the palace, is explained in a way that throws some suspicion of collusion between him and the royal family. The grief and disappointment of the King and Queen, on his acquittal, shews that they felt the circumstances as a condemnation of the Queen. That the Cardinal Prince was guilty of intentional fraud there is not the slightest proof. But the intrigues of the great nobility, his relations, and of the whole body of the clergy, to impede his being brought to trial, throw much obscurity even over this point. Whether, however, the Cardinal took the imputation of being a dupe on himself to screen others, or whether he escaped through this interference of the great corps to which he belonged, it is certain that the wretched Countess La Motte, a poor and destitute adventurer, supported by no extrinsic interests, was alone punished; and this circumstance worked powerfully against existing institutions, even with those who did not believe the Queen guilty of the fraud.

The major part of the last volume of these memoirs is occupied with the domestic events of the palace, from the commencement of the Revolution to the death of the King. This is a field too wide to enter upon at the close of this long article: we shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that, amidst many affecting anecdotes of the last days of the monarchy, and some traits honourable to the royal sufferers, there is abundance of evidence, as well direct as unintentional, of the hopeless weakness of the King, the restless intrigue of the Queen, and the fatal duplicity of both, in their professions of attachment to the new order of things. The hatred of the Queen to that constitution which her husband had sworn to maintain, though by no means unnatural in one so circumstanced, blinded her completely to her own situation. She had but two objects constantly before her

eyes, which resolve themselves into one,—escape to the frontiers* and a counter-revolution. Occupied exclusively with these ideas, the Court took no pains to possess itself of the Revolution, and conduct it to the happiness of France and the security of the throne. This error was even more unpardonable in the royal family than in the aristocracy, because self-preservation should have led them right. "Empechez le desordre de s'organizer," was the sensible remark of a Monsieur Dabucq, who on some occasion was consulted by the royal family. But the aristocrats, and the Queen at their head, "preferred every thing, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of a constitution; and dreaded lest its acceptation, under other circumstances than those of restraint, should afford it a sanction, sufficient to support the new government." "The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they buoyed up the hope of a total change." (Vol. ii. p. 165.) This avowal, coming from such a quarter, is decisive; and exculpates completely the constitutionalists of 1789, who laboured with zeal and sincerity to consolidate the new system, and to reconcile liberty with a regal government. But the aristocrats of that day, like the ultras of the present moment, looked to nothing but their own selfish interests. The game they then played is the same their successors are now playing. Theirs was a spirit which admitted of no compromise, saw no dangers, comprehended no obstacles; a spirit which put every thing to the hazard, and played "*le tout pour le tout*;" a spirit of temerity, not of courage; and as foreign from calculation, as it was from humanity. This was the spirit which armed France against the persons of the King and Queen, and hurried them from the throne to the scaffold. And the same spirit is now arming all Europe, not against one throne and one king, but against unlimited monarchy wherever it exists, or at least against every crowned head that has not the wisdom and the force to repress its blind and dangerous activity.

Madame Campan, like her predecessor Dangeau, seems to have collected her anecdotes, without always considering *how they would tell*: and in the simplicity of her heart, she has rendered herself an unexceptionable evidence of political errors, she neither saw nor understood. Yet this very circumstance gives additional weight to all she says; as it leaves her divested of the malice which misrepresents, and the spirit of system which seeks to distort events.

To the lovers of anecdote her volumes will afford a rich treat; and the quantity of collateral evidence brought forward by her editors, while it increases this stock of amusement, assists the memory of more serious readers, and adds largely to the value of the publication. M.

* In the preparations for flight, a trait of human nature in the great deserves mention. The Queen insisted on having a complete *trousseau* for herself and another for her children; and though Madame Campan urged that a Queen of France would find *chemises* everywhere, she persisted in making purchases of linen, which endangered an instant discovery of her intentions. She had likewise a superb *nécessaire* upon which she also set her heart: and her persevering efforts to get this sent out of the country, or to have a similar one made for the flight, were in her circumstances yet more extravagant and whimsical.

THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years: on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, insomuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother, upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articled to an attorney, is told to pull Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-yard-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a bustle in our establishment, as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is very little variety in the infliction. The narrative of what passes at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say, whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Phlegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington: upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross: upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home on that day? My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run upstairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last-mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo harbinger of Spring." This was unlucky: the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house: and any thing more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her Hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea began to growl "Oh, ruddier than

the berry." As for little Charles, he was left to find out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity. A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate: a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father: he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instanter* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father; "remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say, "Let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us: Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people:" my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation: the door opened, and the servant delivered—a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Psha!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had just before been rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny postman, was now performed afresh. and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honour to receive his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morgan's Vade Mecum," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle: "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" "At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven only knew. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to

get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring: it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced, the Great Man took his seat at the right hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but, when the Great Man of the Family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit, the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there: no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: no: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonfuls of gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and, Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands for which I entertain an aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always give me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter, of boiled leather breeches. My politic mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any body seen Simpson and Co." enquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Batson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson and Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson and Co. at Drury Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord, help me! it was but a week ago that my Father, Jack, and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First, the Great Man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed the pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he were harpooning a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingra-

tiation. Such, for instance, as non of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar, and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of their memories. Bedford-square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of City streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime-street is the second or third turning: affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate-street; and tells me that, when he goes to receive his dividends at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the City, with a black pocket-book full of bills, as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

I yesterday overheard my maiden Aunt Susan giving a hint to some body, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and think for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner, after that *dénouement*, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson and Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

ROBERT RANKIN.

PETER PINDARICS.

The Handkerchief.

A JUDGE of the Police and Spy
(For both are join'd in Eastern nations)
Prowling about with purpose sly,
To list to people's conversations,
And pry in every corner cupboard,
According to his dirty calling,
Saw a poor woman passing by,
Who wept and blubber'd,
Like a church spout when rain is falling,
Which strives in vain to vent and utter
The overflowings of the gutter.

Our magistrate thought fit to greet her,
Insisting on the dame's declaring
What caused this monstrous ululation:
When she averr'd her spouse had beat her
Black and blue beyond all bearing,
Without the smallest provocation.

To work the Judge's pen and ink went,
Taking the rogue's address and trade,
And the next morning the delinquent
Was duly into Court convey'd:
When he asserted, that his wife
Was such an advocate of strife,

That she would raise a mighty clangour,
And put herself into a pucker,
For trifles that surpass'd belief,
And, for the recent cause of anger,
He swore, point blank, that he had struck her
With nothing but his handkerchief.

The Judge, convinced by this averment,
Dismiss'd the case without a word;
When in the Court there rose a ferment,
And the wife's angry voice was heard—
"To cheat your Worship is too bad!
My Lord, my Lord! do interpose,
And stop the knave where'er he lingers;
The villain! he forgot to add
That he for ever blows his nose
With his own fingers!"

The Jester condemned to Death.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A royal Jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his Serene and raging Highness.
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows;—his sin was an occult one;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—"'Tis time to stop that breath;
Thy doom is seal'd:—presumptuous slave!
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—
But such is my indulgence still,
That of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

H.

SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS.

I often find a pleasant literary recreation in turning back to those neglected works of great men, that rank but secondary in merit to the performances from which they have derived a lasting reputation. Their earliest works, in which may be traced the unfoldings of future greatness, are to me particularly interesting, and shadow forth to imagination the intervening gradations by which they mounted to eminence. By most readers these are passed over, and in some instances forgotten, in the splendid labours of brighter and more mature genius. Yet if the study of the mind of man in its progressive advances be worthy of particular attention, and no one will affirm that it is not, nothing will better serve to develope its movements than a perusal of this part of our literature. The blaze of glory which encircles the dramatic writings of Shakspeare, has eclipsed his earlier poems, and few have ever read them through; yet they are not without great merit, and some of them are remarkable in that the traces of passages in his more celebrated works may be met with among them. It appears as if the first and last literary labours of Shakspeare had not been dramatic. Some of his sonnets prove (though he must have died in ignorance of the extent of his own great fame, and even without a guess at the lofty situation he was to occupy in the temple of immortality) that he had prophetic feelings that he should be remembered by his writings; for he plainly shews them in several places in those his last published works, written, perhaps, during his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon, when he had ceased to be concerned with the metropolitan theatre. He says in his fifty-fifth sonnet

> Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme, &c.

Venus and Adonis appeared in 1593; his "Rape of Lucrece," in the following year. Romeo and Juliet can only be traced with certainty to the year 1595. These poems were therefore his first productions, and had he not written for the theatre, would have given him no inconsiderable reputation among the writers of his day, though they have been naturally thrown into shade by the dazzling lustre of his dramatic productions.

Johnson says that the dawn of Paradise Lost is to be found in Comus, and it is also certain that Shakspeare's knowledge of the human mind, and his wonderful skill in delineating the workings of passion, are to be clearly discovered in his Venus and Adonis. This poem, we are told, went through six impressions in thirteen years. Its whole cast is in unison with the taste of the time, and was suggested to its author, as some think, by the third book of the Fairy Queen. He calls it himself "the first heir of his invention." The subject forbade any delineation of manners; but the spell by which this poet above all others, commanded the mysterious emotions of the heart to come before him embodied in language, was never more potent than in the description of the love of Venus for her favourite.

This composition is agreeable to the coarseness of manners in the time of Elizabeth, being deficient in that delicacy which has happily been introduced by modern refinement. It is rather for the purpose of directing attention to the links which connect incipient genius with

maturity—the character of primitive attempts with more finished excellencies—to shew how the poet's genius may be traced from its juvenility to manhood, and to display, besides his surprising knowledge of our common nature, the great power of description of the author in his first productions, that I would draw the attention of the reader to this poem. It is not a proper book to be in all hands, and of late years has not been much read, nor can it be so in future, because it is out of keeping with our times, and is on a subject which the most pure pen could scarcely be expected to delineate and escape the censure of conveying indelicate impressions. It is to be perused by the discriminating and curious in literature, rather than by those who seek amusement only.

The story is simple:—Adonis goes to the chase, Venus meets him, and discovers her passion for him, which he resists—he is killed by a boar, and the goddess laments over him. There are a number of those quaint figures and conceits in the poem which appear in his dramatic works. Where Venus solicits a kiss of the youth, he is said to

——————— raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave;

and of the dimples on Adonis's cheek—

Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there Love lived, and there he could not die.

The love of the goddess, her fruitless efforts to move the obdurate heart of the youth, her actions, her addresses to him, her solicitations, her ungovernable passion, have never been exceeded in truth and force of description by any poet. There is every where in the picture easy and beautiful drawing. In colouring, the artist knew every rainbow hue in nature, and dispensed all with the prodigality and confidence of a master. It satiates the eye with richness, but it is not overwrought; and, in contemplating it, one is more than ever disposed to wonder by what means the painter could have acquired such a knowledge of the subject and its details, unless he felt himself all which he represents others as feeling, and depicted every separate emotion as it arose in his own bosom. There is great inequality in the poem: some parts are written with carelessness, and are unvaried and formal; others are exquisitely beautiful. It is a work of genius not touched by a hand of critical skill and learning, but left with its sharpness of mould and defects of casting about it, noble in outline, and graceful in proportion.

Some of the descriptive passages are of rare elegance, as that where Venus recommends herself to Adonis, and describes the ethereal nature of love.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
These forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support me:

Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, e'en where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

The following is almost the "good night" in Romeo and Juliet:—

Now let me say "good night," and so say you:
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss
"Good night," quoth she, and ere he says adieu!
The honey fee of parting tender'd is.

Is there any thing surpassing the picture of the horse of Adonis to be met with in the English language? The character, temper, and description of the animal, are wonderfully vigorous and spirited. To my feeling there is no pen, ancient or modern, that has more happily drawn that noble animal, except Job, whom the Poet doubtless had in his eye. As but few of my readers may recollect this description, I will give it here.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth, with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like Heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end·
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glisters scornfully, like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo! thus my strength is try'd
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flatt'ring *holla*, or his *stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.

> To bid the wind abase he now prepares
> And where he run, or fly, they know not whither.
> For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
> Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

That of Venus depicting the fierceness of the boar is bold:

> His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret,
> His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes.

That Shakspeare may be traced in Venus and Adonis is undeniable; there are numerous passages, particularly such as relate to love, that bear a strong resemblance to others interspersed throughout his plays. The mind of the observer will often discover the similarity by a sort of intuition, when the passage may not be verbally the same. There is often a certain character, a dim likeness connecting the resemblance of one passage in a writer with another; that, perhaps, for who knows the mysterious workings of intellect? may be of the same nature as the image which produced the second in the mind of the author from association with the first. I fancy such a resemblance in the following.

> "Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
> For my sick heart commands my eyes to watch:
> Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?"

Now the following occurs to me in Romeo and Juliet, and it is probable that this tragedy was his next performance.

> ———— Sweet, so would I:
> Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing,
> Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
> That I shall say good night till it be morrow!

How like Shakspeare are these lines where Venus laments Adonis:—

> Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
> What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
> Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
> Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
> The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
> But true sweet beauty lived and died with him!

How beautifully are the eyes of Venus described, as she is looking upon Adonis and weeping:—

> But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
> Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

The Rape of Lucrece is by no means equal in merit to Venus and Adonis; yet there are some fine passages here and there, particularly in Lucretia's lamentation. The sonnets partake too much of the reigning taste of the time, though they do not bear any resemblance to those of Sir Philip Sidney, which are obscure and full of art. Shakspeare's are more natural, and are in a finer spirit of poetry as might have been expected. There is a plaintiveness about those of Sidney which is not to be found in Shakspeare's; but in those of the latter there are master-touches of the poet. Still they have too much sameness; and if, as there is some reason to believe, they were his last productions, they are a little out of place from the pen of a man who had passed the fire of youth and the prime of manhood. Shakspeare, however, bowed to the reigning taste, and writ his sonnets, most likely, to an ideal mistress; if to a real one, the fair dame must have had a strong antipathy to the

marriage state, or the poet a curious faith in the efficacy of one argument for touching her heart. He woos his mistress constantly by representing how miserable it is for beauty to be childless, and rings the changes upon this theme through fifty sonnets. The presumption is, that Shakspeare knew nothing of Italian literature, and followed preceding examples among his own countrymen, who had no idea of any but the Petrarchian love-sonnet, deeming its use sacred to passion alone. Poets of his time had their ideal mistresses, if they had none of flesh and blood; and even at later periods they have puzzled their biographers to discover who the fair one might have been among their contemporaries, in the praises of whom they had been lavish, when the matchless being never existed out of their own imaginations* If, however, the sonnets were the poet's later productions, as there is every reason to believe they were, it appears that he was repressed by some fancied rule from giving to them that variety of character which it was in his power to have done, and this rule must have been the example of preceding writers; and it is the more wonderful that they possess so little variety, when no poet, judging from his dramatic writings, had it more in his power to avoid sameness. That many of these sonnets are very beautiful must be acknowledged, in despite of conceits, and quibbles, and the sustaining a species of artificial love far removed from the natural affection which he best knew how to describe, and which was alone worthy his power of description; yet they merit close attention, they abound in passages that glow with imagination, and flow with singular ease. There is astonishing freedom of style in them for the period at which they were written; indeed it would be superfluous to remark, what has been often observed before,—the vast debt our language owes to Shakspeare, in refining it and showing what it was capable of effecting. The following sonnet intimates again the poet's confidence in his own talents before alluded to:—

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or Nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

* There does not appear to me a shadow of ground for the conjectures of some late writers, respecting the origin and object of these sonnets. Shakspeare was past middle age when he wrote them, and they were published in 1609, during his lifetime. Conjecture may follow conjecture without end, but that which is certain is alone worthy of belief. Mr. Malone conjectured that Romeo and Juliet was written in 1591, but he could only substantiate its appearance in 1595. Some writers are too fond of inference where it is not needed. Shakspeare need not have been in love to have written his sonnets. Their object was doubtless ideal, because if sonnets were to be written at all, in those days, they must have been addressed to some mistress. It would be still more improbable to suppose he wrote them for another.

To me the allusions in this sonnet are beautiful; it has pathos and sentiment, and seems to confirm the idea of having been among the last things the great poet penned, as it refers to his age:

> That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
> In me thou seest the twilight of such day
> As after sunset fadeth in the West,
> Which by and by black night doth take away,
> Death's second-self, that seals up all in rest.
> In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
> That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
> As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
> Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
> This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
> To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

I know not how the idea of Shakspeare's unconsciousness of his powers is to be supported on reading this:—

> Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
> Can yet the lease of my true love control,
> Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
> The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
> And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
> Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
> And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
> Now with the drops of this most balmy time
> My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
> Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
> While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
> And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
> When tyrants' crest and tombs of brass are spent.

How delicious is the following! it has lusciousness, beauty, and marvellous ease. The commencement is truly worthy of Shakspeare, and reminds me strongly of his happy descriptions of morning in his plays.

> Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
> Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face,
> And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
> Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
> E'en so my sun one early morn did shine,
> With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
> But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
> The region-cloud hath mask'd him from me now:
> Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
> Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

The sonnets of Shakspeare must, after all, be most valued for their intermixture of rich passages and imagery, and their connexion with their immortal author. One hundred and fifty-four sonnets, all running upon the same theme—all upon love, and yet descriptive of very few of its emotions, half of them turning upon the same idea, though

in many there is fine colouring and an exuberance of sweetness, cannot place them in any high rank as specimens of sonnet-writing. They are, however, well worthy frequent perusal; and what of Shakspeare's is there that is not?

The "Passionate Pilgrim" has great beauties, and many characteristic defects. Some exquisite passages have often been quoted from it without acknowledgment. "The Lovers Lament" is worthy of being learnt by heart: yet it is rather Spenserian than Shakspearian.

The description of her faithless "maiden-tongued" lover by the disconsolate complainer, has surprising vigour and truth; her detail of the arguments by which her lover overcame her is also very happy. The influence of tears is thus finely alluded to.

> O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
> In the small orb of one particular tear!
> But with the inundation of the eyes
> What rocky heart to water will not wear!
> What breast so cold that is not warmed here!
> O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
> Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

But I must quote no more.

I have thus glanced at a work in retrospective literature not ranked as it deserves. I must not be *lengthy*, though I have hardly skimmed the poems, and thereby done them injustice; yet what I have said may induce some discriminating readers to take them down from a dusty shelf and peruse them. They will find themselves repaid for their trouble—they will find much weighty bullion and pure gold, in its rough state, perhaps, but not less rich on that account. Y. J.

ON GIVING ADVICE.

> Et c'est une folie, à nulle autre seconde,
> De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde.

It was a remark of Horne Tooke's, that in the matter of advice there are two sorts of fools; those who *will* give, and those who *will not* take it. Now, as these embrace between them almost every man that breathes, there cannot be a subject *quod magis ad nos pertinet*. Yet, as every man's business is nobody's business, the theme is fairly going a begging. Like the "roasted pigs which run through the streets with knives and forks in their backs," methinks, it apostrophizes the periodical writer, as he passes along in his literary jog-trot, i. e. *currente calamo*, and crying "Come touch on me," puts in its claim to be served up *pro bono publico*. Not that we would insinuate the matter to be untouched; quite the reverse: but it has uniformly been handled in such a dull, tiresome, common-place, lack-a-daisical, sermonizing style, that "poppy and mandragoras, and all the drowsy syrups of" all the congregated universities of Europe could not render it more narcotic. Whoever will take the pains—having nothing better to do—to inquire into this matter, and to turn over all that philosophy has produced for its illustration, will rise from his task with much the same sort of knowledge as the Bath mail-coachman has of the West of England, who, by dint of living on the road, is acquainted with the mile-stones, alehouse-signs, and country-seats within sight of his coach-box—but no more. All "this sort of thing" is very well for your authors in

folio, who, *virtute officii*, are bound to tell the reader, in return for his "good and lawful money of Great Britain," *whatever is not*, in order to make a decent bulk for their book, before they come (in an appendix) to the few pages of *what is*, and who would ill discharge their functions, if they omitted to recount any one of the errors the world has committed respecting the matter in hand; telling the public, as if the public had never heard it before, how Cicero said this, how Plato talked like a madman concerning that, how Herodotus tells a story no one believes concerning the other; interlarding the whole with a due quantity of twice-two-are-four aphorisms, and with perpetual beggings of questions, after the most approved old fashion.

But we, who are "pent up" in the Utica of a single half-sheet (writers *in fructu*), and who are obliged to aim at being readable—pray Heaven we succeed!—we, indeed, are compelled to go a little into the interior of the country, to leave the high-roads of literature, and pry into every hole and corner in search of novelty, leaving no stone unturned in order to "elevate and surprise." A tavern-keeper might as well hope to trade in musty victuals and sour wine, as a periodical hope for success in the common path. Nature and sense are nothing; we must be fantastical, and finical, and outlandish: and (novelty not being always attainable) if we take up with an old theme, we must have the art of a Monmouth-street clothier, and make our wares look "as good as new," and shew no sign of their having been worn before. But to begin:

The disposition, impulse, instinct, propensity, or what you will, towards giving advice, is so universal among men, that, with the sole exception of those who *sell* it, no class in the community is exempt from the failing. *They*, indeed, who live by the trade, are cautious enough how they scatter their pearls to swine. The doctor, who, to the travelling question of "what would you advise me to take," answered, "Take advice"—is the type and model of the whole tribe. Law and physic are equally sententious and oracular; and they both hem in their assertions with such phalanxes of "ifs" and "buts," as seldom fail to leave the consultor in greater doubt than before. Yet, strange to say, this bought advice is almost the only species that is implicitly followed. So much, indeed, does the virtue of all counsel lie in the fee, that the best opinion is held to be useless, if gratuitously imparted: no man esteeming that worth having, which another does not hesitate to part withal. In this, therefore, the clergy are guilty of an egregious error, that they do not retail their opinions by the piece, but accept of a yearly stipend, and, doling out their weekly lucubrations gratis, "vex the dull ear of the drowsy hearer," by not first fixing his attention through an application to his pocket. Without this key, it would be difficult to understand the little use which is made of all the good advice which church and state procure to be administered to his Majesty's lieges, but which possesses so strikingly the singular property of "going in at one ear and out of the other." This is a fact that we press the more earnestly, as the matter of clerical remuneration is at present "before the public:"—but a word to the wise.

The same reason likewise explains the trifling benefit derived from those *paternal admonitions* which another of the government servants dispenses to the subject towards the close of our sessions and assizes, and which are proverbially inefficacious. Were the *quantum meruit*

upon these great occasions left in the breast of the by-standers, by admitting the public only on the purchase of tickets, it is inconceivable how anxious men would become "to get the worth of their money," and how careful they would be to carry away something *quod mox depromere possunt*: whereas at present this merit is confined only to the *select few*, who make such opportunities the occasion of "labouring in their vocation, Hal," and with whom "depromere" means *to pawn*.

The secret here disclosed for the benefit of the public is invaluable; but it is more especially recommended to the consideration of our Tract Societies, who are so ready in *giving* good advice, that the people imagine it, like the priest's blessing, not worth the taking. Nay, it is to be feared, that even the Bible itself may come to be estimated merely at its selling price with "*my Uncle*," if its distribution continues to be effected at the present accelerating velocity. A still greater error of the "good ladies," is that of *purchasing* an auditory, and *bribing* the poor to "stand their jobations" by a weekly largesse of soup and potatoes, or an occasional donative of petticoats and blankets. In this case the most *wholesome advice* is esteemed "*flocci nauci* nihili," except as it is accompanied by *wholesome porridge*; and the naked truth is rejected, unless for the sake of the decent cloathing with which it is accompanied.

This consideration likewise throws considerable light upon the nature of that never-sufficiently-to-be-deprecated influence of the press, which so mischievously interferes between the autocrat apostles of "social order," and their amiable and anti-selfish projects.

"Heu, heu, nos miseros, quam totus homuncio nil est!"

The very means we take to carry our ends become the very instruments for consummating our ruin! The stamp duty, that ingenious contrivance for giving public opinion the spring halt, must (if there be any truth in these premises) add weight and value to all the ill-advice that flows from the malignity of journalists; and, by increasing the price of the article, make it more worth attending to. Do we not, in fact, find that the dearer all sorts of books are, the more eagerly they are bought; and that there are many works, having no earthly value but the prices they bear in "marked catalogues," which are esteemed as alone conferring literary distinction on their possessors?

Notwithstanding all that has been said, we find the mania of giving advice "free, gratis, for nothing at all," attaches so closely to every cast and character, every age, sex, and temperament, that man might be defined an advising animal; a definition much the more appropriate than even the far-famed "*cooking animal*," because man only cooks his victuals when he wants to eat, whereas he is at all times, "in season and out of season," ready to "*give his vardict*," and will preach to you, for the hour together, by all the clocks between this and Shrewsbury, and at any hour you please of the whole four-and-twenty. Accordingly, we find that this function is not attributed to any insulated and particular boss, bump, protuberance, or accidentality of the human brain, susceptible of the *poco meno* and *poco più*, but is a common property of the whole cerebral mass, inherent in each separate fibre, and operating in all; being *proprium quarto modo* to the principle of sensibility. Some may be inclined to attribute the universality of ad-

vising to its facility: for certainly nothing is easier than for a looker-on, who proverbially sees most of the game, to pick holes in its playing; and for those who are out of a scrape, and feel none of its embarrassments, to say, "if I were you," or "in your case," or "how can you be so silly!" And the proof is in the number of those who "are for ever prone to teach their grannies to suck eggs."

It seems, however, not altogether improbable, that the eagerness for giving advice may arise in no inconsiderable degree from a fixed conviction that it will never be taken; for it is never so earnestly pressed as when the giver is "certain sure" that it is absolutely impracticable. For this hypothesis many good reasons might be assigned; but we will confine ourselves to this one: that the rejection of advice is the best pretext for abandoning a friend in his adversity; and that there is no better answer to that most impertinent and provoking "Lend me an hundred pounds," than, "No, Sir, if you had taken my advice," or "It's all your own affair," or "You know you would have your own way," "As you brew, so you may bake;" which are all unanswerable formulæ,—intrenched passes, through which the enemy can never penetrate to your pocket.

That a reluctance to take advice is a sufficient motive for offering it, may be concluded, likewise, from that odd phenomenon of men continuing to give counsel as fathers, which they have rejected as sons, regularly, *de père en fils*, from generation to generation, from the days of Adam to this infant 1823. Were it not for the pleasure of the sport, they might as well "*whistle to milestones*."

As giving advice is one of the greatest pleasures of life, so the exercise is one of our greatest franchises; and the Abbé Gagliani has not unjustly placed public liberty in this very point. In the most despotic government, he observes (see Grimm), each individual shut up in the bosom of his family, and avoiding contact with the tyrant, enjoys an apparent security and tranquillity; *but he cannot influence the conduct of others*, or remark on public affairs; whereas, in a free state, every thing is within our cognizance. All this is perfectly true; and there is nothing in the whole round of tyranny, domestic or politic, more provoking than the necessity of speaking only when you are spoken to, and keeping to yourself every rising animadversion on "what does not concern you." Clever despots have accordingly permitted their slaves this privilege of talking, *to a certain extent*, well assured that a *vaudeville* or a squib is a safety-valve which prevents many a fatal explosion. His Majesty's ministers have not a more formidable enemy than a cross-grained, jealous attorney-general; nor is the state ever in greater danger than when men's tongues are forced to lie idle.

It is not surprising that a principle so inherent in our nature should assume many forms, and shew itself under a truly Protean variety of aspects. Besides the members of the learned professions "*doctores à docendo*" (that is, doctors because they give advice,) and the hereditary, elective, and nominated counsellors of the crown, we have journalists, reviewers, pamphleteers, lecturers, didactic and satirical poets, religious novelists, comedians, coffee-house orators, writers of anonymous letters, advertisers, old maids, duellists, soldiers (the readers of great moral lessons, and learned scholiasts of modern international law), political economists (paper and gold), Mesmerites, Mis-

sionaries, &c. &c. each anxious *pro modulo suo*, and according to his several capacities, to take upon himself the disciplining, drilling, and remoulding the world. Of all men that ever breathed I hold Dr. Rees to have been the most fortunate, who, in publishing the Encyclopædia, has given advice upon all subjects and to all men. His only drawback must have arisen in the necessity of advocating other men's opinions instead of his own. When the publisher of the old Monthly Magazine shall have succeeded in overturning the Newtonian philosophy, he may, perhaps, find leisure for writing an Encyclopædia *all his own*; and then "Ille mî par esse deo videbitur," he will reach the *acmé* of human prosperity, and have the whole world of science,

"Like a bull in a china-shop, all his own way."

Till then men must submit, as of old, to play alternately the parts of advisers and advised.

But, alas! *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* nobody likes *taking* advice; and those dislike taking it the most, who are the freest in offering it to their neighbours. Hence the propriety of never asking a friend's opinion, till the thing in question is irrevocably decided. This want of *reciprocity* (as Mr. Pitt would have called it) is the cause why free states make despotic masters of colonies; and it explains, too, why the Bourbons, who have been proverbial for learning nothing and forgetting nothing, should be the first and most active in forcing advice on others, and should disgust all Europe by their atrocious attempt at reading the Spaniards a political lecture. May every arm of man be lifted against them, and every human sigh that is breathed to Heaven, go laden with a curse on their unholy enterprise!

Among the endless varieties of human caprice, instances are not wanting of persons who find pleasure in taking physic; but though many have found a malicious delight in asking advice, merely that they may treat it with contempt, it is unknown that man ever took it with satisfaction. The position is too humiliating; nor could we endure to listen patiently to our best friend's prosing, were we not upheld by a conscious liberty and a decided volition to reject his counsel. What else could sustain a minister through a course of Mr. Hume's nightly inflictions, or what could maintain unbroken the life-ending connexion of man and wife, and carry *man*kind through that never-ending still-beginning curtain-lecture, which "rerum immutabilis unda" has endured, and will endure "in omne volubilis ævum," even to the very crack of doom,—the eternal type and precursor of the last trumpet?

The subject grows on our hands, but it is time to have done, or "*commençons à conclure.*" We thank Providence that gave us a profession (reader, we leave you to guess which) that invests us with the divine right of inflicting our opinion on others *secundum artem*. But this is not enough: we must indulge a little in our private capacities; and now and then "give a piece of our mind" to the readers of the New Monthly; for which, as they pay, it is to be hoped they will profit. Did time permit, we could even now afford many useful counsels, all "germane to the matter:" but *dum loquimur fugit pagina*, and we must content ourselves with advising our kind friends not to sleep with their eyes open, to avoid the east wind (which is now beginning to blow), to do as little as they can of what they don't like, and "*se tenir en joie*," and remember "*qu'il y a plus d'esprit en un pinte du vin, qu'il n'y en a en un boisseau de bled.*" M.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. V.

The Solicitor-general Mr. Joy.

> "For do but mark the leers and notable scorns
> That live in every region of his face." — SHAKSPEARE.

MR. JOY, the present Solicitor general for Ireland, and the anti-papistical associate in office of the chief advoçate of the Roman Catholic claims, is the son of a literary man, who was the editor of a newspaper in Belfast. To the violent spirit which characterised the democratic lucubrations of the father, I am inclined to attribute a mistake into which the public have fallen with respect to the juvenile propensities of the son. The Solicitor-general is commonly considered to have been addicted to liberal principles in his early life, and has been reproached with having started a patriot. But whiggism is not a family disorder, nor have I been able to discover any grounds for thinking that Mr. Joy was at any time the professor of opinions at variance with his present political creed. Since he was called to the Bar, which was in the year 1788, I cannot find a single deviation in his conduct from the path of obvious prudence, which his instinctive tendencies would naturally have led him to adopt, and to which his matured experience must have instructed him to adhere. It required little sagacity to perceive that by allying himself with the religious and aristocratic passions of the prosperous faction, he was much more likely to attain distinction, than by any chivalrous dedication of his abilities to a more noble, but unrequiting cause. Had he had the misfortune to inherit so sterile and unprofitable a patrimony as the love of Ireland, he might still, perhaps, have risen to eminence and honour. But his success would have been achieved in despite of his principles. By choosing a different course he has succeeded through them. Instead of the difficult and laborious path by which so few have won their way, and which is filled not only with obstacles but thorns, he selected the smoother road, the progress in which is as easy as it is sure—which is thronged by crowds, who, instead of impeding individual advancement, sustain and bear each other on—and which not only leads with more directness to a splendid elevation, but is bordered with many fertile and rich retreats, in which those who are either unable or unwilling to prosecute their journey to the more distant and shining objects to which it conducts at last, are certain of finding an adjacent place of secure and permanent repose. In this inviting path, the weak and the incapable may sit down in ease and luxury, even in the lowest gradations of ascent; while the more vigorous and aspiring receive an impulse from the very ground they tread, and are hurried rapidly along. Mr. Joy could not fail to see the advantages of this accelerating course, nor do I impute much blame to him for having yielded to its allurements. He has, perhaps, acted from that kind of artificial conviction, into which the mind of an honourable man may at last succeed in torturing itself. Conscience, like every other judge, may be misled, and there is no advocate so eloquent as self-interest before that high, but not infallible tribunal. Whatever were his motives in choosing this judicious though not very exalted course, Mr. Joy soon distinguished himself by his zeal in his vocation, and became prominent among the

staunch Tories at the Bar. He displayed in its fullest force that sort of sophisticated loyalty, of which vehement Protestants are in the habit of making a boastful profession in Ireland, and carried the supererogatory sentiment into practice, even at the convivial meetings of the Bar. A lawyer, who has since risen to considerable distinction, and whose youth was encompassed by calamities, which it required a rare combination of talents and of fortitude to surmount, was selected by Mr. Joy for an early manifestation of his devotedness to the cause, which it required no very high spirit of prophecy to foresee would be ultimately canonized by success. It was upon the motion of Mr. Joy, that the barrister to whom I allude, was expelled, for his republican tendencies, from the Bar-mess of the North-east Circuit. In recommending so very rigorous a measure, he gave proof of his earnestness and of his good taste. The expulsion of an associate, whom an almost daily intercourse ought to have invested with at least the semblances of friendship, afforded abundant evidence of the sincerity of the emotion with which he was influenced, while his discrimination was approved, by marking a man out for ruin, whose endowments were sufficiently conspicuous to direct the general attention, not only to the peculiar victim that suffered in the sacrifice, but to the priest who presided at the immolation. This unequivocal exhibition of enthusiastic loyalty was followed by other instances of equally devoted and not more disinterested attachment to the government, and Mr. Joy gradually grew into the favour of those who are the distributors of honour and of emolument at the Bar. He did not, however, abuse the predilections of authority for any mean or inglorious purpose. He is, I believe, unsullied by any sordid passion; and whatever may be his faults, avarice is not among them. He has never been an occupant of any one of the paltry offices at the Bar, to the invention of which the genius of Irish Secretaries is unremittingly applied. Aiming at loftier objects, he preserved a character for independence, by abstaining from solicitation. It would be tedious to trace his progress through the various stages of professional success which conduct to celebrity at last. A lawyer advances by movements almost imperceptible, from obscurity into note, and from note to fame; and would find it difficult to ascribe with certainty the consummation of his success to any direct or immediate cause. It is by a continued series of meritorious effort and of fortunate event, that eminence is to be attained at the Bar. I pass by the many years of labour in which Mr. Joy, in obedience to the destinies of his profession, must have expended the flower of his life, and lead him directly to the administration of Mr. Saurin. That gentleman, the Coryphæus of the Orange party, formed for Mr. Joy a strong political partiality. He found in Mr. Joy the cardinal virtue, which, in his opinion, is the hinge of all integrity and honour, and in the absence of which the highest genius and the deepest knowledge are wholly without avail. With the ex-attorney-general, Orangeism in politics has all the efficacy of charity in religion, and in the person of Mr. Joy, he found many conspicuous qualities set-off by the full lustre of Protestantism. This community of sentiment engendered a virulent sympathy between them. Mr. Joy was appointed one of the three Sergeants, who take precedence after the Attorney and Solicitor-general, and enjoy a sort of customary right to promotion to the Bench.

Even before they are raised to the judicial station, they occasionally act in lieu of any of the judges, who may happen to be prevented by illness from going the circuit. The malady of a judge, to such an extent of incapacity, is not, however, of very frequent occurrence. A deduction from his salary, to the amount of four hundred pounds, is inflicted as a sort of penalty, in every instance in which he declines attending the assizes, and the expedient has been found peculiarly sanative. It not unfrequently happens that one of the twelve sages, who has lain almost dead during the term, at the sound of the circuit trumpet, starts as it were into a judicial resurrection, and, preceded by the gorgeous procession of bum-bailiffs, bears his cadaverous attestation through the land, to the miraculous agency of the King's commission. However, it does upon occasion happen, that this restorative, powerful as it is, loses its preternatural operation, and one of the sergeants is called upon to take the place of any of the ermined dignitaries of the Bench, who does not require the certificate of a physician to satisfy the public of the reality of his venerable ailments. This proximity to the Bench gives a Sergeant considerable weight. In raising Mr. Joy to an office which affords so many honourable anticipations, Mr. Saurin must have been sensible that he added to his personal influence, by the elevation of so unqualified an adherent to the party of which he was the head. Mr. Joy had, besides, a high individual rank. Before his promotion his business was considerable, and it afterwards rapidly increased. It was principally augmented in chancery, where pre-audience is of the utmost moment. Lord Manners is disposed to allow too deep a permanence to the earliest impression, and whoever first addresses him has the odds in his favour. The enjoyment of priority swelled the bag of Mr. Joy, which was soon distended into an equality with that of the present Chief-justice, Mr. Bushe.

That great advocate found in Mr. Joy a dangerous competitor. The latter was generally supposed to be more profoundly read, and the abstract principles of equity were traced by sagacious solicitors in the folds and furrows of his brow. The eloquence of Bushe was little appreciated by men who thought that, because they had been delighted, they ought not to have been convinced. Joy had a more logical aspect in the eyes of those who conceive that genius affords *primâ facie* evidence against knowledge, and grew into a gradual preference at the chancery Bar. It was no light recommendation to him that he was the *protegé* of Saurin, who could not bring himself to forgive the liberalism of his colleague, and was not unwilling to assist the prosperous competition of his more Protestant *élève*. His strenuous protection gave strong reasons to Bushe to tremble at Joy's pretensions to the highest seat upon the Bench. Bushe had himself declined the office of a puisne judge, in the just expectation of attaining to that which he at present occupies in a manner so useful to the country and so creditable to himself. But he was doomed to the endurance of a long interval of suspense before his present fortunate, and I may even call it, accidental elevation. He had been already sufficiently annoyed by the perverse longevity of Lord Norbury, and the no less vexatious hesitations of Lord Downes, who tortured him for years with the judicial coquetry of affected resignation. But the appearance of another candidate for the object of his protracted aspirations had well nigh broken his spirit and

reduced him to despair. It was at one time quite notorious, that if a vacancy had occurred in the chief-justiceship of the King's-bench, Saurin would have exercised his influence in behalf of his favourite; and it was almost equally certain that his influence would have prevailed. In the general notion Joy was soon to preside in the room of Downes, and his own demeanour tended not a little to confirm it. The auspices of success were assembled in his aspect, as conspicuously as the omens of disaster were collected in the bearing of Mr. Bushe. The latter exhibited all the most painful symptoms of the malady of procrastinated hope. The natural buoyancy of his spirit sunk under the oppressive and accumulating solicitude that weighed upon him. Conscious of the power of our emotions, and of the readiness with which they break into external results, he was ever on his guard against them. He well knew how speedily misfortune is detected by the vulgar and heartless crowd we call the world, and made every effort to rescue himself from their ignominious commiseration. To escape from a sentiment which is so closely connected with contempt, he wrought himself at moments into a wild and feverish hilarity: but the care that consumes the heart, manifested itself in despite of all his efforts to conceal it. His bursts of high-wrought joyousness were speedily followed by the depression which usually succeeds to an unnatural inebriation of the mind: his eyes used to be fixed in a heavy and abstracted glaze; his face was suffused with a murky and unwholesome red,—melancholy seemed to "bake his blood." He was vacant when disengaged, and impatient when occupied, and every external circumstance about him attested the workings of solicitude that were going on within. It was truly distressing to see this eloquent, high-minded, and generous man, dying of the ague of expectation, and alternately shivering with wretched disappointment, and inflamed with miserable hope. Joy, on the other hand, displayed all the characteristics of prosperity, and would have been set down by the most casual observer as a peculiarly successful man. An air of good fortune was spread around him: it breathed from his face, and was diffused over all that he said and did. His eyes twinkled with the pride of authority. His brow assumed by anticipation the solemnity of the judicial cast;—he seemed to rehearse the part of chief-justice, and to be already half-seated on the highest place upon the Bench. But suddenly it was plucked from beneath him—Lord Wellesley arrived—Saurin was precipitated from his office. In a paroxysm of distempered magnanimity he disdained to accept the first judicial station, and Bushe, to his own astonishment, grasped in permanence and security that object of half his life, which had appeared so long to fly from his pursuit, and, just before the instant of its attainment, seemed, like a phantasm, to have receded from his reach for ever. Bushe is now chief justice of the King's-bench; and that he may long continue to preside there is the wish of every man by whom indiscriminate urbanity to the Bar, unremitting attention to the duties of his office, and a perfect competence to their discharge—the purest impartiality and a most noble intellect—are held in value.

Notwithstanding that the Bench was withdrawn from Mr. Joy, while he was almost in the attitude of seating himself upon it, he did not fall to the ground. Bushe's promotion left a vacancy in the

office of Solicitor-general, and it was tendered to Mr. Joy. This was considered a little singular, as his opinions were well known to be exactly opposite to those of the new Attorney-general, Mr. Plunket. That circumstance, however, so far from being a ground of objection, was, I am inclined to think, a principal motive for submitting the vacant place to his acceptance. It had been resolved to compound all parties together. The more repulsive the ingredients, the better fitted they were for the somewhat empirical process of conciliation, with which Lord Wellesley had undertaken to mix them up together. The government being itself an anomaly—a thing "of shreds and patches,"—it was only consistent that the legal department should be equally heterogeneous. To this sagacious project, the conjunction of two persons who differ so widely from each other as Mr. Plunket and Mr. Joy, is to be attributed. The latter was blamed by many of his friends for the promptitude with which he allied himself to the new administration, for he did not affect the coyness which is usually illustrated by a proverbial reference to clerical ambition. He was well aware that if he indulged in the mockery of a refusal, amidst the rapid fluctuations of an undecided government, he might endanger the ultimate possession of so valuable an office. He did not put on any virgin reluctances, nor seem "fearful of his wishes," but embraced the fair opportunity with a genuine and unaffected ardour. The strangeness of this coalition, between men of principles so directly opposite, was speedily illustrated. The trial of the Orangemen for the famous theatrical riot brought the incoherences of the system into full relief. Mr. Joy was well known to coincide with the loyal delinquents upon the abstract question of ascendancy, with as cordial a warmth as the natural tranquillity of his temperament would permit; and however he might have disapproved of the expedient by which their ferocious passion for the constitution was evinced, it was impossible that he should regard the excesses, in which their barbarous loyalty was exemplified, with any very vehement indignation. We extend an unavoidable sympathy to the errors which arise from a superabundance of those emotions in which we ourselves participate. The official duty of Mr. Joy prescribed to him a course from which he must have recoiled; and it was necessary to spur him onward where another would have required the rein. The Attorney-general was sensible of the peculiarity of his condition, and determined to urge him, if possible, into a more cordial alliance with himself. Accordingly he covered him with praise. He seemed at a loss to determine whether King William or Mr. Joy had the higher claims to his admiration. He said, that "by his high talents, enlightened information, and extensive knowledge, he had been assisted in every step of the prosecution, and that to his cordial zeal and co-operation no terms could be too strong to render justice and express his gratitude." This encomium produced a smile. It was at once perceived that Mr. Plunket was distrustful of his colleague; and, to use a vulgar phrase, was determined to "put it upon him." Joy felt that it was meant as a stimulant, and, in despite of his own stubborn conviction, endeavoured to excite himself into a semblance of sincerity. His speech was judicious and well arranged. He arrayed the evidence with skill, and shewed himself to be well versed in the discipline of his profession. But his manner was cold and frosty-

spirited; his clearness was wintry and congealed; his reasons were upon one side, and all his passions upon the other. He appeared to labour with his own consciousness, and to attend less to the arguments applicable to the case, than to the mode in which he was to play his part. He made some singular confessions. In lauding Lord Wellesley he said, "that his Lordship did him the honour to appoint him to the office which he held with perfect knowledge, that, upon the great subject which divided the country, his opinions differed from his Lordship's; nor was that question ever once, in the course of a year during which he had been in office, mentioned." This statement gave a curious insight into the viceregal councils, in which a great national question was never once alluded to in delicate respect to the tender feelings of Mr. Joy. It had also the effect of an intimation to the jury, that it would not be a matter of deep regret to his Majesty's Solicitor-general, if those with whom he felt so strenuous a concurrence of sentiment, and whose "failings leaned to virtue's side," were to escape from the poisoned tooth of Mr. Plunket. But it was scarcely needful to apprise the jury of his own feelings, in order to neutralise all the effects which his abstract reasoning might produce. His very countenance seemed to be at variance with his speech. It was a personification of humbug. It has a natural tendency to derision; and the expression which it habitually assumes towards others, appeared in this instance to be extended to himself. Through the arch solemnity with which his features were invested, it was easy to discern the spirit of ridicule breaking, in occasional flashes of mockery, from his eye, and playing in lambent scorn about him. To the government by which he was employed, he gave no reason for complaint, and acquitted himself with mercenary fidelity of his distasteful task. Mr. Plunket could not have said that he omitted a single topic upon which he ought to have relied; but he must have thought how different an effect would have been produced by his old friend Mr. Burrowes. Instead of the well-turned sentences of graceful diction, which were uttered with cold suavity and gentle remonstrance by Mr. Joy, that able man would have thrown among the jury an inflamed harangue, which, if it had not extorted justice, would at least have inflicted shame. The jury would have been attainted by the eloquence of the advocate. The placidity of Mr. Joy had the effect of reconciling them to their verdict. He politely asked them to find the traversers guilty, and with such an air as gave them to understand that he would not take it in very bad part, if they declined to comply with his request. He delivered a well-enunciated essay, which indicated a cultivated mind, but which was destitute of impressiveness or force. It was not, as it ought to have been, "struck fiery off." It wanted neither happiness of diction nor felicity of thought; but it was deficient in power, and left the jury at its conclusion in as undisturbed a self-complacency, as if his lips had not been opened during the trial.

I am far from meaning to impute any censure to Mr. Joy, for the least purposed inefficiency upon this occasion. I doubt not that he did as much as his peculiar relation to the traversers would allow; but he was so shackled and restrained that it was impossible that his faculties should have had their full play. These are of a high quality, and he is justly accounted one of the ablest men at the Irish Bar. In the

sense in which eloquence, and especially in Ireland, is generally understood, I do not think that it belongs to him in a very remarkable degree. At times his manner is very strenuous but energy is by no means the characteristic of his speaking. I have seen him, upon occasion, appeal to juries with considerable force, and manifest that honest indignation in the reprobation of meanness and of depravity, which is always sure to excite an exalted sentiment in the minds of men. The sincere enforcement of good principle is among the noblest sources of genuine oratory; and he that awakens a more generous love of virtue and lifts us beyond the ordinary sphere of our moral sensibilities, produces the true results of eloquence. This Mr. Joy has not unfrequently accomplished, but his habitual cast of expression and of thought is too much subdued and kept under the vigilant controul of a timid and suspicious taste, to be attended with any very signal and shining effects He deals little in that species of illustration which indicates a daring and adventurous mind; that seeks to deliver its strong, though not always matured, conceptions in bold and lofty phrase. Its products may be frequently imperfect, but a single noble thought that springs full formed from the imagination, compensates for all its abortive offspring. Mr. Joy does not appear to think so, and studiously abstains from the indulgence of that propensity to figurative decoration, which in Ireland is carried to some excess. Nature, I suspect, has been a little niggard in the endowment of his fancy; and if she has not given him wings for a sustained and lofty flight, he is wise in not using any waxen pinions. I have never detected any exaggeration in his speeches, either in notion or in phrase. His language is precise and pure, but so simple, as scarcely to deviate from the plainness of ordinary discourse. It was observed of Lysias that he seldom employed a word which was not in the most common use, but that his language was so measured as to render his style exceedingly melodious and sweet. Mr. Joy very rarely has recourse to an expression which is not perfectly familiar. But he combines the most trivial forms of phrase with so much art together, as to give them a peculiarly rhythmical construction. Upon occasion, however, he throws into a speech some ornamental allusion to his own favourite pursuits. He takes a flower or two from his hortus siccus, and flings it carelessly out. But his images are derived from the museum and the cabinet, and not from the mountain and the field. He is strongly addicted to the study of the more graceful sciences, and versed in shrubs, and birds, and butterflies. In this respect he stands an honourable exception to most of the eminent members of the Bar, with whom all scientific and literary acquirement is held in a kind of disrepute. Mr. Joy has not neglected those sources of permanent enjoyment, which continue to administer their innocent gratifications, when almost every other is dried up. He has employed his solitary leisure (for he is an old bachelor, and, in despite of certain rumours recently afloat among "the womankind" in Temple-street, appears to be an inveterate Mr. Oldbuck) in the cultivation of elegant, although, in some instances, fantastic tastes. He is devoted to the loves of the plants, and spends in a well-assorted museum of curiosities many an hour of dalliance with an insect or a shell. It is not unnatural that his mind should be impregnated with his intellectual recreations; and whenever he ventures

upon a metaphor, it may readily be traced to some association with his scientific pursuits. But, with this rare exception, Mr. Joy may be accounted an unadorned speaker. His chief merit consists in his talent for elucidation and for sneering. He is, indeed, so sensible of his genius for mockery, that he puts it into use wherever the least opportunity is afforded for its display. When it is his object to cover a man with disgrace, he lavishes encomium with a tone and look that render his envenomed praises more deadly than the fiercest invective. He deals in incessant irony, and sets off his virulent panegyric with a smile of such baleful derision as to furnish a model to a painter for Goethe's Metempsyphiles. In cross-examination he employs this formidable faculty with singular effect. Here he shews high excellence. He contemplates the witness with the suppressed delight of an inquisitor, who calmly surveys his victim before he has him on the wheel. He does not drag him to the torture with a ferocious precipitation, and throw him at once into his torments, but with a slow and blandishing suavity tempts and allures him on, and invites him to the point at which he knows that the means of infliction lie in wait. He offers him a soft and downy bed in which the rack is concealed, and when he is laid upon it, even then he does not put out all his resources of agony at once. He affects to caress the victim whom he torments, and it is only after he has brought the whole machinery of torture into action, that his purpose is perfectly revealed; and even then, and when he is in the fullest triumph of excruciation, he retains his seeming and systematic gentleness; he affects to wonder at the pain which he applies, and while he is pouring molten lead into the wound, pretends to think it balm.

The habitual irony which Mr. Joy is accustomed to put into such efficient practice, has given an expression to his face which is peculiarly Sardonic. Whatever mutations his countenance undergoes, are but varied modifications of a sneer. It exhibits in every aspect a phasis of disdain. Plunket's face sins a little in this regard, but its expression is less contemptuous than harsh. There is in it more of the acidity of ill humour than of the bitterness of scorn. His pride appears to result rather from the sense of his own endowments, than from any depreciating reference to those of other men. But the mockery of Mr. Joy is connected with all the odium of comparison:

> Et les deux bras croisés, du haut de son esprit,
> Il écoute en pitié tout ce que chacun dit.

The features upon which this perpetual derision is inlaid, are of a peculiar cast—they are rough-hewn and unclassical, and dispersed over a square and rectangular visage, without symmetry or arrangement. His mouth is cut broadly, and directly from one jaw to the other, and has neither richness nor curve. There are in his cheeks two deep cavities, which in his younger days might have possibly passed for dimples, hollowed out in the midst of yellow flesh. Here it is that ridicule seems to have chosen her perpetual residence, for I do not remember to have seen her give way to any more kindly or gentle sentiment. His nose is broad at the root; its nostrils are distended, and it terminates in an ascending point: but it is too short for a profile, and lies in a side view almost concealed in the folds of parchment by which it is encompassed. The eyes are dark, bright, and intellectual, but the

lids are shrivelled and pursed up in such a manner, and seemingly by an act of will, as to leave but a small space between their contracted rims for the gleams of vision that are permitted to escape. They seem to insinuate that it is not worth their while to be open, in order to survey the insignificant object on which they may chance to light. The forehead is thoughtful and high, but from the posture of the head, which is thrown back and generally aside, it appropriately surmounts this singular assemblage of features, and lends an important contribution to the Sardonic effect of the whole. His deportment is in keeping with his physiognomy. If the reader will suggest to his imagination the figure of a Mandarin receiving Lord Amherst at the palace at Pekin, and with contemptuous courtesy proposing to his Lordship the ceremony of the Ko-tou, he will form a pretty accurate notion of the bearing, the manners, and the hue of his Majesty's Solicitor-general for Ireland. He is extremely polite, but his politeness is as Chinese as his look, and appears to be dictated rather by a sense of what he owes to himself, than by any deference to the person who has the misfortune to be its object. And yet with all this assumption of dignity, Mr. Joy is not precisely dignified. He is in a perpetual effort to sustain his consequence, and arms himself against the least invasion upon his title to respect. Of its legitimacy, however, he does not appear to be completely satisfied. He seems a spy upon his own importance, and keeps watch over the sacred treasure with a most earnest and unremitting vigilance. Accordingly he is for ever busy with himself. There is nothing abstract and meditative in his aspect, nor does his mind ever wander beyond the immediate localities that surround him. There is "no speculation in his eye;" an intense consciousness pervades all that he says and does. I never yet saw him lost in reverie. When disengaged from his professional occupations, he stands in the Hall with the same collected manner which he bore in the discharge of his duties to his client, and with his thoughts fastened to the spot. While others are pacing with rapidity along the flags which have worn out so many hopes, Joy remains in stationary stateliness, peering with a side-long look at the peristrephic panorama that revolves around him. The whole, however, of what is going on is referred to his own individuality; self is the axis of the little world about him, and while he appears scarcely conscious of the presence of a single person in all the crowd by which he is encompassed, he is in reality noting down the slightest glance that may be connected with himself.

There is something so artificial in the demeanour of Mr. Joy, and especially in the authoritativeness which he assumes with the official silk in which he attires his person, that his external appearance gives but little indication of his character. His dispositions are much more commendable than a disciple of Lavater would be inclined to surmise. suspect that his hauteur is worn from a conviction that the vulgar are most inclined to reverence the man by whom they are most strenuously despised. Upon a view of Mr. Joy, it would be imagined that he would not prove either a very humane or patient judge; but it is quite otherwise, and those who have had an opportunity of observing him in a judicial capacity upon circuit, concur in the desire that he should be permanently placed in a situation for which he has already displayed in its transitory occupation so many conspicuous qualities. It is not im-

possible, however, that his promotion may be retarded for some time. Lord Norbury, at eighty-six, has as little notion of resigning as if he were in the vigour of life; and Mr. Joy has a daily opportunity of seeing him gallop to court on a highly mettled horse with an alertness and activity which are not a little contrasted with his own slow and slouching gait. It is true that the government has long been anxious for the retirement of his Lordship. This desire is not very consistent upon their part, as he is in point of intellect and acquirement, as well qualified for the discharge of the public duty, as he was at the period of his original elevation to the Bench. There are those indeed who think that his Lordship's powers give symptoms of the apoplexy, but whatever be the case, it is certain that his friend Mr. Gerahty will not follow the example of Gil Blas, nor warn him of the decay of his judicial faculties. It is therefore not improbable, that Mr. Joy, may upon his way to court, continue for some time to endure the jocular salutation of the Yorick of the Bench, and to hearken to the tantalizing clatter of his horse's hoofs, which are considered to have a peculiarly disagreeable effect upon the ears of the Solicitor-general. In the interval, I doubt not that he may be elected a member of the House of Commons, and represent the city of Dublin. The Roman Catholics are beginning to apprehend that the ambition of Master Ellis may not be preposterous enough to induce him to extend to their body the continued benefits of his opposition, and that they will lose the advantages of his hostility in parliament. When by the operation of a recent act, he will have been deprived of that ubiquity, by which he now contrives to discharge his official functions in Dublin, and to command the applause of listening senates at Westminster, it is likely that the learned Master may, in some lucid interval, relinquish the unprofitable honour of representing the corporation. In that event, his constituents will probably seek for consolation in the constitutional devotedness of Mr. Joy. They cannot indeed expect to meet in him that felicitous conjunction of attributes, which have rendered Master Ellis not only the becoming medium of their sentiments, but the still more appropriate emblem of their minds. They possess, in that learned gentleman, not only a vehicle, but a type. In habits, and in manners—in knowledge, in eloquence, and integrity, so fortunate a conformity has been established between them, that they may despair to "look upon his like again." Yet Mr. Joy is an unqualified supporter of the doctrine of exclusive emolument, by way of retaliation for the antiquated tenet of exclusive salvation; and for the earnestness of his antipathy to the Popish multitude, the corporators of Dublin will probably excuse those wide dissimilarities in temper and in intellect, which will leave him, whenever he is returned for the city of Dublin, at a long interval from the distinguished senator, from whom, although he may be next to him, he must always continue distant; and of whose genius, liberality, and public virtue, Doctor Duigenan himself was only a precursor, and gave but an intimation of a more glorious and perfect coming.

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand,
There's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow,
To the glorious revelry,
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle.

Of rights for which our swords outspring,
Shall Angoulême bereave us?
We've pluck'd a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.
Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
In Spain the proud, be Freedom's shroud?
Oh never, never, never!
Follow, follow,
Follow to the fight, and sing
Liberty for ever,
Ever, ever, ever.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt!
We laugh to see his standard:
Here let his miscreant blood be spilt,
Where braver men's was squander'd!
Follow, follow,
If the laurel'd tricolor
Durst not overflaunt us,
Shall yon lily daunt us?

No, ere they quell our valour's veins,
They'll upward to their fountains
Turn back the rivers on our plains,
And trample flat our mountains.
Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us.

SONG.

Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet, oh! no, no, no.

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou art parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

THE NEW CABRIOLETS.—A HAND-BILL.

At a time like the present, when economy is imperiously required in all branches of expenditure, public or private, the Speculator in the new hackney cabriolets feels himself called upon by a sense of duty to a candid and enlightened community, to state the circumstances under which his invention originated, and the various public advantages which, he presumes to imagine, will render it successful.

On a bleak morning, at the commencement of March last, the Speculator, while in the act of devouring a calves-foot jelly at the confectioner's in Leicester-fields, beheld a young gentleman, dressed in the very extreme of modern *ton*, walk on the tips of his toes, across the square, diagonally towards the Haymarket, and enter a hackney-coach, which, from its capacious bulk, seemed to have been the property of some deceased alderman, and which was drawn by a pair of enormous black long-tailed horses. The young gentleman was not much larger in the waist than a wasp. "A lady's fan" might have "brained him," (or, more strictly speaking, might have cracked his skull), and a lady's pair of scissors might have clipped him in twain. The whole weight of the stripling could barely have reached fifty pounds avoirdupois. Struck by the absurdity of employing such a vehicle, and a couple of such quadrupeds, to convey such a biped, the Speculator walked ruminating through Cranbourne-alley—(he begs pardon of the purlieu) Cranbourne-*passage*: and while crossing the street opposite Hamlet the jeweller's, was, through inattention, nearly run over by a baker's cart. It is extraordinary from what apparently unimportant sources the greatest discoveries frequently flow. The conjoint ideas of hackney-coach and baker's-cart suggested to the Speculator the notion of a hackney cabriolet. Any gentleman who has travelled from the Champs Elysées to Versailles, during the spouting of the water-works, (and what English gentleman has not?) must have observed a vehicle of that description, drawn by a single horse, in the interior of which an assortment of men, women, and children, to the number of twenty at the least, has been securely stowed. Now if twice ten natives of Paris can trot safely in that species of conveyance to Versailles, the Speculator puts it to any gentleman conversant in mathematical calculation, with what a dead certainty (the speculator means a live one) a London-built cabriolet may travel with three people, namely, the driver and two passengers, from Cheapside to Greenwich fair.

The price charged by the Speculator being only two-thirds of that demanded by the drivers of hackney-coaches, it follows that a shilling fare of the latter is, by the scheme of the former, diminished to eight-pence: a two shilling fare to one shilling and fourpence, and so on in

proportion. Young gentlemen who are beginning to remember their multiplication-table, and middle-aged gentlemen who are beginning to forget it, will, by this arrangement, find great practical benefit in the quickness and accuracy with which they will, by a little practice, know to an odd halfpenny how much they are to pay to the driver. The necessity of carrying a pocket full of halfpence will also create a very musical jingle as the machine trots along the rough pavement of Piccadilly. Not to mention the obligation under which a candid and enlightened public will labour, of hoarding their halfpence, to the grievous annoyance of street-beggars, and the proportionate gratification of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity. If, according to Benjamin Franklin, a penny saved is a penny got, the Speculator anticipates no small degree of popularity in these days of retrenchment, by saving any lady or gentleman one shilling in three, who has occasion to ride by a public conveyance from the Royal Exchange to the East end of Pall Mall. In short, Economy is the Speculator's object, Mr. Joseph Hume his model, and "Tollere Humo" his motto.

To the bilious and the gouty: to the soup, fish, and *paté* part of the London community: to the timid and lax of knee, whom even a rocking-horse sends prostrate on the carpet, and who, from their inability to sit a dead horse, feel a natural repugnance to mounting a live one, the New Hackney Cabriolet proffers a safe, cheap, and healthful exercise. The structure of the springs and the duality of the wheels give to it the exact motion of a baker's cart. To the softer sex, a trot in it over the well-paved curvature of Waterloo-place will be found to be attended with the most beneficial effect: upon the sceptic, who doubts the details of Hunter's Anatomy, it will enforce conviction, by proving to him the existence of every bone in his body. But to gentlemen from the East Indies, who have been enervated by the heat of the climate, one ride through Brentford is a dose.

Neither is the privacy of the projected mode of conveyance a matter to be slightly attended to. In the wretches who contrive to drag on a miserable Existence eastward of Temple Bar, and who are reduced to the humiliating necessity of labouring for a maintenance, the sense of shame may well be imagined to be so utterly extinct as to make it an affair of absolute indifference whether they are seen in hackney-coaches or not. Some of them indeed seem to glory in their shame by riding in them with the glasses down. But the Speculator begs a candid and enlightened public to cast a pitying glance towards that large and increasing body of gentry, who, with the most laudable ambition of aping their betters, find themselves prohibited by the state of their finances, and their inability to dig, from so doing. The public are requested to consider the case of "younger sons of younger brothers;" of spirited youths whom the Insolvent Act has recently released from Saint George's Fields; of smart clerks in public offices, who contrive to support a genteel appearance, in a small street near Manchester-square, upon a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; of French quadrille dancers, and of dark-muzzled Italian teachers of the pianoforte. All these personages traverse the streets of London with a character to lose, and must not be seen in a hackney-coach. To these and various others situated like these, the New Cabriolet opens its

dark and hospitable hood. No vehicle, short of a hearse, is so well calculated to hide a head from the prying gaze of the vulgar.

Independently, also, of the lastmentioned advantage, the New Cabriolet presents the opposite benefit of enabling the hirer to be seen, if so disposed, in what degree he may think fit. The springs attached to the hood enable the driver to throw back that envelope, much or little, according to the fancy of the fare. The Speculator recommends it to prudent people to have it but little released from its full curve. By these means it will be optional in the fare whom to recognize in the street and whom to cut. Should he behold advancing along the Strand his unmarried uncle, walking towards Threadneedle-street to receive his dividends, he may, by bending forward a little, greet his relation with a profound bow. Should he see a smart equipage driving up the Haymarket, whose proprietor he knows not from Adam, he may get credit with the peripatetics by sitting upright and accosting the owner with a familiar nod. Should he, on the other hand, come plump upon his unpaid tailor, or upon a country cousin in a pair of trowsers of last year's growth (being what Corinthian Tom calls "a very high number in Queer Street"), he has only to throw himself back in the vehicle, and a mass of black leather will infallibly protect him from all human recognition.

Circumstances, however, will sometimes occur, under which the Speculator recommends it to his patrons to throw back the hood as far as it will go. He refers in particular, to an election for a member of parliament. Sir Robert Wilson has recently projected a tour to La Mancha. Should the adventure have the effect of sundering him from his constituents, and a vacancy thus occur in the Borough of Southwark, any gentleman possessed of the ambition of entering Saint Stephen's Chapel, has nothing to do, after publishing his intention, but to hire one of the Speculator's cabriolets, throw back the hood, start from London bridge, drive up Tooley-street, and back to Blackman-street; thence adjourn to Saint George's church, leave the King's-bench prison on his right, and after trotting round Bethlem hospital, drive to the narrow purlieus of Webber-row, and emerge in Blackfriars-road close to the House of reception for penitent Females, commonly called the Magdalen. The motion of the machine will cause the candidate who uses it to keep his head in a continual nod, whether he will or not. This action will be construed by the multitude into universal familiarity. "He has not a bit of pride about him," will be the cry, and an exhibition of his name at the head of the poll will be the result.

All human machinery is liable to dislocation: streets will sometimes be slippery, plugs will occasionally be left open, and a horse may accidently fall. Should such an accident take place in a cabriolet, that desirable privacy upon which the Speculator has dilated above, will still continue uninvaded. The carriage will fall forward, the hood will just cap itself over the horse's ears, and the lady or gentleman who rides inside will remain like a butterfly under a hat. The secret will not transpire beyond the quadruped who draws and the biped who drives: upon their discretion the public may rely with confidence.

As a melancholy contrast to this great advantage, the Speculator has merely to draw the enlightened attention of the public towards the situation of those unhappy people who ride outside of stage-coaches.

They are aware that, barring accidents, they will reach Barnet or Stevenage at a given period. But, should a linch-pin get loose, or the load of live and dead luggage on the top, cause the coach to swerve from the perpendicular, they know no more than the Pope of Rome when, where, or upon what projectile fate has destined them to be spilt. They may be shot into the City-road canal, impaled upon the iron rails of Finsbury-square, hurled headlong into a scavenger's cart, or precipitated many a fathom into one of the bottomless areas of the Adelphi. One case of example operates better than five volumes of precept. The Speculator, therefore, begs to refer to the catastrophe which not long ago occurred to the Fulham coach. Mat, the driver, was both the cause and the historian. Let the event be recorded in his own words, no other could do it adequate justice. "Sam Snaffle," (it is Mat who now speaks), "Sam Snaffle shoots off his outsiders in a heap. That's not my way; I spread 'em. I'll tell you what happened to me last Wednesday. I started rather lateish from Saint Paul's. I stopped at the corner of Fetter-lane for a booked insider, and a deuce of a time I stood, door in hand.—Says Bill Burton, by the time it takes, this must be a woman.—Worse, says I, a pigtail. Well! at last I bundled the old gentleman in, and drove on to the Spotted Dog. I drew up rather short, the wheel got into the gutter, and over she went. One of my outsiders, a very good sort of man, went down head first into the cobbler's stall, under the doctor's shop. Crispin did not seem to know what to make of it. Another one, Mr. Wilkins, a saddler, went smack into the shop-window all among the red and blue bottles. But the oddest thing of all happened to Grub the market-gardener, who rode in the dickey. Jack Roberts was sitting in the bar of the Spotted Dog behind a pint of purl. You must know Jack Roberts, a stout pock-marked man; him as used to drive to Manchester. Well! in went Grub at the window like a shot, and, 'drat me if he did not upset Jack Roberts, purl and all. That's what I call spreading 'em!" The public has only to contrast this diffuse dispersion with the compact deposit of a declining cabriolet. Upon this single advantage, the Projector is content to stand or fall.

It remains but to mention the extent of the Projector's liability in case of personal accidents. By a reference to the printed list, affixed to the apron of the machine, the public will be apprised of the sum to the extent of which, the Speculator will hold himself liable, in the event of any fracture, simple or compound. On perusing the catalogue it will be seen, that in the case of a broken leg, the Speculator is content to pay five pounds; for a fractured arm, he will forfeit to the sufferer two pounds ten shillings; and for a bruise, of sufficient magnitude to require the aid of brown paper and vinegar, eleven shillings and sixpence; for a broken head, three shillings is the extent of the Speculator's pecuniary reimbursement. Should the possessor estimate that excrescence at a greater value, he must have it entered at the office, *ad valorem*, and pay a premium accordingly.

GREEK SONG.

THE SHADE OF THESEUS.

KNOW ye not when our dead
  From sleep to battle sprung?
When the Persian charger's tread
  On their covering greensward rung*.

    When banners caught the breeze,
      When helms in sunlight shone,
    When masts were on the seas,
      And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crown'd,
  And arm'd for Greece that day,
But the falchions made no sound
  On his gleaming war-array.
In the battle's front he stood,
  With his tall and shadowy crest,
But the arrows drew no blood,
  Though their path was through his breast.

    When banners caught the breeze,
      When helms in sunlight shone,
    When masts were on the seas,
      And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
  Where the boldest deeds were done,
But it smote without a clash,
  The stroke was heard by none!
His voice was not of those
  That swell'd the rolling blast,
And his steps fell hush'd like snows—
  'Twas the shade of Theseus pass'd!

    When banners caught the breeze,
      When helms in sunlight shone,
    When masts were on the seas,
      And spears on Marathon.

Far-sweeping through the foe,
  With a fiery charge he bore,
And the Mede left many a bow
  On the sounding ocean-shore.
And the dashing waves grew red,
  And the sails were crowded fast,
When the sons of Asia fled,
  As the shade of Theseus pass'd!

    When banners caught the breeze,
      When helms in sunlight shone,
    When masts were on the seas,
      And spears on Marathon.

F. H.

* See the tradition mentioned in Plutarch's Life of Thes

ON THE REPASTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

If the Ancients excelled us in the practice of some of the sterner virtues, it must be allowed that we have in other qualifications a most decided superiority over them. One of the most striking instances of this superiority is to be found in the immense and unwearied labours and profound researches of our *savans* and antiquaries: owing to whose lynx-eyed sagacity and never-to-be-repulsed perseverance, we are now more intimately acquainted with the manners of the Greeks and Romans, who flourished two thousand years ago, than they were with those of their immediate neighbours and contemporaries. If an ancient Roman were now to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," how astounded with admiration would he be, while contemplating the collection of innumerable facts that have been raked together from all antiquity; and what curious and extensive information relative to his own times might he not, for the first time, learn from the writings of modern antiquaries! I have been led into this train of reflection while wandering through the *Thesaurus Antiquitatum* of Gronovius. This gigantic treasure, in thirteen volumes folio, contains the researches of some hundred learned men upon the ancients. What a monument of human patience and industry! What numberless days of dry discussion, and nights of lonely watching, what burning of midnight oil and baking of healthful blood, must it not have required! What an abstract love of antiquity must not the writers who have thus devoted themselves, have had! It could not have been the love of fame, for such works are not calculated to attract the generality of readers; they are never found upon the table of the man of the world, and their gigantic folio forms would fill up the petty proportions of a modern *boudoir*, and oust the fair *blue* from her own temple. The sphere of their circulation is limited to a scanty number of secluded and studious individuals, who, far from the obstreperous clamour of the world, have little to do with either giving or taking fame. But Gronovius and his thirteen folio volumes form but a small contingent of this army of erudition. There is the collection of Grævius, nearly as bulky and voluminous: there are upwards of sixty volumes published by the French Academy of *Inscriptions and Belles Lettres*, together with the numerous collections of various other academies and learned bodies. To which if we add some thousands of individual tracts and treatises by private hands, we might form a very large library, in which not one word could be found that has relation to the world for nearly the last two thousand years. But not to overwhelm my readers with this dark cloud of learning, I shall come at once to that part of Gronovius's treasure which stopped my wandering flight through this region of "chaos and old night." The subject, though an antiquated one, may not be altogether without flavour, as it relates to gastronomy, a science much relished in this age of *gourmands* and *gourmets*. It is a treatise upon the Repasts of the Ancients (*de Conviviis Antiquorum*) by Baccius. I am persuaded that this erudite gentleman Baccius (though I know nothing of him but from his treatise) would have played a very distinguished part at a Roman dinner; and have done so, not only as a guest, but as master of the feast, and that with no inconsiderable *éclat*, from his profound and classical attainments in culinary lore.

A very remarkable peculiarity in the banquets of the ancients was, their not confining the resources of the table to the gratification of one sense alone. Having exhausted their invention in the confection of stimulants for the palate, they broke new ground, and called in another sense to their aid; and by the delicate applicationof odours and richly-distilled perfumes these refined voluptuaries aroused the fainting appetite, and added a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of the board. The gratification of the sense of smelling (a sense held with us in very undeserved neglect, probably on account of its great delicacy) was a subject of no little importance to the Romans. An attention to this delicate organ they might have learned from the East, where, from the remotest antiquity, perfumes were considered as one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society. The very nature of the climate might have led to this; for, under the influence of a burning sun, the stomach neither requires nor can support much of heavy and substantial food, nor are its demands by any means so pressing as in colder climes. It may not be altogether fanciful to suppose that in those fiery atmospheres strong and aromatic perfumes may possess some alimentary properties, and help in some measure to allay the cravings of appetite. At all events, such a supposition is not altogether out of place in the land of Peris and birds of paradise, which latter are said, according to the beautiful superstition of the country, to live upon the ethereal breath of flowers. However this may be, it is certain that the Romans considered flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and it is the opinion of Baccius, that at their desserts the number of flowers far exceeded that of fruits. When Nero supped in his golden house, a mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences fell upon him; and one of Heliogabalus's recreations was to smother his courtiers with flowers, of whom it may be said, "They died of a rose in aromatic pain." Nor was it entirely as an object of luxury that the ancients made use of flowers; they were considered to possess sanative and medicinal qualities. According to Pliny, Athenæus, and Plutarch, certain herbs and flowers were of sovereign power to prevent the approaches of ebriety, and to facilitate, or, as Baccius less clearly expresses it, clarify, the functions of the brain. Amongst these disintoxicating flowers are enumerated, by the forementioned authors, the rose, the violet, the saffron flower, the myrtle, the parsley, and the ivy. I merely transcribe the names, without vouching for the virtues of these remedies. However, Plutarch has endeavoured by a long and elaborate ratiocination to shew how the exhalations of certain plants and flowers may facilitate the functions of the brain, and neutralize the usual inebriating qualities of wine. If the fact be as the worthy Cheronean has it, it may not be without its use at certain modern merry meetings. Hippocrates was also of opinion that floral exhalations are extremely salutary. I am not aware that modern experimentalists have given this subject all the attention that it deserves; and yet it is one of some importance: for if, as we are told, the brain be the seat of the soul, it behoves us to make use of every means that may render its sojourn there commodious, and keep it from the intrusion of such unwelcome visitors as vinous fumes and alcoholic vapours. If the functions of the brain are to be facilitated, and its troubles, written or unwritten, to be razed out by such gentle and agreeable agents as the delicate breath of

flowers, a way then with the doleful tribes of physicians and pharmacopolists! henceforth our doctors shall be florists, and our apothecaries perfumers. Instead of nauseous draughts and stomach-revolting boluses, let us drink the delicate exhalations of a violet, or inhale the rich effluvia of the heliotrope. Let our beds be draperied with fresh-blown roses, and our rooms carpetted with living flowers. My readers cannot have forgot the frequent and honourable mention made of these fair and fragile children of the earth, in the odes of Horace and Anacreon; nor of the graceful and gallant use to which they were applied of crowning their own and their guests heads, and enwreathing their wine-cups with them. However, not to put our modern *gourmands* entirely out of countenance, it is but fair to state that there were amongst the Romans, those whose carnivorous appetites were far from being satisfied by the light and ethereal diet of flowery odours, and whose chief occupation seems to have been the devouring of good, or at least what they esteemed good cheer. Those who are desirous of learning the details, oftentimes disgusting, of their excessive luxury in this way, will find them in Martial, Suetonius, Juvenal, Petronius, &c. But to return to the good Baccius: in the midst of his quotations he stops to luxuriate over the recollection of an excellent repast, of which he partook at an entertainment given by the Cardinal Ascanius Colonna to the Prince of Nassau, in 1577. At this feast he had the honour of tasting an *olla podrida*, the relish of which was still strong upon his palate. Great and almost exclusive as was his veneration for the meats of antiquity, yet he could not suppress his enthusiasm, nor prevent himself from pronouncing it a divine dish. And while in the height of his admiration, one of the illustrious guests having asked him if the ancients had ever produced any thing comparable to this *olla*, Baccius replied, that in truth Lucullus Vitellius and Heliogabalus had displayed the most unbounded research and extravagance in their banquets—that Juvenal and Apuleius had spoken in terms of great admiration of an *olla podrida* of their times—and that, in recurring to a more remote period of history, we should find it mentioned that the Athenians, when they went forth, with green branches in their hands, to meet Theseus on his return from killing the Minotaur, made an *olla*, by throwing promiscuously into a great boiler the various provisions they had brought with them, such as flesh and fish of different kinds, and grains and vegetables of sundry denominations—yet, notwithstanding the long-lived renown of these ancient dishes, he would not hesitate to say that it was impossible they could have equalled this unique *olla* of the illustrious Cardinal's. Baccius, borne away by his enthusiasm, composed an impromptu hymn *à l'antique*, which was actually sung whilst the guests were devouring its savoury subject. In this hymn, the Cardinal is invoked by the three Graces (quere Greases—*Irish etymol.*), and the Muses excite one another to laud the Spanish *olla podrida* of his Eminence—

> Longum concinat Calliope
> Ollæ Pæan Hispanæ.

The honest antiquarian, in order to have his conscience clear, not only transcribes this hymn, but also accurately notes down the receipt for making this *olla*, as it was given to him, at his special request, by the Cardinal's *maître d'hôtel*. The ingredients are as follows—ten

pounds of beef, three pounds of sows' udders, six wood pigeons, ten quails, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handfulls of green fennel seed, two pounds of sausages, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, four choice cardons (a vegetable resembling celery), two heads of Bologna cabbage, and a quantum sufficit of salt, spices, and sugar. This singular *melange* Baccius emphatically terms a *harmonious accord*, and cannot find words sufficiently expressive of his satisfaction with the Spaniards, at having thus revived and improved the hodge-podge of the ancients. I have some doubt if the laudatory judgment of the learned Baccius would be ratified by the tender-palated epicures of the nineteenth century. It is certain, that the Romans had many dishes of so singular a confection as would have frighted from their feasts some of our most determined toad-eaters. In the opinion of Apicius the most delicate dish was one composed of the tongues of flamingos. Heliogabalus felt not the fulness of the imperial dignity, unless when feasting upon the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, combs torn from the living cock, eggs and heads of thrushes and partridges, brains of flamingos, and camels' udders. At a single repast this arch glutton had served up six hundred heads of ostriches:—to furnish so extraordinary and rare a dish, the very deserts of Arabia must have been desolated. In one of Horace's satires, the triumph of Nassidienus, there is mention made of a roasted crane. For a long period of time young and tender puppy dogs were esteemed one of the greatest delicacies that could be offered to a Roman palate. Storks were also in repute, and escaped not the unsparing knife of their cooks. It is probable that the excellence of their sauces (like those of Louis XV.'s cook, which converted a pair of old slippers into a delicious ragout) compensated for the want of attraction in the viands: of this there is some proof in Pliny, who states that they had fifty different ways of dressing pig-meat. Yet, with all these appliances to boot, I am inclined to think that their most celebrated dishes would fail to captivate the tastes of our modern Apicii. Then, as to their drinking—what would a critical sipper of crusty old port, or drinker of cool claret, think of their fumed and perfumed wines, and their hot beverages, which last were forbid at length to be used, by order of the prefect, as of too enervating a quality? What a sad and heartless enjoyment was it to watch the changing colours of the fish, that were brought to table in their saucepans, and gradually boiled to death for the edification of the company! What atrocious barbarity to cause the abortion of a poor sow, by tearing away her milky udders!—an inhuman custom that was prohibited under severe penalties by Alexander Severus. Is there a *gourmand*, or even a glutton, of the present day, so unhumanized by sensuality, as to permit so cruel and disgusting a proceeding? We find in the writings of Macrobius, the bill of fare of a grand pontifical repast, which, with some exceptions, would not be unworthy of the first *restaurateurs* of Paris—of the Verys, or the Beauvilliers. But it must be recollected that this was a pontifical repast, given, as one may say, by a pagan cardinal or archbishop; and it is well known that in all countries, and under all dispensations, these reverend personages shine superior in the science of good eating. It was the worthy custom, on the accession of each new pontiff, to give a grand repast, at which the appearance of some

new dish was an indispensable requisite. This pontifical bill of fare* preserved by Macrobius consists of two parts—the prefatory or preludial repast, and the genuine and solid dinner. The latter was most probably followed by a dessert; but of this our author makes no mention. The preludial repast, which generally consisted of cold viands, dried and pickled fish and shell fish, is subdivided by Macrobius into two courses. In the first, figured *les urchins*, oysters, palourdes, spondyli, thrushes, pullets and asparagus, and sea'acorns. In the second, the spondyli reappeared, followed by sea nettles, shell fish, beccaficos, wild boar and venison cutlets, and pullet pasties. These trifles were merely meant to act as stimulants, and to call up the forces of the stomach, for the more substantial and savoury repast, which was formed of sows' udders, boars' heads, fish swimming in rich sauces, roasted and fricasseed ducks, hares, and various kinds of game and poultry, together with the lighter auxiliaries of creams, biscuits, &c. Macrobius further informs us, that there were present at this plentiful feast only nine men and six women, reclined upon three rows of beds, two of which were occupied by the priests, and the third by four vestals and two female relations of the pontiff's. Comparing the quantity of provisions with the number of the guests, we must conclude that the Roman pontiffs and vestals of those days were gifted with most capacious stomachs, and the most extraordinary digestive powers. However, this feast must have been something extraordinary, or Macrobius would not have thought it necessary to transmit the bill of fare to posterity. But as to their ordinary repasts, they were certainly not comparable to our modern ones, either in delicacy of fare or social pleasure; our manners concurring in a much more eminent degree to produce the latter quality, whilst, on the contrary, some of the usages of the ancients were repugnant to it. For with them it was the men alone who reclined voluptuously at table upon well-stuffed beds, furnished with abundance of pillows and cushions, while the weaker sex were obliged to sit upright upon chairs, and these probably not of the softest materials. It was the married women only who were allowed the favour of eating at the same table with their haughty lords. The use of wine was strictly forbid them, it being considered a species of poison for the fair sex; and lest the prohibition might have rendered the temptation invincible, they were never entrusted with the key of the wine-cellar. Is it not probable that master-keys were the invention of that age? The admission of married women to their banquets was even an innovation, for amongst the Greeks, the most polished people of antiquity, females were never permitted to appear at table. The hoary-headed members of the feast might have solaced themselves for the absence of the women, by discussing the interests of the common weal, or talking wisdom; though not unfrequently these resources seem to have failed them, as we find they were often driven to the more frivolous occupation of proposing and divining riddles, enigmas, rebusses, and even humble charades. During all which time the younger part of the company were forced to be mere listeners, as silence in the presence of their elders was considered an indispensable quality in the youth of those days. Their only consolation was the distant prospect of being gifted, by old age, with the privilege of being as garrulous as their fathers,—a privilege of which they seemed to

take full advantage, as nothing could exceed the fluency of a Greek of a certain age. Of this we have abundant proof in the interminable discourses of the elders in Homer; the soundness of their wind, and the freshness and vivacity of their memories, appearing quite miraculous to us degenerate moderns. The banquet of the Seven Sages offers an equal proof of the copiousness of their phraseology, as of the wisdom of their sentiments. These banquets of the ancients were a kind of intellectual combats, in which wit, eloquence, science, and philosophy, were brought into action. Of these, we can form a tolerably accurate idea by the accounts given of them by Plato, Athenæus, and Plutarch, under the title of Symposia. I am well aware that the interlocutors did not say all that these writers have thought proper to note down as said at table, but it is equally certain that the subjects in discussion were favourite topics with the persons supposed to take a part in those convivial conversations. Upon the subject of these "feasts of reason," Plutarch has made some excellent remarks. He says, "the recollection of the pleasures experienced in eating and drinking is but of little value; but delightful is the remembrance of the pleasure we have felt in an agreeable conversation." Every well-educated man may consider himself as having been present at the banquets of Socrates. If the tables of Callias and Agathon had been more remarkable for the variety or delicacy of their fare, than the charms of social converse, it is not to be supposed that Xenophon and Plato would have omitted all mention of these particulars. But whatever the abundance, or luxury might have been that reigned at the board, the impression was quickly effaced by the more refined and intellectual gratification, arising from

> Discourse more sweet, that reason'd high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

In retracing these scenes, Xenophon and Plato have left us not only models of philosophic discussions, but also of the manner of describing them. In this respect, Plutarch, it must be allowed, is somewhat inferior to his illustrious countrymen, for his table-talk resembles a little the *olla podrida* so lauded by the erudite Baccius: there is a little of every thing in it, yet this intellectual *mélange* wants that raciness and piquancy which distinguish the more select and simple compositions of Xenophon and Plato. However, Plutarch's treatise is worthy of minute attention; for, having been familiar with the manners both of the Greeks and Romans, he was enabled to mingle the excellencies of each, and thus enhance the variety of his banquet, seasoning the solid instruction of the inhabitants of Latium with the Attic salt of the light and graceful spirits of Greece. This he has done, though he has deteriorated the mixture, by the addition of too much heterogeneous matter. But if, guided by a refined Epicurean taste, we reject the superfluous and the insipid, we shall find in this treatise of Plutarch's a most excellent *code de table*, drawn from the precepts and ordinances of the greatest sages of antiquity. A few of these might not be out of place here; they might be served up as a kind of dessert to the Repast of the Ancients. Such are a few of the precepts of the philosopher of Cheronea, and of other sages of antiquity. Had they admitted the

fairer portion of the creation to their festal assemblies, they might have suppressed as useless one half, at least, of their table code. Their banquets would not have been probably so learned and instructive, but would certainly have been more gay, graceful, and agreeable. In this point, I think, we have another decided superiority over our predecessors of Greek and Roman lineage, and are, at least as far as concerns sociability, wiser in our generation than the wise ones of antiquity. D. S.

LONDON LYRICS.

St. James's Park.

'TWAS Jane, and many a gossip wench,
Child-freighted, trod the central Mall;
I gain'd a white unpeopled bench,
And gazed upon the long Canal.
Beside me soon, in motley talk,
Boys, nursemaids sat, a varying race;
At length two females cross'd the walk
And occupied the vacant space.

In years they seem'd some forty-four,
Of dwarfish stature, vulgar mien;
A bonnet of black silk each wore,
And each a gown of bombazeen:
And, while in loud and careless tones
They dwelt upon their own concerns,
Ere long I learn'd that Mrs. Jones
Was one, and one was Mrs. Burns.

They talk'd of little Jane and John,
And hoped they'd come before 'twas dark,
Then wonder'd why with pattens on
One might not walk across the Park:
They call'd it far to Camden-town,
Yet hoped to reach it by and by;
And thought it strange, since flour was down,
That bread should still continue high.

They said last Monday's heavy gales
Had done a monstrous deal of ill;
Then tried to count the iron rails
That wound up Constitution-hill:
This 'larum sedulous to shun,
I donn'd my gloves, to march away,
When, as I gazed upon the one,
"Good Heavens!" I cried, "'tis Nancy Gray."

'Twas Nancy, whom I led along
The whiten'd and elastic floor
Amid mirth's merry dancing throng,
Just two and twenty years before.
Though sadly alter'd, I knew her,
While she, 'twas obvious, knew me not;
But mildly said, "Good evening, Sir,"
And with her comrade left the spot.

"Is this," I cried, in grief profound,
"The fair with whom, eclipsing all,
I traversed Ranelagh's bright round,
Or trod the mazes of Vauxhall?
And is this all that Time can do?
Has Nature nothing else in store?
Is this of lovely twenty-two,
All that remains at forty-four?

"Could *I* to such a helpmate cling?
Were such a wedded dowdy mine,
On yonder lamp-post would I swing,
Or plunge in yonder Serpentine!"
I left the Park with eyes askance,
But, ere I enter'd Cleveland-row,
Rude Reason thus threw in her lance,
And dealt self-love a mortal blow:

"Time, at whose touch all mortals bow,
From either sex his prey secures,
His scythe, while wounding Nancy's brow,
Can scarce have smoothly swept o'er yours
By her you plainly were not known;
Then, while you mourn the alter'd hue
Of Nancy's face, suspect your own
May be a *little* alter'd too."

The Newspaper.

Cures for chilblains, corns, and bunnions,
Welsh procession, leaks and onions;
Sad Saint Stephen bored by praters,
Dale and Co. champagne creators;
Spain resolved to spurn endurance,
Economic Life Insurance;
Young man absent from his own house,
Body at Saint Martin's bonehouse;
Search for arms in county Kerry,
Deals, Honduras, Ponticherry,
Treadmill, Haydon, Tom and Jerry.

Pall-Mall, Allen, chairs and tables,
Major Cartwright, iron cables;
Smithfield, price of veal and mutton,
Villa half a mile from Sutton;
Yearly meeting, lots of Quakers,
Freehold farm of forty acres;
Duke of Angoulême, despatches,
Thatch'd-house tavern, glees and catches;
Coburg, wonderful attraction,
Plunket, playhouse, Orange faction,
Consols eighty and a fraction.

Sales of sail-cloth, silk and camblet,
Kean in Shylock, Young in Hamlet;
Sad effects of random shooting,
Mermaid tavern, box at Tooting,
Water-colour exhibition,
Kemble's statue, Hone's petition;
Chateaubriand, Cape Madeira,
Longwood, Montholon, O'Meara;

Jerry Bentham's lucubrations,
Hume's critique on army rations,
Ex-officio informations.

Wapping Docks choke full of barter,
Senna, sponges, cream of Tartar;
Willow bonnets, lank and limber,
Mops, molasses, tallow, timber;
Horse Bazaar, the Life of Hayley,
Little Waddington, Old Bailey;
Gibbs and Howard, Gunter's ices,
Thoughts upon the present crisis;
Sweeting's Alley, sales by taper,
Lamp, Sir Humphry's noxious vapour,
Stocks——Sum total—Morning Paper.

SYMPATHIES AND PREJUDICES.

"You are not young; no more am I: go to, then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy?" *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

In moral, as well as physical anatomy, there are diseases that baffle the sagacity of the dissector. Many of our sympathies, and most of our prejudices, are among the number. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, namely, that the latter are the less dangerous of the two; and it may be well to bear *that* in mind when attempts at remedy have succeeded to efforts of discovery. This may startle my female readers, to whom *sympathy*, and *sympathies*, and *sympathizing*, are words that sound so sweetly, and to whose ears "antipathy" is so loathsome. But let them beware of their favourites, for there is almost always a serpent under the roses.

Sympathy and antipathy may be called, in comparison with other qualities, the poetry of sensation. They are quite imaginative, vague, and unreal;—a sort of inspiration, out of all subserviency to rules or reasoning; finding objects without search; and developing themselves in the most unaccountable ways, in beings the least likely to possess them, and on occasions which set conjecture and calculation at defiance.

Let us see what we can make out as to the nature of these opposite qualities of sympathies and antipathies, the origin of which defies our speculation. We should, perhaps, begin with antipathies, as of least importance, for their worst effects are rarely of more than negative tendency. Sympathies, on the contrary, lead to absolute and positive ill when injurious at all. A man who feels a natural aversion to eels, spinach, parsnips, Jews, Frenchmen, &c. is, ten to one, deprived of a participation in a very good thing, or of an acquaintance with many a good fellow. But he or she whose sympathies lead him or her to favourite viands, liqueurs, or *persons*, run risks—which I need not enlarge on. And I must be here understood as not confounding sympathy, in this sense, with *compassion*—that "sympathy with other's woe," one of the most exquisite feelings of our nature; but as taking the word in its metaphysical meaning, as the secret and involuntary spell which draws us towards objects, in the same proportion and with

the same force that antipathy turns us from them. As to the reasonableness of the one or the other, that is out of the question, they being quite beyond the influence of the will or the understanding. I shall, however, give sympathy the precedence in my desultory remarks, because it is the most common, and I believe, with all its faults, the most natural to mankind.

Material or physical sympathies may be classed under various heads —general and particular, direct and indirect. Among the former are the relative movements of all the parts of the earth, keeping the whole in harmony, and those which act upon human beings in the mass, and are common to all. The latter include the connexion between the sun, the earth, and other planets; persons attached to each other by some violent passion, such as love, et cetera, et cetera. I am not about to inflict on my readers an astronomical or metaphysical treatise, and shall content myself, on the subject of general sympathies, with citing the most extraordinary instance of them that has ever come to my knowledge, either by reading or experience. "The sweating sickness," a remarkable pestilent distemper, which broke out in England in the year 1551, was attended, as we are told, with some symptoms and circumstances, the belief in which requires such a fund of credibility or gullibility, that I beg to quote my authority, and regret that I cannot at this moment confront him with any of the historians but Hume, who is silent on the subject. "What was more particular was, that no foreigners, though conversant in the most infected places, were seized with it; and also that the English in foreign countries were seized with it at the same time that their native country was infected at home." Without commenting on the tautology or the pleonasms of this sentence, I leave to my readers to form their judgment of the veracity of that prince of lexicography, N. Bailey Φιλόλογος, who thus speaks in his Dictionary, third edition, with additions, 1737. "It is not necessary nor convenient to dwell on the nature of direct sympathies, passing from one body to another without any intermediate conductor; but of those which may be called indirect, or distant, I am furnished, in the sublime study of animal magnetism, with a valuable instance, gravely cited by a certain Monsieur Tardy de Montravel, in a letter to M. de Puysegur, the celebrated operator in this art. I shall translate the passage. 'About three months ago (the letter bears date Dec. 11th 1785) Mademoiselle M * * * * being in a state of somnambulism, I asked her if she could imagine any method for putting herself in sympathy with a sick person at a considerable distance from her, and whom she had never seen. 'I see nothing for it,' said she, 'but to make the sick person wear, for eight or ten days, a piece of thick glass, about two inches square, on the pit of his or her stomach; then to send it to me, that I may wear it the same length of time, on the same place. I think that will do the business.' Two months afterwards the Duchess of —— —, living twenty-five leagues from the residence of Mademoiselle M * * * *, having heard of the cures which I performed by means of magnetism, asked me some information respecting this science. Having given her some general details on the subject, which I considered useful in all cases, I desired her to place on her stomach such a bit of glass as was indicated by Mademoiselle M * * * *, and to send it to me in the proper time. On the 8th of last month *Madame la Duchesse* placed,

as was prescribed, a bit of looking-glass, wrapped in linen, with the quicksilver well scraped off. She wore it night and day until the 19th, when I having received it from her, sent it immediately to my patient Mademoiselle M * * * *, who wore it on the pit of *her* stomach from the 21st until the 29th. She, being in a state of somnambulism on the 30th, detailed to me every particular of the illness of the Duchess, *whom she saw almost as perfectly as if she was touching her.*'" The letter does not, unfortunately, state the result of this sympathetic communication upon the Duchess; but tells us that poor Mademoiselle M * * * *, in addition to her other symptoms, became, from the moment she put the fatal piece of glass on her stomach, subject to the very same species of sufferings in her nerves and joints that had before afflicted her Grace, —which proves what I stated in the beginning of this paper on the dangers of sympathy, particularly to the sex which is the most fair and most susceptible. But I will not press into the service any more of the manifold aids of animal magnetism. I may on some future occasion return to that particular branch of my subject more in detail; and I will therefore for the present avoid all farther consideration of the embarrassing topic of physical sympathies. There is no knowing where it might lead one; and it would be unwise to go voluntarily into a labyrinth for which, at the best, there is no clew.

I therefore turn to those moral wonders, continually exhibiting their self-acted miracles in almost every individual of our species. And here I should have been as much confounded as before, had I been thrown, in the enquiry, entirely upon my own resources; but, luckily for me, I have just stumbled over a book "learned in those mysteries," and attributed to a nobleman whose judgment and acumen have enabled him to write on the subject in a somewhat different style, but in a manner quite as successful as that of Locke himself. Following a train of reasoning, meant to prove that "the imagination of one man has a direct *atmospheric* influence upon the imagination of another," the author proceeds in the thread (rather tangled to be sure) of his argument, and exclaims: "An unfortunate person is he who hath come into contact with more persons antipathetic to him than sympathetic, and whose imaginations have worked in a malignant mood towards him. We say we like or dislike such a person, for they have such or such qualities: that is, the love or hatred is in proportion to the harmony which subsists between the parties; and the harmony depends on the degree of sympathy or antipathy they possess for each other, founded entirely upon their respective configurations, their nervous systems, and their inclinations, acting on each other through the medium of the imagination: so that our love or hate is as much out of our power, and as little voluntary, as our catching any other infection. Some men are of such a texture that they are accessible more to the one affection than to the other; *but every moral affection may be traced to a physical and necessary cause.*"—Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, vol. i. pp. 194, 195. Now, without combatting this last assertion, or pretending to understand what precedes it, I will venture to express a wish that Sir Richard had made an effort at explaining the *physical cause* which governs our arbitrary likings and dislikes, instead of contenting himself with the assertion that such exists. For my part, I confess that the metaphysics of Maltravers leave me as much in doubt and dark-

ness as ever; but I am naturally glad to fly from the perplexities of sympathy, to bewilder myself awhile in the undefined and undefinable difficulties of its opposite.

Were antipathies entirely confined to human nature, it might be more ashamed of itself than it has reason to be, considering the actual state of the case. For, sharing as it does its uncontrollable aversions in common with all things animal and vegetable, as well as with the meaner productions of nature, it may console itself in the certainty that these repugnances are quite inseparable from moral as well as material existence, in its most sublime as well as its lowest gradations. Pliny, at the head of the naturalists, points out the animosity existing between stones, even as well as minerals and metals. The diamond, he remarks, is in dissension with the loadstone; while a particular stone of Ethiopia, which he specifies, repulses iron with as much force as the magnet attracts it. Among minerals and metals, gold and mercury unite together with an ardour equal to human friendships; while others oppose and fly off from their associates in the crucible, with as much sputtering and asperity as might be found among the whist-players of the most romantic and unsophisticated village in England. It is the same with plants. The vine has its peculiar attachments and enmities. It can live on excellent terms with the elm, and twines round the apple-tree with the most insinuating fondness; but the vicinage of a cabbage is mortal to its comfort, and sometimes even to its existence. It is unnecessary to swell the list of vegetable animosities; but let us look for a moment at animal dislikes. We can all understand the feelings that impel the sheep to shun the wolf, or the dove to fly from the kite. It is as needless to ask *why*, as to demand a reason for the rich man's shrinking from a doctor, or one in health from an attorney. But how are we to account for the terrible lion trembling at the crowing of a cock—the ponderous elephant waddling off at the sight of the ram—or the valiant war-horse shuddering at the odour of the camel? These are the extraordinary facts that force us into the mysteries of occult research, and the study of natural sympathies and dislikes. There can be no doubt that the secret in these instances, where the antipathy is possessed by the whole of one genus against the whole of another, consists in some mystery of organic construction, that we may indulge a hope of seeing one day discovered by Doctor Gall, for the elucidation and developement of his theories of *amativeness* and *combativeness*, and the confusion of the sceptics all over the world.

To conquer these antipathies is rather the business of custom than reason, another proof of our imperfection, stamping us too plainly "things of habit, and the sport of circumstance." We should, nevertheless, labour to overcome them, and throw ourselves in the way of the best remedies we can find, meeting as often as possible the persons we dislike on the most unreasonable grounds—as manner and appearance, the cut of their coats, or the colour of their eyes. We should read, too, not exactly treatises or sermons, to prove the absurdity, of which we are all sensible, but powerful delineations in poetry or prose of the dangers attending our malady, as well as overdone exhibitions of its effects—for ridicule and caricature are weapons as effective against prejudice, as is wisdom. Who that has read Miss Baillie's "De Montfort" has not shuddered at the possible excess to which he

himself might be led by a wanton or irresistible enmity? Or who, on the other hand, has not started back in surprise and indignation to find that the hatreds of men seem to justify a malignant writer like Helvetius in uttering such a sentiment as this: "Men love their grandchildren, because they see in them the enemies of the grandchildren of their enemy." Such writers as the two last cited serve, in their most opposite objects and styles, to help us towards the cure of unprovoked personal antipathies, respecting which alone it is worth while to take any trouble—and with them, after all, not half so necessary as with ill-regulated sympathies. Once again, then, I beg to warn my fair readers, who have gone with me thus far, against every yearning they may feel towards such general objects of sympathy with their sex as red coats, ogling eyes, pieces of poetry, Waterloo ribbons, fine speeches, and mustachios. We have all our weaknesses; and who may tell how many of the ten thousand lovely girls, ascertained by nice calculation to read monthly every line of this work, are at the moment of cutting open this identical page, on the point of yielding to some one of those treacherous sympathies just now enumerated? Who knows that this warning against these perilous sappers and miners may not make her repulse their next approach,

> "Like the plant whose closing leaves do shrink
> At hostile touch?"

Aware of the efficacy of a sly hint, in cases where many a set discourse may fail, I shall not farther press the topic, always liking to do good, as it were, by stealth. And to remove every thing like gravity from the minds of readers, gentle or simple, I will wind up the whole by mentioning the most profoundly ludicrous point connected with the subject, in its most extended meanings and applications. This is the theory of *national* antipathies,—a monstrosity gravely contended for in "the good old times," and affording matter to a sapient writer in the seventeenth century, for a goodly treatise on the delectable doctrine. This worthy was a Spanish doctor, by name and title Don Carlos Garcia, who published, at Rouen, in 1627, a book entitled *Antipatia de los Franceses y Espagnoles.* This furnished materials, some time afterwards, for a tract on the same subject by La Mothe le Vayer, whose object was to nourish the dislike then subsisting in France against Spain; and he hoped, by arguments or assertions like the following, to convince his countrymen that this feeling was not less national than natural. "The Frenchman is tall, the Spaniard short; the one has the skin generally *fair*, the other dark; the Frenchman eats much and quickly, the Spaniard sparingly and slow; the Frenchman serves the boiled meat first, the Spaniard the roast; the Frenchman pours the water on the wine, the Spaniard the wine on the water; the Frenchman speaks freely at table, the Spaniard does not say a word; the Frenchman walks after dinner, the Spaniard sits still or sleeps. The Frenchman, in order to make a sign to any one to come to him, raises his hand and brings it towards his face, the Spaniard, for the same object, lowers his, and motions it towards his feet; the Frenchman kisses a lady on saluting her, the Spaniard looks on such a liberty with horror; the Frenchman esteems the favours of his mistress in proportion as they are known, the Spaniard values nothing so much as secrecy in love. The Frenchman wears his clothes of one fashion,

and the Spaniard of another, which, taken from head to foot, are totally unlike. The first puts on his doublet after all the rest, the second commences to dress himself by that; the Frenchman buttons himself from the collar to the waist, the Spaniard begins at the bottom and finishes at the chin. The Frenchman reduced to want sells every thing but his shirt; it is the first article that the Spaniard disposes of, keeping his sword and his cloak till the last extremity."

Such is the serio-comic absurdity by which the French and Spaniards were taught to believe in national antipathies two hundred years ago. By means as criminal and still more monstrous are those two gallant nations spurred up to enmity to-day. But I must avoid the serious mood; and in place of the outpourings of my own indignation, give the opinion of Bayle on such atrocious doctrines as this. "All those antipathies which are pretended to arise from diversities of temperament and customs, and which their apologists endeavour to represent as incurable, are mere chimeras. Leave to neighbouring nations their differences of manners as of climate, but give them a reciprocity of interests and institutions, and you will soon see how closely they will sympathize together!" And now I bid adieu to my subject and my readers, by asking in the words of honest Jack Falstaff "Would you desire better sympathy?" G.

ITALY TO SPAIN.

For Spain! that crush'd the infidel
  Beneath her mountain war,
And bade his crescent wane in blood,
  And broke his scimitar:

That in her fearless strength stood up,
  On Saragossa's walls—
The hour that shall be kept for aye
  In freedom's festivals:

Now draw your sword again! and cast
  The scabbard far away,
And naked bear the blade in hand,
  As naked as the day:

Naked as the right it guards,
  Or as the wrong it braves;
As the hearts of true freemen,
  Or as the heads of slaves!

Stand close, stand close, and fear them not!
  Remember where you stand—
Upon the 'vantage of your cause,
  Upon your native land!

Remember what you stand for there,
  That it may still be free—
For all it is, for all it was,
  And all it yet should be.

For all it clothes in bliss and bloom
  Unto your hearts and eyes;
The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears,
  It shades and sanctifies;

For home and hearth, and children's love,
  For renovated mind,
For Nature, Truth, Humanity,
  For Spain, and all mankind!

And oh! for me, the trampled one!
  Creation's pride and scorn;
Among the nations of the earth
  Most fallen and forlorn.

A slave beneath my own blue skies,
  My glorious past all furl'd,
The love and laugh, the grace and shame,
  And pity of the world.

For me, for me! I raise myself
  Within my summer bowers—
Alas! through wrong and slavery,
  I have my couch of flowers.

I raise myself, and look to you,
  As mariners to the morn,
When first it comes o'er cloud and wreck
  And they are tempest-worn.

Strike—smite! and though I can but give
  My prayers and curses now,
Be victor!—and I yet may wear,
  Resumed, my classic bough.

THE LAST OF THE O'NEILS.

"Ultimus Romanorum."

The description of real life, and of civilized manners and characters, seems to fall within the province of Prose-writers, while Poetry appropriates to herself the romantic, the wild, and the barbarous. But her delineations are often so unfaithful, she is so prone to sacrifice truth to her great objects of exciting admiration, and presenting what is sublime or pathetic, that it becomes needful to expose her exaggerations and partialities. How egregious have been the misrepresentations of the pastoral poets! how sadly have they duped the luckless wights, who, enraptured by their glowing descriptions of rural felicity, have extricated themselves from their happy urbane occupations, to endure a total wreck of happiness in a country solitude! Since Johnson, however, in his lordly prose, has rebuked those quacks and deceivers, they have been less successful in imposing upon the credulity of mankind; and it is pleasant to remark, that since his time this wicked species of poetry has had few or no cultivators. But, then, there is another criminal class of poets, who up to the present hour carry on their operations with unabated vigour and resolution. These dishonest gentlemen are in the habit of delineating cut-throats, robbers, and savages, as the most noble and amiable of the species. The criminality of one poet, in this respect, has been so flagrant that his offences will immediately occur to the mind of every reader, while the Corsair, the Giaour, and half a dozen other of his heroes, rise in review. The Autalissi, also, of a certain poet, who shall be nameless, may be remembered as represented (though a mere Indian barbarian, who, it may be averred, had never heard a sermon, or been taught so much of Mrs. Barbauld or Mrs. Trimmer, as any of our own children ten years old) to have demeaned himself with a dignity, and to have been inspired with such pure and noble sentiments, as would do honour to the most civilized creature of Europe. The sins of another popular writer are, if possible, yet greater. We have in one work an old drunken harper (who would undoubtedly have fallen within the strict letter of the vagrant act, and been committed by the mildest justice that ever presided in Marlborough-street) depicted as a most venerable and engaging personage. In another work, we have a termagant Highlander—but there is no end to the evil of those fine ballads which go by the name of "Sir Walter Scott's poetical works." And in those other works, which (whosesoever they be) do not go by that title, but are yclept "Novels, by the author of Waverley," being in truth a species of poem without metre, if the philologist will allow the description, the deceptions practised on the novice in human nature are manifold. In the gallant Rob Roy, who, that did not know what a cow-stealer is, could recognize an object fit for the gallows? And who in the courteous Cleveland could discover a worthy mate for the three pirates, who, with the help of iron chains, harlequinade it in the air on the banks of the Thames, opposite the Isle of Dogs? The representation of Tom and Jerry has not been productive of half the damage to Charlies and Jarvies, that such delineations of human character may occasion to the artless and inexperienced. But I despair of bringing poetical delinquents to a proper sense of their errors, and must con-

tent myself with only letting the reader peruse the following true, full, and particular account of "The last of the O'Neils," in which may be found some antidote to the pestilent potions of those who dole out the waters of Helicon. Of the sept of O'Neil there were several distinct tribes: that of Tir Oen, that of Clandeboy, and that of the Fews. I believe that of the two first no direct descendants survive: the peer who bears the name, springs from a collateral and inferior branch of the Clandeboy O'Neil. I am to narrate the fate of the present representative of the third.

To the west of a noble mountain, in the county of Armagh, which bears the name of Sheir Guillan, lies a wide expanse of low and boggy land, which formerly sheltered in their secure fastnesses many of the families of ancient Irish, who after the battle of the Boyne were forced to flee. Its inhabitants at this day may claim the melancholy and somewhat strange distinction of being at once representatives of the noblest of the ancient families of their country, and among the most abject of its present peasantry. The northern part of Armagh is comparatively prosperous; but there is, perhaps, in no part of Ireland more misery than in the southern part where the Fews extend. On the frontier of this district next to Monaghan lies the townland of * * * *, which, even in that desolate and wretched region, is noted as peculiarly possessing those characteristics. It is almost entirely a bog, traversed by causeways connecting the various spots where rock appears and affords a sure foundation for a cabin. One of the most extensive of these rocks is the site of a long range of hovels, which were lately occupied by Barney More O'Neil and his family. In this sequestered place his progenitor in the third or fourth degree, a gentleman of courtly manners, took up his abode. He was amongst the adherents of James II., and instead of fleeing with that unhappy monarch to France, was seduced, by the attachment to the place of their nativity for which the Irish are so distinguished, to shelter himself in the Fews. In the residence which he fixed upon he was within a short distance of the ancient seat of his family. The neighbouring lake of Ross (Lough Ross), one of those small lakes which form so beautiful a feature in the scenery of Ireland, contains an island, on which may yet be seen the ruins of a castle once constituting that seat. As far as the happiness of the individual himself was immediately concerned, the indulgence of this predilection for his country was, perhaps, not injudicious. It may be that, amid all his distresses and sufferings, he derived an ample consolation from the sympathy of his companions in exile, and from the thought that he remained to abide, with his country, all that the wrath of Heaven might inflict upon her. But in the fine language of Chief Justice Crew (in the famous case of De Vere)—"I suppose there is no man who hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness" but will compare with regret the destiny of his descendant, which I am about to relate, with the prosperity of another branch of the family which emigrated, and whose representative bore, in 1790, the dignities of Captain-general of the Infantry of Spain, and Viceroy of Arragon!

It was the policy of the grantees of forfeited lands in Ireland to give leases for long terms of years to individuals of native extraction, who were, from their personal interest with the tenantry, better enabled than strangers to make the properties productive. But when time made

the proprietors themselves acquainted with the country and people, and as the dominion of law became more stable and certain, this practice of subinfeudation ceased with the necessity in which it had originated; and on the expiration of their terms, which were often very beneficial interests, the holders found themselves deprived of their sole means of subsistence. Such had been the fate of Barney More O'Neil's progenitors. In each successive generation some characteristic of their former condition was lost, till in him nothing remained but the fantastical assemblage of incongruous qualities, which made him a felon, but make it impossible to think upon his doom without pity. He was the only son of his father, by whom he was left, in the first dawn of manhood, sole master and tenant of the long range of dilapidated buildings which have been before noticed, together with ten acres of wet marshy land on the verge of the great bog in which those buildings stood: these were his possessions, these and the proud inheritance of one of the first names in Irish story. While yet his soul was chastened and humbled by the death of his surviving parent, the toilsome and melancholy labour of his hands won for him from his scanty territory, the rent at which it was held, together with a niggard subsistence; but as the heaviness of grief passed away, his untamed spirit spurned the base occupation, and in sullen desperation he threw down his mattock. Want came, and with it came wilder and fiercer thoughts. He engaged in some enterprise of violence and crime. Its fruits were large, and he enjoyed them in security. His character became fixed: no sense of pride or self-respect checked his career; he roamed abroad a savage without compunction or misgiving. He married; and with reckless satisfaction saw children spring up around him without other prospect than that of engaging in their father's lawless practices. He enjoyed a long course of impunity: all the peasants around were ready and happy to shelter him from his pursuers. He was besides, though fierce and ungovernable, endowed with a great portion of his countrymen's sagacity. In extricating himself from danger he was not less wary, subtle, and provident, than he was rash, careless, and hasty in plunging into it. His influence with his associates was unbounded. Over them all he constantly asserted that supremacy, which, if successfully assumed, is the surest and strongest bond upon human nature. He treated them occasionally with the utmost scorn and contempt; nay, often surrendered individuals to the ministers of justice; yet such was the ascendancy of his character, so complete the thraldom in which he held his companions by alternate insolence and familiarity, by rudely and fiercely scoffing them, or indulging the pleasant comic humour with which Nature also had gifted him, that for a long series of years not one was found to betray where Barney More lay hid, or had been recently seen. When first he entered upon his career he was a bold high-spirited ardent youth, with fierce passions, no doubt, and a determined spirit; but without any alloy of baseness or meanness in his composition. Long habits, however, of crime and outrage, while they farther exacerbated his spirit, deadened the generous spark which glowed in it at first; necessity enforced compliances, which became gradually familiar, and terminated in meanness. Deception was needful, and made him an hypocrite, and a base and fawning liar. Guilt made him fearful, and he became a coward. Pride alone remained of

aught that was even remotely allied to what was good. Premature old age succeeded habits of alternate toil and riot; and when I saw Barney More in the year 18—, he presented one of the most singular appearances I have ever witnessed. In the summer of that year I made an excursion, in the course of which I became for a short time resident in the neighbourhood of this uncommon man's habitation. His name reached me, and with it many a tale of plundered flocks, rifled bleach-greens, and *eloigned* cattle. The counties of Monaghan and Armagh are in part divided by a river, which in the fanciful language of the country is called "Owin Cuugger,"—"*the Whispering River.*" A series of hills, of that beautiful undulation for which the highlands of Monaghan are distinguished, skirts its banks; and though no overhanging woods grace them, there are places where some scattered trees and bushes yield their clothing and embellishment. It was a fine summer evening, and the sun was setting with his last rays full upon the bank, along which I walked with a friend, when the form of a man extended at his full length struck us, as we turned round a projection which introduced us to one of those favoured spots which I have just described. His quick eye seemed to have anticipated ours, and without discomposing himself he awaited our approach. Some exclamation of surprise broke from my friend's lips as he recognized Barney More; who, raising himself upon his arm, accosted my friend with the usual salutation in Irish, God save you! The response was in English: "Ah, Barney More, you here! a good penny worth this meeting would be to Jem Macken, the constable!"—"True for you, master; but the rook scents surely the smell of the powder; and I knew well they who came up the river carried none."—"You're a bold impudent fellow, Barney, and it were a good deed to lodge you in the strong walls of Monaghan——a pretty job it was for you to rob Craigh Kuran, after having been let off before by the people."—"And who says Barney More did it? and if I did, the magers! is an old ewe and her two brats of lambs so mighty a matter, when the children were hungry at home?"—"They said you had left the country, and I think you had better do so: you may rely you will be taken and get no mercy."—"And what for should I not get mercy? But be that as it may I'll never leave the old sod, while I have a hand to grasp a hazel that grows on it. I don't matter those Craigh Kuran magers a rush; and if there was nothing else out against me I would not care to face judge and jury to-morrow."—"You're a wicked old fellow—I think the fate of your old companion, Larry Donnellan, ought to warn you."—"Larry Donnellan, the beggar! and well he deserved what he got—the vermin! I tell you, master, if there had not been another cord in the province to hang that Larry with, I'd have lent them this;"—and so saying he bared his breast, and exhibited the cord of St. Francis, with which superstitious Catholics sometimes gird themselves, by way of dedicating themselves to the Saint. All the violence of his nature seemed roused by this Donnellan's name; and as if no longer brooking his former inert posture, he arose. He appeared above six feet high, powerfully made, with huge bones, and large coarse lineaments. The character of his form was gauntness; it seemed as if hardship or excess had reduced the huge shape to its present lankness. His complexion appeared to have been once fair, and

his hair, where age had not impressed its own colour, was of the fiery red which characterized the O'Neils. He was meanly clad, and upon his shoulders hung, in the Spanish fashion, a large frize cloak of the grey colour usual in the garments of the Irish peasantry. I marked his visage intently; and methought could read there all that formed the character of the owner: I saw the ferocity about the nose; and in the flexible expressive mouth could trace the eloquence and quick sensibility; in the brow I observed the pride and sternness and determination, and in the glowing quick-moving eye all the unquenchable ire and wild profligacy which belonged to him. We passed forward; and my friend explained to me that Donnellan, the person in whose punishment Barney More signified so much satisfaction, had been a contumacious member of his gang; and had, by treachery, put his leader into considerable jeopardy. I learned also the meaning of the cognomen, More—which means *large*, and had been acquired from his bulk by Barney. Nothing, my companion assured me, could subdue the native wildness of that man's disposition; nothing could reduce him to the condition of a regular and industrious labourer. His delinquencies had been a thousand times overlooked, and had even served to introduce him to the notice of, and to procure him the good offices and counsels of, the objects of his depredations. He had been often in prison, often tried, frequently acquitted from default of prosecution, and at other times dismissed with punishments of peculiar leniency. Over all, kindness and forbearance, and the most earnest exertions for his benefit, the indomitable barbarity of his nature had prevailed. In the enterprises which fell within his sphere there was little occasion for the exertion of those qualities of courage and intrepidity which, under all circumstances, have something in them grand and interesting; but if there was no romance in his pilferings and thievings there was much in his habits. He was not, like the mean vagrant of more civilized countries, addicted to frequenting pot-houses, and the company of the vile refuse of society. Barney More did, it must be owned, indulge in an occasional debauch, and he was necessarily often in the places appropriated to the reception of the wretches with whom he concerted his schemes of plunder; but his inclination led him to haunt scenes of a different character. It was his chief delight to loiter along the banks of the soft-flowing river I have mentioned, and he would pass whole days in a favourite dell, watching the shadows as they fell upon the waters. He loved to bask in the noontide sun; and at night would often pass many an hour at the end of his sheeling looking upon the moon. But nothing would induce him to work; and he was heard to say, with something of pride, that though a poor cotter, his hand had not grasped a spade for forty years. Of his name and descent he was vain to the highest degree; and notwithstanding all his crimes and wretchedness, there was that about him which distinguished him from the herd of ignoble malefactors.

Shortly after my rencontre with this wild Irishman, a gentleman from a distant part of the county arrived at the house of my friend one evening at a very late hour. His stable had been broken open a few nights previous, and two valuable horses stolen; information had reached him that Barney More was concerned in the robbery, and his

object was to proceed with my friend to the house in the bog, and endeavour to recover his horses. Before breakfast, the following morning, we set out with this purpose. Long ere we reached the house its inmates seemed apprised of our approach; and several persons successively appeared to reconnoitre us from the door. When we reached it, we found Barney More's youngest boy, a fine child of twelve years old, awaiting our arrival. My friend asked for his father; and the boy replied, while he sharply scrutinized the other stranger and myself, that he "was not at home." But the tear in his fine blue eye seemed to belie his words. We entered the house; and were received by the wife of the wretched offender we sought with an eager courtesy and show of welcome which could not be outdone by the most accomplished hypocrite of a court. As soon as my eyes recovered from the first effects of the smoke which filled the apartment, and I could discern the objects within, I was struck by the appearance of a large quantity of dried beef and bacon suspended in goodly show from the ample chimney-balk. While my companions addressed their interrogatories to the woman, who assured them her husband had no participation in the alleged robbery, and was "just gone out," I was occupied in observing a fine comely young woman, who sat at her spinning-wheel apparently regardless of our presence. Her face was turned away; but her shape appeared particularly fine. At some order of her mother's she arose, and as in crossing the floor she afforded me a better view of her countenance and person, I was much affected with the loveliness of both. She was poorly, but not sordidly, clothed; and her attire had the merit, which prouder fashions want, of displaying the form in all its natural grace and beauty. Her costume was made up of a petticoat and a cotton jacket, reaching nearly to the knee, open in front, and confined round the waist by the strings of an apron which hung before. She wore no stays, nor shoes, nor stockings; but her hair was carefully tied up in a tasteful yet simple manner. I suppose she had learned to repress her emotions; for I could scarcely discover in her countenance an indication of concern at our visit. In my friend I fancy she thought her father would find a merciful enemy, and that she trusted he would not accompany the stranger if personal injury were intended to him; and I remarked, that with intent I suppose to secure his good offices, she dropped a curtsey as she passed his seat, and bestowed on him one merry glance of favour from eyes which were well calculated to do the work of coquetry. I am happy to say we left Barney More's house, and his wife, and boy, and lovely daughter, without being able to discover any thing against him. But his destiny was not to be averted: he was shortly after apprehended on a different charge, and though acquitted on it, convicted upon another, and sentenced to transportation.

In addition to all his other accomplishments, Barney More was an excellent crown lawyer—that peculiar aptitude for law which the Irish peasants universally display; and long and bitter experience, the best of all tutors, had enabled him to understand most of the points which arise on criminal prosecutions, and to calculate the effect of the evidence to be adduced against himself. From the first he foretold his conviction on the particular accusation which terminated in that event. He was tried at the same assizes for various other offences; but the

proofs of all were defective, as he himself had previously asserted they would be found. He was convicted, and a bitter sentence transportation was to Barney More. In vain did he seek to avert or commute it; with incredible address and perseverance he had applications made in every accessible quarter; his wife, his daughter, and numerous other emissaries were incessantly engaged in negotiations set on foot by his fertile ingenuity: all, all were vain; and the last of the O'Neils was conveyed upon a cart to a transport at Cork, which bore him far from the land he loved as his own heart's blood. He is gone, and for ever; and has perhaps left behind him no such example as he presented of the strange union of the highest barbaric qualities, with the lowest meanness of the worst specimens of civilized society. S—M—T.

THE STATUE OF A FUNERAL GENIUS *.

Thou shouldst be look'd on when the starlight falls
Through the blue stillness of the summer-air;
Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls,
It hath too fitful and too wild a glare;
And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems
To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so the Dead †
Were crown'd of old, with pale spring-flowers like these:
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet softly shed,
As from the wing of some faint southern breeze:
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom,
Which from the grove seems gather'd, not the tomb.

They fear'd not Death, whose calm and gracious thought
Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee!
They, who thy wreath of pallid roses wrought,
And laid thy head against the forest-tree,
As that of one, by music's dreamy close,
On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not Death!—yet who shall say his touch
Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair?
Doth he bestow, or can he leave so much
Of shaded beauty as thy features wear?
Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose young eyes
So soft a night, a night of summer, lies!

Had they seen aught like thee?—did some fair boy
Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?
His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy,
But drooping, as with heavy dews oppress'd?
And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe,
And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge?

* "The figure which particularly affected Combabus, was a funeral genius, under the form of a beautiful boy, standing erect, his eyes closed with an air of languor between death and sleep, his legs gracefully crossed at the ancles, his hands meeting above the head, and his back resting against a pine-tree, the branches of which were spread above him, as if to cast their funereal shade over the tranquillity of his eternal repose."—See Vol. V. p. 115, of this Magazine.

† The Funeral Genius of the Louvre was crowned with flowers.—See Visconti's *Description des Antiques du Musée Royale*.

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread hour
Had given its lessons from a brow like thine!
If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power
Came by a look, thus tranquilly divine!
—Let him, who thus hath seen young life depart,
Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe,
Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
That men pour'd out their gladdening spirit's flow,
Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold?
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king,
Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid
Far more than we—for loftier hopes are ours:
Their gems were lost in ashes; yet they made
The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With purple wreaths and fragrant boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for us a deeper gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts?—Do we not intrust
But for a time, its chambers with our Dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?
—Why should *we* dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of Death?

F. H.

THE CLASSICS AND ROMANTICS.

Since the celebrated dispute of Perrault no subject has been discussed with more earnestness among the French literati, than that at present pending in respect to the relative merits of the classic and romantic schools, or to be more explicit, respecting the superiority of the style of the age of Louis XIV. which has been denominated the "Classic School" on the one hand; and the followers of a free national style, unshackled by the laws of the ancients, on the other, distinguished by the appellation of "Romantic." In this war of words the combatants have called to their aid every auxiliary power, and it may not be amiss to give the reader an idea of a contest which will, in the end, produce an important change for the better in the literature of the nation. The despotism of the Academy once so perfect, had frequently of late years received severe shocks upon isolated questions, and the Revolution inflicted upon its sovereignty a blow which it was impossible for it to survive. Its use to the Bourbon government, as an instrument of influence on the literature of the country, has now nearly become inert, not by the conversion of the academy to the side of truth and nature, but by the rising of a regenerated school of literature, more in harmony with modern civilization and congenial to national feeling, as is the case in England. The wild and extravagant school of Hardy was supplanted by the genius of Corneille modelled upon the ancients, and Racine eclipsed Corneille in the opinion of his countrymen by the introduction of what may be called the Court style of Louis XIV. Every thing was confined to a servile imitation of the ancients, and so far had the style of Racine, backed by the influence of the court, esta-

blished itself as the model for French tragic writers to follow, that Corneille himself was thrown into the shade in the opinion of most by the *ultra* refinements of his successor, or rather contemporary. The French academy adopted the taste of the court. By so doing, it confined tragedy within very narrow limits, both as respected language and subject; for the natural it substituted the artificial, excluded national subjects almost wholly for foreign, and hampered by fastidiousness and caprice the range of genius, which, regulated by good sense, should ever be a "chartered libertine."

But there were other reasons than those connected with literature which made the example of Racine, and what is since called in France the "classic school,"* more agreeable to the Bourbon despotism and its ministers. By confining the labours of literature, particularly those of the theatre, as nearly as possible to an imitation of the ancients, national topics were avoided; and by this compression of subject, national allusions, which might sometimes be disagreeable to an absolute government, were spared to the public ear. Tragedy exhibited Grecian and Roman manners and Roman and Grecian heroes, and the French audiences were diverted by scenes of antiquity from contemplating those that had passed in their own country. The Richelieus and Mazarines were men of powerful minds, wary, arbitrary, and unprincipled, and it is not giving them credit for too much penetration to suppose they saw the advantage of patronizing this school in preference to any new-fangled theory that might offer. They knew that the school of monks and colleges had preserved, from time immemorial, the wrecks of ancient learning, but that ancient learning had no way in their hands been an instrument of opposition to the powers that were. In patronizing a school of literature that merely imitated the ancients, they neither endangered power nor tempted the public to the discussion of novel doctrines and a search after truth. It is curious that the "classic school," as it is termed, has every where been the child of arbitrary power; the "romantic" of patriotism and liberty. The French are beginning now to feel this, as the English and Germans have long felt before them. They have discovered that the test of literary merit is public opinion alone, and that a strict adherence to rules cannot command success. The Academy, both at its commencement and long afterwards, by uniting in the interest of the crown the majority of men of talents in the nation, held the lesser fry of writers in vassalage. The influence of the members of the Academy had diminished when the Revolution commenced; yet even then few thought of disputing its former decrees, particularly in poetry—there Aristotle and the ancients still remained absolute, though in other studies innovations had stolen in, after Locke had made a breach in the metaphysical dogmas of the stagyrite.

* For fear it should be supposed that by the epithet "classic school" censure is meant upon the unrivalled legacies of the ancients, it is proper to observe that the term is here applied to their servile imitators only, who follow them in every thing, without regard to the difference of mythology, nationality, civilization, or language. These imitators can appreciate nothing since the downfall of the Roman empire. They would establish one literature for all nations, and depress the manly freedom of the minds of men of genius to one insipid level. The beauties of the ancient writers are as much esteemed by the disciples of the "romantic" as of the self-styled "classic school"—perhaps better felt.

Upon a proper consideration of the subject it appears an absurdity, that forty individuals, most of whom were elected by court favour, should be chosen to fix the literature of a nation, lay down laws which future writers were not to infringe upon, and forbid the toleration of works which did not in their view possess particular requisites. To bridle genius in its multiform operations was an attempt worthy the instruments and vanity of the Bourbon dynasty, calculated to do irretrievable injury to the cause it professed to support, and to be only of temporary duration. The Academy was the tool of the minister, and literature was held back and enchained by the Academy. This must ever be the case with literary associations under absolute governments. The empire of literature is a republic, confesses no temporal authority, and if enslaved for a time will ultimately emancipate itself, and bury under the foundations of a more splendid edifice the ruins of its former servitude. On the formation of the Institute by Napoleon almost all the men of distinguished talent in France were included in its list; though the Emperor was less eager to encourage literature than the sciences, it was not forgotten, and when it did not include interference with the objects of his ambition, genius was allowed full play. Though little of note was added to French letters during his reign, the seeds of the present contest were no doubt then planted. Talma, under his sway, laboured to overcome the monotonous drone of French verse, and assimilating his acting as much as possible to the romantic school, infused into his delivery and action a feeling of truth and nature unwitnessed on the French stage before. But it was necessary that the turgid style of the French drama should be altered before farther advances towards what is natural could be made. A feeling favourable to such a change has continued to increase. On the re-establishment of the Bourbons, the Academy has been restored in the plenitude of its absurdities; and Fressinous, a bigoted fanatic, destitute of every qualification, but backed by the interest of a priest-ridden government, has been elected one of the forty, to complete which, according to the old joke of Piron, a cypher was necessary; while men who possessed the strongest claims, in respect to talent, have been passed over. All has been calculated after the era of Louis XIV.; the natural result has ensued. Authors of considerable talents out of the Academy have begun to act for themselves, and have been encouraged by the nation; they have set the Academy at defiance, and have become members of a republic of letters, amenable only to the general opinion of the nation. That the French people have made advances in tolerating works which are no better than heresies in the view of their "classic school," the translation and rapid sale of translations of the German and English dramatists clearly prove. The French are sensible, in the present day, when the court is no longer an object of admiration, that the Academy is but the thing of power, that it is the servile tool of a government opposed in every possible way to the spirit of the age. This will assist the advocates of the "romantic school" in their innovations, and accelerate the progress of the literary emancipation of France.

The "classic school" of France took its tone from the court, while the bulk of the nation was in a state of slavery and ignorance. Paris furnished the tone to the provinces, and the court to Paris. In the fa-

shionable tragedy none but particular words or phrases were to be tolerated, excluding half the language as not possessed of sufficient dignity. The Alexandrine was the legitimate measure; inflation was taken for grandeur, and the pomp of the court was infused into the literature to make it worthy of the *grand monarque* and his courtezans. How Racine, the father of this stilted courtly style, and other writers, succeeded so well, under such ignoble restrictions as they burthened themselves with, can only be accounted for by the capacity of genius for surmounting extraordinary obstacles.* Prior to this change, France had a sort of free cycle; she had her Marots, Jodelles, Bellays, Baifs, Ronsards, &c. &c. Corneille had refined upon them to excess; but in the judgment of the court he did not go far enough:—thus every thing was forced into artificial greatness; bloatedness of bulk seemed to be mistaken for sublimity; and the glitter of Palais Royal paste for the pure splendour of the diamond. It was in this spirit that the land was covered with chateaux to imitate Versailles, and that the nobles ruined their fortunes and ground their tenants in the dust, in imitation of the monarch's waste of his subject's wealth.

The rage for imitating the ancients, it may justly be contended, did little in the way of the introduction of a pure taste. Stage costume was as barbarous as ever. Court wigs were worn in the 17th century by the Alexanders and Cæsars of the buskin, perhaps to assimilate them to Louis *le grand*. Shepherds wore embroidered silks, rivers appeared in red stockings, and Alpheus made love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers. The refinements of that age, either in poetry or the arts, did not arise from genuine taste; they were the accidental results of fashion. True taste can only prevail and influence a nation where the road to excellence is free, and a generous emulation incites all to strive in overtaking it. The freer spirit of later times, the increase of knowledge, and the more general habit of thinking and reasoning, have created a standard of opinion and a juster taste upon all subjects; and France will shortly be little inclined to submit to the dictation of the court of Louis XIV. on subjects of literature. With us pastorals are no longer written in garrets; or treatises on manners by collegians, who have never passed the bounds of *alma mater*. If our poets describe daybreak, they do not now write about Phœbus harnessing the steeds of day and driving away Nox; Æolus no longer makes our storms, Jupiter our thunder, or Neptune our earthquakes; nor are we sickened to death, as we once were, by lectures on syllogism, and figure, terms, propositions, and predicates—these slumber peacefully in our universities. Our riddance of them we owe to what is called by Madame de Staël *le genre romantique*, but which, in reality, means nothing more than the freedom of adopting what is reconcileable to reason, instead of following custom. Monsieur Jouy has lately written a tragedy, called "Sylla," wholly regardless of precedent, and has met with the most flattering success. The French are eager for works that possess freedom, delineate passion, and create emotion by a close adherence to nature—in short, by an attachment to

* The Editor coincides in general with the sentiments expressed in this article; but he deprecates giving his sanction to the manner in which the writer speaks of Racine, of whose exquisite genius the author of the article seems to be insensible.

the "romantic school:" not, however, the *littérature romantique* of Madame de Staël, born of chivalry and christianity, but the simple adherence to the most perfect representation of nature. The Germans have long ago entered into definitions of this term, when in France it would have been heresy. But now, in the latter country, the combatants are engaged in the same argument, and it is no longer heterodox to the people. While the classics follow the rules of Aristotle and the court of Louis, holding that laws made by the ancients should regulate all future writers, cling closely to the unities, reject all words except those that have been legitimatized by precedent, severely cut up language, pare every thing to the core, and rob all imagery of its sharpness; they forget that French literature must be identified in time, language, climate, and mythology with the ancient, before the latter can be arranged side by side with it in the contest. The romantics may attack the French classics, and not fire a shot at the ancients through them; the term classic may, therefore, be better understood, as it regards the present dispute, by opposing the style of Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" to the "Macbeth" of Shakspeare.

The romantics insist that their opponents do not paint nature faithfully; that their colours are gaudy, artificial, and forced; that they reject expressions of natural feeling, and substitute the language of the writer instead of that which the supposed speaker would naturally use in his circumstances. That they adhere to the unities, under the idea of rendering the drama perfect to spectators, when impossible things must still remain in every tragedy, even when the unities are carefully preserved. That a tragedy in which the unity of time is preserved agreeably to rule, will be performed in two hours, though it would have occupied eighteen or twenty in reality. Thus, as great an infringement on the unity of time often takes place when the technical law is preserved, as a change of scene for a hundred miles between the acts would be in the unity of place. Furthermore, no audience has ever been deceived into the belief of the truth of what was represented before it on the stage—the very house and audience belie such a deception; it only expects to see an approximation to truth, a semblance of what has occurred before. Here the romantics have far the better of the argument. The hero of a romantic tragedy is made to speak in his situation all he would naturally utter were he the character he represents. The "classic school" gives only the language of the poet, and sinks nature in high-flown phrase and lofty declamation—in the language of actors, and not of those who feel. This arises from the modern classic school being imitators only, for the ancients kept to the truth of nature as it exhibited itself in their day, and wrote agreeably to their customs. Can it be consistent, then, that modern tragedy should possess no national truth, but be merely the reflection of antiquity! The romantics assert that truth and nature must be followed as closely as possible, and that where this is adhered to, the effect must be more perfect, nature being always the same. In describing her emotions in the passion of love, for example, that writer will be most correct whose delineations impress the greatest number of readers with their force and truth; his judges will then comprehend the greatest number of hearers, because all understand what is natural;—while the poet of the classic school will call in Cupid to his aid, or substitute general phrases,

and the fruits of closet learning, for the exquisite developement of the passion itself and a knowledge of its effects on the human heart. Venus and Cupid have no place in our mythology. They are calculated to arouse in a Grecian bosom feelings in which we cannot participate. The "classic school" has adopted not only the mythology but the brief language and peculiarities of ancient feelings and habits, and endeavoured to introduce them into nations with opinions, temperaments, and a mythology totally different, cramping genius and tying down a writer to rules, a breach of which consigned him to the anathemas of the court and the Academy.* Hence the genius of France seemed incapable of any new flight, it was confined in a narrow space, and no one dared venture into a region of literary novelty. It must be confessed, however, that before the Revolution it required transcendent talents to break the thraldom in which genius was entramelled.

"La nation Française," says De Stael, "la plus cultivée des nations latines, penche vers la poésie classique, imitée des Grecs et des Romains; la nation Anglaise, la plus illustre des nations Germaniques, aime la poésie romantique et chevaleresque, et se glorifie des chefs-d'œuvre qu'elle possède en ce genre." It may be justly doubted, however, whether this definition has much to do with the present question. The French may lean in style towards the ancient writers, but the advocates for disenthraldom from the classic school, neither want a literature *romanesque* or *chevaleresque;* they demand a literature which, while the characters and incidents it describes may be modern and even national, or barbarous or of remote eras, shall be penned with a fidelity adapted to the universal feeling of truth in every age and nation. They wish to have tragedy which shall be neither Greek nor Roman, but French; in short they desire pictures of nature on the model of Shakspeare, and not of something neither ancient nor modern, a gallico-latin medley, to preserve the servility of which originality and nature must be sacrificed—they want high-wrought passion and fine feeling in simple language. The exclusive character of classic, as an imitation of the ancients, with which the French Academy dignifies such writings, is clearly a misnomer. Those writers alone are the classics of a nation whose works, sanctioned by public approbation, have established a lasting fame. Shakspeare is as much an English classic, in the national sense of the term, as the author of Cato—Burns as Pope. Whether a writer be an imitator of the ancients or be an original, if the labours of his genius obtain for him lasting celebrity, he is a classic of his country. But the French Academy, adopting the style of literature of countries in which the manners and language were different from their own, in place of fostering a literature adapted to the language and feeling of the people, claim to be exclusively classic, while a national literature must be the expression of society.

Great things arise from small beginnings. He must be blind indeed who does not perceive, in the present dispute, the dawn of a new era of literature in France. The writers who have come forth in battle order against the Academy (or *Sorbonne*, as it is now dubbed) are men

* If the French classic school has, in some instances, been more true to nature and feeling than in others, it is because it insensibly leaned at the time toward the principles of its opponents.

of zeal and genius; they have the public on their side, and the government and Academy against them—this alone helps their cause. The ministry is an object of dislike, and its measures are regarded with just suspicion by the people. The public taste on literary subjects might have been influenced before the Revolution, but that time is gone by. Literature is no longer the tool of the government, but belongs to the nation. The present contest will be decided in the theatres; the structure of the drama will be changed, and the innovations first introduced will make the impression irresistible.

MM. Stendhal (Beyle), Sonnet, Ancelot, Nodier, &c. &c. have openly appeared as advocates of a free national literature, or on the side of the "Romantics;" they possess talent sufficient to keep the subject alive and promote the abrogation of the decrees that have enchained French literature, if not by the peculiar excellence of their writings, yet by their novelty and the interest they excite in the public mind. They are aided by translations from the English and German writers of the "Romantic school;" and other writers will no doubt appear in France, who, giving the rein to imagination, and finding themselves free from their former bondage, will give their country a new and more exalted literature than it has ever yet known.

Horace Walpole says of Lord Chatham, that he not only wished to see his own country free, but also all other nations—a desire in which he probably stood alone among the statesmen of his country. Let us cherish a similar spirit in regard to French literature; let us rejoice to see it emancipated from the shackles of tyrants and courtiers, and follow the line of truth and nature. In its renovated state it may furnish an object of rivalry to our men of genius, instead of chilling them with its affectation, fatiguing them with its monotony, and disgusting them with its pompous pretensions, notwithstanding brilliant pens have heretofore submitted to its guidance. Y. I.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Tutta la mia fiorita e verde etade."

My green and flowery age was passing by,
  And in my heart I felt Love's fire declining.
And to that downward slope my step drew nigh,
  Where life is to the vale of years inclining.
Already was my gentle enemy,
  By slow degrees, her doubts and fears resigning,
And with her mild and sweet security,
  To looks of joy had turned my sad repining.
And now the time was nigh, when Love can meet
  With chastity and lovers side by side,
Can fondly sit in converse calmly sweet;
  But Death such happiness to me denied,
He like an armed foe beset my way,
Broke my frail reed, and rent my hopes away.

PRINTED BY MISTAKE.

"Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies." — Pope.

I was sitting by my fire-side in a dozing, dreaming, Lethean sort of half-consciousness, with just thought enough to enable me to enjoy my thoughtlessness, a mood of mind in which I indulge with a particular complacency. when my servant abruptly entered to inform me that a porter had called for my contribution to the New Monthly. "The New Monthly!" I exclaimed, with an indignant surprise,—"I sent it a fortnight ago." "True, Sir, but that was for last month's." "Impossible!—what is to-day?"—"The tenth."—"Well, then, it is now too late—and when he called last it was too early;—I will not be pestered:—I am determined to let my head lie fallow a little;—desire him to call again this day three months."

Really, I continued, stirring the sleepy fire, as if determined to make it share my annoyance,—really there is no satisfying this monstrous maw of the Monthly Minotaur,—(I love alliteration); I thought he was to demand but twelve sacrifices in the year, but his months spring up like mushrooms;—one might as well live in the planet Jupiter, where there are, or ought to be, a hundred and forty-four in the year. Besides, I am exhausted, used up, my head is a vacuum, my brains with the pia-mater and pia-dura, cerebrum and cerebellum, have been seized by the press-gang, conveyed to Conduit-street, and poured into the printer's founts, those literal pitchers of the Belides. What! twelve crops in succession, and no respite allowed for manuring the mental soil, and putting my head in heart, (pardon the catachresis, ye agrestic readers!)—Va, via!—editorial reproaches, I give ye to the winds—fallow shalt thou lie, my over-ploughed pate, till "darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory" do choak thy furrows.

Authors are said to be like flambeaux, which consume themselves in giving light to others; if so, I must have been a monstrous illuminator, for never was an intellect more effectually burnt out. Not that my faculties are extinct, but that I cannot find new materials for their exercise. Like Saturn, I have devoured all my own children (of the brain); what I have not written others have; I am worse off, by all the subsequent authors, than the writer who complained that Shakspeare had taken all his good things. I am at a greater loss for subjects than an ex-king, and

> "Never subject long'd to be a king,
> As I do long and wish to *find* a subject:"

But it is in vain; every thing is stale, hacknied, threadbare. There is nothing in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, into which our pens have not dipped. Mind and matter have been equally ferreted, analyzed, turned inside out. Alexanders in literature, we have conquered the old world, and want a new one sadly.

"And, whereas before," said Jack Cade, upbraiding Lord Treasurer Say, "our forefathers had no other book but the score and tally, thou hast caused Printing to be; and contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill, &c." What would this legitimate enemy to innovation say now, were he to sit down upon London stone, and hear a list of our new publications read to him?—

I see it clearly—a crisis is approaching;—there must be some great convulsion in the world of Ephemerides;—this prodigious multiplication of Magazines and Periodicals can never endure, for how can their myriad and insatiable maws be replenished without generating a literary famine in the land? Already are the signs of this impending calamity but too apparent: the horrors of drought and dearth are ready to burst upon our heads: we are beginning to be driven to the cannibal repast of the shipwrecked Don Juan. The reviewing moiety fall ravenously upon the other half of the literary crew, tearing to pieces, cutting up, gnawing, devouring, and digesting every thing that comes within the reach of their fangs. We essayists, like modest Gouls, contented ourselves at first with fastening on the dead bodies of our predecessors, cooking them up and disguising them in every possible way, putting the hind part before, and dragging them into our dens backwards, as Cacus did his herds, to conceal the robbery. But this resource being exhausted, we have begun to cut Abyssinian collops from the living subject, and every scribbling John Bull carves plagiaristic steaks from his neighbour. Even this market of live food threatening to fail, in the extremity of our distress, we turn pelicans, tearing open our own bosoms to supply flesh and blood to the ravenous brood of the public. Nay, we even join in their repast. Autophagi that we are! in the voracity of our egotism, we find a perpetual feast in our own heart and head. There is hardly a single essayist that has not stuck his pen into his own person, and dished it up before the public with all its accidents, accompaniments, and collaterals. Their birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, have been already laid upon the table; nothing is wanting but their last dying speech and confession, and that cannot be much longer delayed. What is to be the end of all this? When the present race of writers have been squeezed, and peeled, and cut open, and eviscerated, and hung up on our bookshelves to dry, like so many shotten herrings at a fisherman's hut, how is the race to be renewed, and who is to satisfy the public with its myriad mouths gasping upwards in the hungry air, and roaring for food? It is an awful question. I pause for a reply.

Editors and booksellers have committed a great mistake: paying for our contributions by the sheet instead of their intrinsic weight, they have offered a premium for adulterating the commodity of which they are the purchasers. Dilution and dilatation are tempting processes, when there is no standard gauge or measure. Beating out our guineas into gold leaf, and spreading them over as much surface as possible, we care not for the thinness and poorness of the article, provided it sparkles enough to have a faint appearance of gold. High prices have certainly brought great talents into the field of periodical competition, but eminence is always the precursor of corruption; an indiscriminate patronage must in the end degrade, rather than exalt, literature; for he who can get paid for glass beads and trinkets, will not take much pains to search for diamonds. South, when Queen Anne objected to the shortness of one of his sermons, replied that he should have made it shorter if he had had more time. All *our* time is employed in elongation and diffusion. We are money-spinners, and support ourselves

by a thread of marvellous tenuity. For my own part, I can conscientiously declare, that no one would be more terse, pointed, brief, and apophthegmatical than myself——if I could afford it. My poverty, and not my will consents:—poverty, be it understood, not of the pate, but of the purse. Modestly speaking, I consider myself to be a good Dr. Donne spoilt,—and spoilt, too, by encouragement!! Like over-watered cauliflowers, instead of forming a compact productive head, we shoot out all our strength into as many leaves as we can.

Insurmountable as it is, the difficulty of finding subjects is not the only one; the manner in which we should treat them is equally embarrassing. There are but a limited number of styles, and they are all engrossed by masters of the respective arts. Some I am too wise to attempt, for I would not fall into the error of the French Atall, "qui gatoit l'esprit qu'il avoit, en voulant avoir ce qu'il n'avoit pas;"—the acute, close, and metaphysical—Mr. Table-talk has it all to himself;—the polished, elaborate, and euphonous—Geoffrey Crayon, esq. has deservedly obtained full possession of the public ear;—the light, smart, and sparkling—Grimm's Ghost rises with twenty trenchant quiddets in his head, and pushes me from my stool: and so I might continue through all the letters of the alphabet, every one of which is the hieroglyphic of some peculiar excellence. Voltaire says—"ideas are like beards; children have none; we acquire them as we advance in life;" but what is the use of possessing them if the space for their developement has been usurped by previous occupants? The literary table is full—there is no room for me, and all the guests, without exception, (confound their dexterity!) seem incomparably expert at the carving of their respective dishes. It is really shameful that there should be so much good writing abroad! In the most obscure publications one encounters prose and verse that would have established a first-rate reputation fifty years ago. At that happy period it was easy to be a Triton among the minnows; now-a-days one actually runs a risk of being a minnow among the Tritons. This comes of universal education. What an awful responsibility attaches to Lancaster and Dr. Bell!—it would have been but decent in them to caution their scholars not to write so well, and interfere in this scandalous manner with the regular practitioners. For my own part, were it not that it would look like an affectation of singularity now that every body is an author, I would leave Apollo to dry up my ink, cut my pen into a tooth-pick, forswear essay-writing, cease to publish, and float down the stream of life—

——"Like ships transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no *print* behind."

"A wise man," says Lord Chesterfield, "will live at least as much within his wit as his income:" I am determined to do both, and keep my good things to myself, for I am fairly tired of alembicizing my intellect, and as an earnest of my sincerity I thus crumple up the sheet on which I have been scribbling, and cast it into the grate. H.

P.S. Guess my amazement, most unexpected reader, when I found, upon my accidentally calling in Conduit-street, that the preceding

paper was actually set up in the press! My servant having had directions to preserve the least scrap enriched with my invaluable lucubrations, had found and brought it to me for orders, and on my pettishly exclaiming that he might throw it to the devil, the blockhead mistaking my meaning, conveyed it, as he had done many others, to *the printer's* devil. I have only had time to give it the title it now bears, and to add this explanatory postscript, which enables it to make its own apology

---

THE BIRD'S RELEASE AT THE GRAVE.

"Lorsqu'elle fut arrivée au lieu de sa sépulture,..... ......des Indiennes du Bengale et de la côte Malabare, apportèrent des cages pleines d'oiseaux, auxquels elles donnèrent la liberté sur son corps." PAUL et VIRGINIE.

Go forth, for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath pass'd away!
It hath pass'd away, like a summer-breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing and thy joyous eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light winds borne?

We know not, but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, and her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng!
—She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the citron-woods of our glowing shore,
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Ev'n so with the loved one flown:
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth—we have loosed thy chain!
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in our eastern bowers,
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Ev'n thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious Earth like a bride be drest,
But it wins her back no more!

F. H.

THE PHYSICIAN.—NO. VII.

Of the Tooth-ache.

ZACUTUS Lusitanus relates, that a soldier, after overheating himself in summer, was afflicted with such violent tooth-ache in three teeth of the upper jaw, that he ran out of the house with hideous cries, in a state resembling raving madness. He adds, that all sorts of drawing-remedies were first applied, and afterwards opiates and opium itself, to the teeth; but they had no other effect than that of increasing the pain. At length, he chanced to put into his mouth some of the snow that was used for cooling the water in very hot weather; and having repeated this several times, the aching ceased in about an hour. Several others, according to the same writer, received relief from a similar application.

No instance can prove more decidedly how great and essential a difference there is between the different species of tooth-ache, and how much it behoves a medical man to enquire into the real cause of the complaint and to apply remedies accordingly: for nothing is more certain than that the application which relieved this soldier, so far from giving ease in many other species of tooth-ache, would only serve to aggravate the evil.

In the present case, an inflammation occasioned by overheating was the cause of the tooth-ache; and had the doctor been aware of this circumstance, he would not have attempted a cure by drawing-remedies or opiates. The poor patient, who this time escaped from his method, should have been treated in the manner that I am about to prescribe for that kind of tooth-ache which arises from inflammation of the nervous parts, or the membrane that envelopes the tooth.

It is first necessary to ascertain the symptoms by which this species of tooth-ache manifests itself. The constitution, age, and way of life of the patient, furnish the first general data. Young persons of a plethoric habit, who overheat themselves, either by bodily exertion, by stimulating food or drink, by late hours, or other irregularities; persons who have been accustomed to lose blood, and have neglected to continue the practice; or who have been disposed to abundant natural hemorrhages, which have ceased,—are most liable to this species of tooth-ache. In such cases the pain usually comes on suddenly, and in general after the patient has been greatly heated. The pulse is hard and full, the face red, and the mouth uncommonly hot. It is accompanied with high fever and violent head-ache; the gums are swollen and inflamed, and biles are sometimes formed in them. The humours are sometimes determined to the external parts, when the cheek swells and the pain abates; hence, in such cases, when the cheek begins to swell, it is generally considered as a sign that the pain will soon subside. It happens, however, sometimes, that, notwithstanding the swelling, the pain continues, and then this may be called rather an aggravation than an alleviation of the complaint. If it is not the nerve of the tooth that is inflamed, but only the membrane covering that part of the tooth which is fixed in the socket, the tooth may be exposed to heat or cold without any increase of the pain, as the above-quoted example of the soldier demonstrates; and in this case all spirituous remedies are pernicious. This complaint should rather be treated as

an inflammatory disorder, and recourse had forthwith to bleeding, which commonly affords immediate relief. This is, indeed, the safest and almost the only resource; but scarifying the gums may also prove beneficial. After losing blood, the patient should observe a cooling diet, with occasional foot-baths and cathartics. Though the pain arising from this cause may not be very violent, yet it lasts a long time, and returns with every fresh occasion, when a person overheats himself either by vehement exercise, or by eating highly seasoned food, or drinking wine, spirits, coffee, &c. On such a recurrence of the complaint, the first remedy to be resorted to is letting blood; for without it all others would be unavailing. Bathing the feet every night in hot water; half a dram of saltpetre, taken in water at going to bed, or even several times a day; and total abstinence from animal food and wine, especially in the evening, are means by which many people have got rid of the most obstinate tooth-aches.

In this species of tooth-ache all heating medicines are detrimental; and opium, treacle, and the like, instead of alleviating, have frequently been found to increase the pain.

As to external remedies, I have already observed that spirits and essences are not adapted to this case. Cooling and emollient applications alone must be employed. To the first class belonged the snow used by the soldier: but snow and ice are not absolutely necessary. Medical men will know, and I have frequently seen, that in this species of tooth-ache, but in this alone, a bit of saltpetre put to the aching tooth, or a little Epsom salt held in the mouth, drives away the pain as speedily as the snow did in the case quoted above. To the emollients belong warm water, milk, figs boiled in milk, barley-water, and the like, which many practitioners prefer in this instance to any other remedies. Emollient poultices may also be applied with benefit to the cheek on the ailing side. I have known a dentist make a speedy cure of this kind of tooth-ache, by a poultice of crum of bread boiled in water, and applied to the cheek as hot as it could be borne. At first the pain is increased by it, but presently it is completely dispelled.

If the complaint is attended with gum-biles, it is advisable to keep milk, or figs boiled in milk, constantly in the mouth, to bring them to maturity. When ripe, they should be opened—an operation which is not productive of any pain.

Pregnant females and nurses are subject to this species of tooth-ache, because they are plethoric, and liable to overheat themselves. The same mode of cure must be followed in regard to them; and though the patient may at the same time have one or more hollow teeth, I should not recommend extraction during pregnancy.

I now proceed to the catarrhal tooth-ache, the diagnostics of which are as follows:—The pain is commonly occasioned by taking cold and by obstructed perspiration, whether the teeth be decayed or not. It is not a single tooth that aches, but the whole side of the jaw; and when this side swells, the aching in general ceases. The gums are somewhat swollen, and there is a copious secretion of saliva, attended with the usual symptoms of catarrh and cold, cough, stoppage of the head, sore throat, &c. The aching is commonly less violent than in the species already described. The pulse is neither strong, full, nor quick; and the mouth is not particularly hot.

For this complaint I should prescribe a cathartic composed of a scruple of jalap, senna, and cream of tartar, which operates with sufficient effect, and afterwards a diet-drink to purify and sweeten the blood. By these means alone the most obstinate tooth-ache of this kind is sometimes cured: but should it not be dispelled by them recourse must be had, after purging, to sedatives, such as mithridate, styrax pills, and opium, which are admirably adapted to this particular case. All that can be done besides to promote the cure, consists in the administration of such medicines as are either calculated to restore the obstructed perspiration, or to carry off the catarrhal humours by other channels,—for instance, by the saliva, by blisters, and by the topical perspiration of the affected part. For the better information of the reader, I shall take some notice of each of these kinds of remedies.

Mr. Renström saw, in Sweden, a violent tooth-ache, proceeding from catarrh, cured in the following manner:—About ten gallons of pure fresh spring-water were boiled in a tinned pot and then poured into a deep pan set on a chair, before which the patient placed himself, opening his mouth, and holding his head down over the pan. Over his head, neck, and the vessel, was thrown a cloth so large and thick as to prevent the escape of the vapour. It was of course received by the mouth of the patient, whose face was immediately dripping with perspiration. The ailing tooth felt quite cold, and from his mouth, which he was required to keep constantly open, ran a great quantity of water. After this operation had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the perspiration was carefully wiped off, and his mouth and chin were muffled up with a cloth for some time to keep out the cold, and the cure was accomplished. The perspiration, the copious secretion of saliva, and the emollient vapour, produce this effect, which has been verified by repeated experiments.

Blisters of Spanish flies are also serviceable for drawing off part of the sharp catarrhal humour. It has been observed that it is astonishing how the abduction of so small a quantity of humour as passes off in this manner, or through the secretion of saliva, can dispel such a severe pain: we know, however, that it does produce this effect, and it is of little consequence whether we comprehend the manner in which it takes place. Possibly the renewal of the perspiration which it effects, and perhaps also the continued pain which it occasions, and which draws away the humours from the teeth, may be a co-operating cause of the rapid cure accomplished by this remedy. A blister may be placed on the nape of the neck, or any other part: and instead of Spanish flies the other stimulants recommended in my last paper may be used.

To promote the secretion of saliva and thereby procure an outlet for the catarrhal matter, various stimulants are employed with great benefit. The roots of pellitory (*radix pyrethri*) and of master-wort (*rad. imperatoriæ*), are serviceable for this purpose; likewise tobacco, pepper, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, chewed and kept in the mouth, the root of wild marjoram (*rad. origani*) boiled in vinegar, and held in the mouth as warm as it can be borne, and a decoction of equal parts of rosemary and ivy in vinegar diluted with water, held lukewarm in the mouth. Tobacco smoke itself has a good effect in these cases, partly because it promotes saliva, and partly because it possesses a narcotic quality.

To promote the transpiration in the neighbouring parts, warm wrappers and bags of herbs applied to the cheeks are exceedingly serviceable in this species of tooth-ache. For this purpose, fumigate flannels with amber, sugar, frankincense, and the like, and wrap them about the face: or apply small bags containing bean-meal, chamomile, and elder-flowers, violet and iris-root, reduced to powder, and mixed together. Some add camphor and gum animæ. There is a great number of such compositions to choose from. I merely mention some of each sort of remedies, to indicate more precisely in which species of tooth-ache they are respectively beneficial.

Catarrhal tooth-ache is frequently occasioned by weakness of the stomach; and Tissot states, from manifold experience, that the severity of the complaint is often increased by the use of cooling applications. This causes the patient to be more assiduous in the employment of them, and thereby the pain is only rendered more and more acute. In this case he should abstain from all cooling remedies and adhere only to such as strengthen the stomach and tend to restore perspiration. Here the use of bark is very efficacious; and sometimes persons not accustomed to drink wine, obtain relief from their pain by beginning to take it: but nothing eases this species of tooth-ache proceeding from the stomach so speedily as an emetic; nay, spontaneous vomiting has frequently been known to cure it immediately, even when most severe.

Tooth-ache occasioned by the stomach may be known by the following diagnostics. This complaint is commonly catarrhal, and is attended with the symptoms of disorders of that class. With these are associated the signs of a weak stomach and imperfect digestion. In many instances it is accompanied with head-ache, want of appetite, and a feeling of general illness. Patients who pay particular attention to their state, have a disposition to vomit. The surest sign is, that such tooth-ache is periodical, and returns regularly like the paroxysms of the ague. In all such cases, to effect a thorough cure, recourse must first be had to emetics, or digestives and cathartics of a warming nature, and afterwards to tonics and Peruvian bark.

Scorbutic tooth-ache, which proceeds from a peculiar depravation of the juices in general, but perhaps originates more frequently than it is imagined, solely in an obstruction and corruption of the humours in the gums, is painful and of long duration, and requires a peculiar treatment.

In this disorder, the gums become itchy, swell and bleed at the slightest touch, and the breath grows offensive. The gums soon turn livid, soft, spongy, full of blisters, and putrid; and other symptoms of scurvy manifest themselves. The teeth are left bare by the gums, become black, loose, and sometimes drop out without pain. Sometimes the jaw itself is attacked; ulcers appear on the gums, and the intolerable itching is frequently accompanied with violent tooth-ache.

When the great mass of the humours is really scorbutic, the mode of treatment for scurvy must be adopted, in order to effect a radical cure of this species of tooth-ache. This is not the proper place for entering into the details of that treatment. So much, however, may be observed, that, in regard to diet, the use of horse-radish, cress,

purslain, sorrel, scurvy-grass, and acids of all kinds, is strongly recommended. The mouth should be frequently washed with red wine, in which wild pomegranate flowers have been boiled. The gums, when swollen and livid, should be opened with a pair of scissors, or pricked with a tooth-pick, and the blood expressed from them; and they should then be rubbed with honey of roses, or warm wine. When the gums are ulcerated, the mouth should be frequently washed with a decoction of hyssop, sage, scurvy-grass, rosemary and the like, in water mixed with wine, to which a little spirit of scurvy-grass may afterwards be added. Sulphuric acid diluted in water, or spirit of salt mixed with honey of roses, is also serviceable for rubbing the gums; but it is better that these applications should not come in contact with the teeth. The juice of limes and pomegranates is considered still more efficacious; and the frequent chewing of scurvy-grass, sorrel, and water-cresses, is also recommended.

Against the aching of the teeth in this disorder, some medical men extol the effect of brandy in which myrrh has been for some hours infused, and which is to be applied to the aching tooth. Some prescribe a decoction of myrrh in wine, mixed with a little sweet oil for rubbing the gums and teeth, to fasten the latter and to preserve them from decay.

Many other remedies are employed to counteract putridity of the gums and looseness of the teeth. I will describe some of them. Two drams of gum-lac, one dram of whiting, and ten grains of red rose leaves, are reduced to a fine powder, which is either applied as a salve to the gums, mixed with a little honey of roses, or as a lotion with a decoction of red rose leaves, tormentil root, &c. in red wine.

To prevent putrefaction of the gums and looseness of the teeth, recourse must be had to such applications as I have specified in my last paper for the preservation of sound teeth. In addition to them, the chewing of tobacco is recommended as the surest preservative. It must be used, however, with moderation: four grains of the leaf are sufficient at one time, and this must not be taken oftener than once a day, nor kept in the mouth longer than a quarter of an hour. The betel-nut or wild-pepper, which, as every body knows, is chewed all over the East Indies, possesses the peculiar properties of staining the lips red, cleansing the gums, and contributing to the preservation of the teeth, though indeed it turns them black.

Tooth-ache may proceed from a gouty affection, when the gouty humour either retrocedes from the joints, or is flying about the body, before it has fixed in any part. The symptoms of the irregular or misplaced gout characterize this species of tooth-ache, which is more of a raging pain than the ordinary kind of that complaint. I shall give a brief account of the general mode of treatment for this disorder.

After the patient has been bled, he should next morning take a cathartic. A blister must be applied to the nape of the neck, and kept drawing so long as the importance of the case requires it. At the same time all possible means, internal and external, must be used for driving the humour into the members.

To expel as speedily as possible any gouty humour that has already settled in the teeth, the patient should chew and keep in his mouth scraped horse-radish, which occasions a copious flow of saliva. When

the excessive pain absolutely requires the extraction of the tooth, the place which it occupied should be washed with water in which honey and salt have been dissolved, and the tooth replaced. The practitioner, however, need not tie himself down to the procedure here described, but may pursue any other that is equally applicable in its stead.

To the Physician.

SIR,—Your papers seem to me to evince a liberality of principle which induces me to propose to you to take some public notice of a communication which I have just received from a friend on the Continent. It relates to a subject of considerable interest—an infallible cure for a painful disorder, which, if verified by experience, would cut off an important branch of the practice and profits of you medical gentlemen, and relieve your unfortunate patients at the expense of nothing more than a sufficient dose of faith and prayer.

There is not, I should presume, a member of your profession in the United Kingdom, but is acquainted with the history of the wonderful cure of a nun belonging to some Catholic institution or other in Essex, through the interposition of a German prince, Alexander von Hohenlohe, as attested by the learned physician to the establishment. Be it farther known then to you, and to all whom it may concern, that the said Prince of Hohenlohe has recently published at Bamberg a religious tract, to which is appended a paper, which serves to let the uninitiated into the secret of his process for the cure of bodily diseases, and incontestably proves that our most notorious nostrum-mongers, our Brodums, our Solomons, our Williamses, and our Whitelaws, are mere fools in comparison with this prince of quacks and miracle-workers.

The paper in question, which bears the title of *An Effective Prayer against Gout* (or *Palsy*, for the German word includes both disorders) is as follows:—

"In the name of God the Father, &c. &c. &c. Amen.

"I, N. N. conjure thee, gout, by the holy five wounds, and by the innocent blood of my Lord Jesus Christ, which flowed out of his holy five wounds for the salvation of us men on earth +++. I conjure thee, gout, by the last judgment and by the severe sentence which God will pronounce on all mankind, and on all sinners, male and female, that thou harm not any of the members of my body—neither my brain, nor my eyes, nor my shoulders, nor my back, nor my heart, nor my loins, nor my arms, nor my thighs, nor my legs, nor my toes, nor any of the members of my whole body +++. I conjure thee, gout, by the three nails which were driven through the blessed hands and feet of Jesus Christ, by the saints who stood on both sides of the cross of our Redeemer Jesus Christ at the time of his crucifixion, namely, the most Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, Mary, St. John, and all the saints who were present at the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. In this confidence I trust that, through the intercession of St. Barbara, God will, if it be conducive to my salvation, avert the gout from me, and confer on me all good things. Ah! gracious Lord, save me, I pray thee, from this disease, the gout. I pray thee by the cords, bonds, and nails by which our Redeemer was secured, bound and

nailed to the holy cross, that + + + for the sake of his sufferings he would bestow his grace on me and all men + + +. I conjure thee, gout, that thou depart, by the divine love in heaven and on earth + + +. May every species of this disease depart from me, whether it be—[here follow some of these species, for which I shall not pretend to give you the technical appellations, but merely a literal translation of the original]—the cold gout, the running gout, the burning gout, the raging gout, the flying gout, the gout in the loins, the gout in the side, the seventy-seven gouts, that they do no harm to my body. So help me the holy divine power, with which Jesus Christ suffered his cruel death on the cross, in his holy grave in which he himself lay, and whence he gloriously rose, and has redeemed the human race. Dearest Lord and Saviour, make me sound in soul and body! Grant this, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Amen."

"Whoever hath the gout, let him come and turn to the recollection of the sufferings of Jesus, and to the name *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.* Whoever reads or has read it, whether our friend or foe, brother or sister, and carries this prayer with him, and lives according to its precepts, will be delivered from the gout, and not be attacked by it; for he who suffered the shameful death of the holy cross was our blessed Lord Jesus Christ: this is the Lord of heaven and earth; he condescends to relieve us and to take away the gout from us, so that we may never have it again, or to preserve us from it altogether.

"Let every one say, as long as he lives, every day in honour of the members of Jesus Christ, five Paternosters and five Ave marias, together with the Creed."

Such, observes my friend, is the prayer and such the direction appended at Bamberg in the year 1822, to a religious tract destined for the use of the lower classes, and which bears on the face of it the name of the Prince of Hohenlohe. Should it be really by this prince, priest, and worker of miracles, gouty believers will at least feel deeply indebted to him for making them acquainted with this remedy, and thus sparing them the trouble and expense of a journey to his reverence—unless, indeed, he may have staggered their faith a little, by directing them in the prayer to hope that the gout will be averted, if it be conducive to their salvation; whereas the subjoined exhortation promises unconditionally to every one, even though a foe (meaning us *heretics*, I suppose), who shall carry this prayer about him, and live agreeably to its precepts (but where, in the name of wonder, are these precepts for a Christian life to be found in it?) that he shall be relieved from the gout, or exempted from it altogether.

You, Sir, may possibly suspect that this precious composition itself must be afflicted with the gout, since there are parts in which it hobbles most lamentably. I have been more solicitous to present you with a faithful transcript of the original than to cure it of any of its constitutional defects, which I leave to your management, being, Sir, your obedient servant, but NO PHYSICIAN.

London, April 25, 1823.

THE DIVER,

A BALLAD TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

"Where is the man who will dive for his King,
In the pool as it rushes with turbulent sweep?
A cup from this surf-beaten jetty I fling,
And he who will seek it below in the deep,
And will bring it again to the light of the day.
As the meed of his valour shall bear it away.

"Now courage, my knights, and my warriors bold,
For, one, two, and three, and away it shall go—"
He toss'd, as he said it, the goblet of gold
Deep, deep in the howling abysses below.—
"Where is the hero who ventures to brave
The whirl of the pool, and the break of the wave?"

The steel-coated lancemen, and nobles around,
Spoke not, but they trembled in silent surprise,
And pale they all stood on the cliff's giddy bound,
And no one would venture to dive for the prize.
"Three times have I spoke, but no hero will spring
And dive for the goblet, and dive for the King."

But still they were silent and pale as before,
Till a brave son of Elrin, in venturous pride,
Dash'd forth from the lancemen's trembling corps,
And casted his helm, and his mantle aside,
While spearman, and noble, and lady and knight,
Gazed on the bold stripling in breathless affright.

Unmoved by the thoughts of his horrible doom,
He mounted the cliff—and he paus'd on his leap,
For the waves which the pool had imbibed in its womb
Were spouted in thunder again from the deep,—
Yes! as they return'd, their report was as loud
As the peal when it bursts from the storm-riven cloud.

It roar'd, and it drizzled, it hiss'd and it whirl'd,
And it bubbled like water when mingled with flame,
And columns of foam to the heaven were hurl'd,
And billow on billow tumultuously came;
It seem'd that the womb of the ocean would bear
Sea over sea to the uppermost air.

It thunder'd again as the wave gather'd slow,
And black from the drizzling foam as it fell
The mouth of the fathomless tunnel below
Was seen like the pass to the regions of hell;
The waters roll round it, and gather and boom,
And then all at once disappear in the gloom.

And now ere the waves had returned from the deep,
The youth wiped the sweat-drops which hung on his brows,
And he plunged—and the cataracts over him sweep,
And a shout from his terrified comrades arose;
And then there succeeded a horrible pause
For the whirlpool had clos'd its mysterious jaws.

And stiller it grew on the watery waste,
In the womb of the ocean it bellow'd alone,
The knights said their Aves in terrified haste,
And crowded each pinnacle, jetty, and stone,

"The high-hearted stripling is whelm'd in the tide,
Ah! wail him," was echoed from every side.

"If the monarch had buried his crown in the pool
And said: 'He shall wear it who brings it again,'
I would not have been so insensate a fool
As to dive when all hope of returning were vain;
What heaven conceals in the gulfs of the deep,
Lies buried for ever, and there it must sleep."

Full many a burden the whirlpool had borne,
And spouted it forth on the drizzling surge,
But nought but a mast that was splinter'd and torn,
Or the hull of a vessel was seen to emerge
But wider and wider it opens its jaws,
And louder it gurgles, and louder it draws.

It drizzled, it thunder'd, it hiss'd and it whirl'd,
And it bubbled like water when mingled with flame,
And columns of foam to the heaven were hurl'd,
And flood upon flood from the deep tunnel came,
And then with a noise like the storm from the North,
The hellish eruption was vomited forth.

But, ah! what is that on the wave's foamy brim,
Disgorged with an ocean of wreck and of wood,
'Tis the snow-white arm and the shoulder of him
Who daringly dived for the glittering meed:
'Tis he, 'tis the stripling so hardy and bold,
Who swings in his left hand the goblet of gold.

He draws a long breath as the breakers he leaves,
Then swims through the water with many a strain,
While all his companions exultingly heave
Their voices above the wild din of the main,
"'Tis he, O! 'tis he, from the horrible hole
The brave one has rescued his body and soul."

He reach'd the tall jetty, and kneeling he laid
The massy gold goblet in triumph and pride
At the foot of the monarch, who instantly made
A sign to his daughter who stood by his side:
She fill'd it with wine, and the youth with a spring
Received it, and quaff'd it, and turn'd to the King.

"Long life to the monarch! how happy are they
Who breathe and exist in the sun's rosy light,
But he who is doom'd in the ocean to stray,
Views nothing around him but horror and night;
Let no one henceforward be tempted like me
To pry in the secrets contain'd in the sea.

I felt myself seized, with the quickness of thought
The whirlpool entomb'd me in body and limb,
And billow on billow tumultuously brought
It's cataracts o'er me; in vain did I swim,
For like a mere pebble with horrible sound
The force of the double stream twisted me round.

But God in his mercy, for to him alone
In the moment of danger I ever have clung,
Did bear me towards a projection of stone:
I seized it in transport, and round it I hung,
The goblet lay too on a corally ledge,
Which jutted just over the cataract's edge.

And then I look'd downward, and horribly deep,
And twinkling sheen in the darkness below,
And though to the hearing it ever might sleep,
Yet still the eye clouded with terror might know,
That serpents and creatures that made my blood cool,
Were swimming and splashing about in the pool.

Ball'd up to a mass, in a moment uncoil'd
They rose, and again disappear'd in the dark,
And down in the billows which over them boil'd
I saw a behemoth contend with a shark;
The sounds of their hideous duel awaken
The black-bellied whale, and the slumbering craken.

Still, still did I linger forlorn, and oppress'd
With a feeling of terror that curdled my blood;
Ah think of a human and sensible breast
Enclosed with the hideous shapes of the flood;
Still, still did I linger, but far from the reach
Of those that I knew would await on the beach.

Methought that a serpent towards me did creep,
And trailing behind him whole fathoms of length,
He open'd his jaws; and I dropp'd from the steep
Round which I had clung with expiring strength:
'Twas well that I did so, the stream bore me up,
And here is thy servant, and there is the cup."

He then was retiring, a look from the King
Detain'd him: "My hero, the cup is thine own,
'Tis richly thy meed, but I'll give thee this ring,
Beset with a diamond and chrysolite stone,
If again thou wilt dive, and discover to me
What's hid in the deepest abyss of the sea."

The daughter heard that with compassionate thought,
Quick, quick to the feet of the monarch she flew:
"O father, desist from this horrible sport,
He has done what no other would venture to do,
If the life of a creature thou fain must destroy,
Let a noble take place of this generous boy."

The monarch has taken the cup in his hand,
And tumbled it down in the bellowing sea;
"And if thou canst bring it again to the strand,
The first, and the best of my knights thou shalt be:
If that will not tempt thee, this maid thou shalt wed,
And share as a husband the joys of her bed."

Then the pride of old Eirin arose in his look,
And it flash'd from his eye-balls courageously keen,
One glance on the beautiful vision he took,
And he saw her change colour, and sink on the green.
"By the stool of Saint Peter the prize I'll obtain;"
He shouted, and instantly dived in the main.

The waters sunk down, and a thundering peal
Announced that the time of their sojourn was o'er;
Each eye is cast downward in terrified zeal,
As forth from the tunnel the cataracts pour.
The waters rush up, and the waters subside,
But ah! the bold diver remains in the tide.

G. O. B.

"OUT OF TOWN," AND NOT "IN THE COUNTRY"

MAHOMET's coffin, hanging in the air between heaven and earth, was not in a more purely *suspended* state than a lover of nature feels himself, who at this time of year happens to be at a "watering-place" (like Brighton, for instance), which is neither town nor country. If he is an idle man, with no fixed plans or pursuits, he is completely at fault. He came here, perhaps, thinking it, from its amphibious character, an appropriate spot to pass that intermediate period between winter and spring, which belongs to neither. But, being in love with Spring, and having a standing appointment to meet and hail her every year in her own domain the moment she has fairly set her foot on this part of our world,—if she chances, as she has this year, to have delayed her coming, and also neglected to announce her approach by the usual signals, he is very likely to miss her smiles altogether: for, being more contemplative than active (as all lovers, whether of Nature or any of her works, are), and consequently somewhat "infirm of purpose" when his purposes are to end in action, he has a good chance of waiting for her coming till she is gone:—for Spring, like "time and tide," will "wait for no man." In the first place, he is out of the way of any of those little indications which he meets with in a great city, like London, to tell him that it is time to be on the wing to keep his assignation;—such as the caged sky-lark's first carol; the pretty cry of "Come buy my primroses!" and the sight of the youths and maidens with branches of willow-bloom in their hands, that he meets on the Bridges in the afternoon of *Palm Sunday*.—He is equally out of the reach of those official heralds of her approach that the Spring sends before her; such as the swelling of the buds, the light flush of new green that overspreads the meadows, and the sudden birth of those scentless flowers that burst into life and reach maturity almost at the same moment, and will not wait for the sun—such as the snowdrop, too meek to bear its bright gaze; and the crocus, too bold to need it. Indeed all these, and more, he may meet with even in London—in the squares and window-sills. But in a place like this of which I am speaking, he is cut off from all these indications, the artificial as well as the real; and has nothing to depend on but the almanack and the thermometer. And that these latter are by no means to be implicitly trusted, is sufficiently proved by the fact that it is to-day May-day, and the sun is shining with the heat of midsummer, and yet Jack-in-the-green (who has just quitted my window) is decked out in *artificial* flowers, and I have just been walking two miles in search of a *green* tree, and cannot find one.

But it is not in the Spring alone that these "out-of-town" places are to be shunned as anomalies both in Nature and in Art. Taking Brighton as the most striking example of what is here meant, I must maintain that they are hateful at all times; except, perhaps, at that particular period I have named above, when the year is in its *caterpillar* state, intermediate between the chrysalis winter, and the butterfly spring and summer.

And they are hateful on many other accounts besides those immediately connected with the beauties of external nature. They are neither one thing nor another—"neither flesh nor fish;" and accord-

ingly you "don't know where to have them." And they communicate the same uncertain kind of feeling to a sojourner in them. They present nothing tangible, nothing distinct, nothing consistent. They are made up of negatives. They have none of either the virtues or the faults of a great metropolis; and still less any of those of a little country village. They have nothing characteristic; they are of "no mark or likelihood;" and you can give no account of them that is not contradictory of itself. When you return from one of them, the first acquaintance you meet asks if you have been "out of town?" and you answer "Yes;" and the next you meet inquires if you've been "in the country?" and you say "No:" and you speak neither truth nor falsehood in either case: for nothing belonging to them partakes of the qualities of either the one or the other. The houses are no more like London houses than they are like country houses; the streets are half one and half the other, yet unlike either—the flag-paved footpath of th[illegible] and the dusty roadway of the other; the shops have [illegible] homely, modest, no-pretension look of country shops, and [illegible] the richness and splendour of London ones; the houses of entertainment, on the other hand, are all pretension and no performance—the inn, the tavern, the family-hotel, the coffee-house, and the lodging-house, all in one, without any of the peculiar accommodations and advantages of either. And above all, the people you meet are still more unlike either Londoners or country-folks; or rather they are made up of the bad parts of both; they have the dull, dogged look and awkward manner of country people, without their appearance of health and simplicity, and the anxious and care-worn cast of the Londoners without their shrewdness and self-possession.

In London, even in Spring and Summer, if you are compelled to remain there, you know the worst, and you make up your mind to it. London makes no pretensions to be what it is not, and therefore you are not disappointed. It professes to be the antithesis of the country, and it is so; which is bad enough, to be sure: but a scoundrel, though he is by all means to be feared and avoided if possible, is not to be despised unless he is at the same time a hypocrite. And indeed it may be questioned whether it is not worth while to be robbed by a highwayman, for once in a way, if he do but perform his *métier* in a handsome manner, and do not take too much from one,—if it be but to learn how the thing is done, and how we shall behave under the circumstances: and moreover, it may teach one to avoid such encounters in future. But to be spunged upon by "a petty larceny rascal," who obtains your goods under false pretences, can be turned to no benefit whatever. London is the grand emporium of all that is bad, mixed with much good that can be got nowhere else; and you must be content to take it as you find it. But these paltry imitations of the petty evils and follies of London, without any of its grandeur or goodness, and without any thing else that can make up for the want of them, ought to be put down by act of parliament.

But I am writing myself out of temper; which should not be, unless I would write my readers into the same situation. The truth is, I have been waiting here, in one of these nondescript places, week after week, watching and sighing for the Spring, as no school-boy ever sighed for the Christmas holidays; and here is May-day come, and Spring not

come in its train; or at least not come here. And I feel as if, when I go to seek her elsewhere, I shall find that she has escaped me for another whole year, or shall just be in time to hear the last lingering accents of her voice reproaching me for having sought her where I might have known that she is never to be found.

As there is no place where the love of what is called "the country" is so much and so truly felt as it is in London, so there is none where you meet with so little of it as at those "watering-places" here referred to. The lower orders of London, in particular, have a deep and unfeigned satisfaction in finding themselves among those sights, sounds, and sensations, which constitute the country. Not that they can recognize or explain their feelings, or are, strictly speaking, conscious of them, in any thing like detail. But they seek the source of those feelings by a sort of instinct; and finding themselves by experience always happy in the presence of that source, they recur to it whenever an occasion offers; just as they recur to their [illegible] not so much from a feeling of needing them, [illegible] an [illegible]lection of the pleasure always associated with them. Indee[illegible]ined to think that the lower orders of a great metropolis are [illegible]e natural in their tastes and feelings than the same class even of provincial towns. There are few more pleasing, and at the same time more affecting sights, than the fields about the suburban villages of London, on a fine Sunday in the latter end of Spring, thronged with the families of the mechanics and artisans who have been labouring all the week in heated and unwholesome rooms, and have now sallied forth at the nearest outlets from their wretched and confined dwellings, to "take a walk in the country" and "smell the fresh air;" and there are few among their refined betters who have kept their faculties in so fit a state for the reception and enjoyment of it. Not one of those betters ever paced his smooth-shaven lawn, and gazed upon his rare exotics, with half that true delight which the poor experience in wandering through a new-cut hay-field, and looking at and smelling to the rude bundles of buttercups and daisies that their children gather as they go along, and scatter upon the pathway for want of hands to hold them while they gather more—for the pleasure consists in gathering, not in keeping.

But you see nothing of all this in the neighbourhood of provincial towns;—still less in those towns which have, of late years, started up all along our coasts, from fishing stations to places of fashionable resort, and which are not only new in their own character and appearance, but have created, in their inhabitants, an entirely new class of beings, endowed with new feelings, habits, wants, and associations.

To be entrapped (as I find that I have been, by my own infirmity of purpose) into passing the best part of the Spring in one of these places, is a folly I shall not soon cease to regret. And *this* Spring, too, the healing and brightening influence of which I needed more than ever I have needed them before, and which I have longed and watched for with a proportionate earnestness and impatience. Indeed it is only under certain circumstances, and after a certain period of life, that we begin fairly to feel and to confess the influence of external objects. In "the heyday of the blood," and in the midst of health and novelty, we are apt to fancy that we are sufficient to ourselves, or that at least the *inani-*

mute objects of nature are not important, much less necessary to our experiencing the full measure of enjoyment that we are capable of as intellectual beings. But even at this period of our life, we only overlook the sources of our pleasure. They are nearly the same in fact as they are afterwards. The only difference is, that, in after-years, we look rather more deeply into our sensations, and the sources of them, and thus gain in one way what we lose in another: for, if this looking into "the life of things" sometimes shews us more than we desire to see, or changes the effect of that which we have been accustomed to see into something different, it also permits and impels us to think, and meditate, and hope, and imagine, and anticipate, where we were accustomed to do nothing but feel and enjoy; and without blunting our faculties for actual enjoyment, it in many cases enables us to dwell upon, and brood over that enjoyment, until, if it loses its acuteness—its sting—it acquires a rich serenity while it lasts—it endures much longer,—and when it does leave us, leaves behind it a flavour, as it were, on the palate of the mind, which is no less delightful than the first taste itself. I am just old enough, yet still young enough to be attended to, when I say that age brings us more good than it takes away—until it brings infirmities. If it destroys the dreamy part of our happiness, it heightens the reality—if it takes away "the glory from the grass, the splendour from the flower," it adds to the serene green of the one, and the rich sweetness of the other—if it stills the current of the blood, and forbids it to run tickling up and down the veins like wine, it renders it more equable, more fertilizing, and more controulable in its course; without which latter quality it is but too apt to float the spirits along gaily enough for a time, only to drown them at last.

Above all, "the coming on of time" brings with it that capacity for the love of external nature, which we are absolutely without in early life—I mean as a distinct and recognizable passion. The beauties of natural objects must, and will, have their effect upon us at all times; because they are expressly adapted and intended so to do, and our minds are as expressly adapted to receive and entertain those effects. But this unconscious sentiment, valuable as it is, cannot be said to take the form of an actual affection. It is an *effect*—but an "effect defective," until we can ally it to its cause; and one that can no more be compared to those resulting from that alliance, than the first indistinct sensations of a youthful lover, before he knows who or what it is that he loves, can be compared with the full fruition of delight that awaits the same lover, when he has discovered his passion to himself and disclosed it to his mistress, and has not been repulsed. There was never a lover yet that was not as fond of his passion as his mistress, and did not derive as much pleasure from thinking of the one as the other. And thus it is with the lover of Nature when he has reached a certain period of life. He has, external from himself, the object of his love, to look upon, and to afford perpetual food and fuel to his passion; and he has the passion itself settled within him, to cherish and brood over and commune with, and to perpetually heighten and purify by these means. In fact, in early youth, our love of Nature is a *sensation*, proceeding directly and exclusively from without ourselves to within; but in after-life it is a *sentiment*, engendered by a reciprocation between that which is within us and that which is without.

Z.

LAS CASES' JOURNAL.*

"In some deep and melancholy glen,
That dungeon fortress never to be named,
Toussaint breathed out his brave and generous spirit.
Ah! little did he think, who sent him there,
That he himself, then greatest among men,
Should in like manner be so soon convey'd
Across the ocean, to a rock so small,
Amid the countless multitude of waves,
That ships have gone and sought it, and return'd,
Saying it was not." ROGERS'S *Italy*.

THE monotonous and melancholy existence of Napoleon and his fellow-exiles at St. Helena continued (if we may trust Las Cases) to be embittered with increased and unnecessary restrictions, unfeeling indignities, and penurious privations. The effects which their situation produced on the mind of one of the domestics had very nearly proved the cause of a catastrophe that would have been calamitous to all parties.

"During dinner one day (says Las Cases) the Emperor, turning with a stern look to one of the servants in waiting, exclaimed, 'So, then, assassin, you resolved to kill the Governor!—Wretch!—If such a thought ever again enters your head, you will have to do with me: you will see how I shall behave to you.' And then addressing himself to us, he said, 'Gentlemen, it is Santini, there, who determined to kill the Governor. That rascal was about to involve us in a sad embarrassment. I found it necessary to exert all my authority, all my indignation, to restrain him.' With the view of explaining this extraordinary transaction, it is necessary to observe, that Santini, who was formerly usher of the Emperor's cabinet, and whose extreme devotion had prompted him to follow his master and serve him—no matter, he said, in what capacity, was a Corsican of deep feeling and a warm imagination. Enraged at the Governor's bad usage, exasperated at the decline of the Emperor's health, impatient of the affronts he saw heaped upon him, and affected himself with a distracting melancholy, he had for some time done no work in the house, and under pretence of procuring some game for the Emperor's table, his employment seemed to be that of shooting in the neighbourhood. In a moment of confidence, he told his countryman Cypriani that he had formed the project, by means of his double-barrelled piece, of killing the Governor and then putting an end to himself—and all, said he, to rid the world of a monster. Cypriani, who knew his countryman's character, was shocked at his determination, and communicated it to several other servants. They all united in intreating him to lay aside his design; but their efforts, instead of mitigating, seemed to inflame his irritation. They resolved then to discover the project to the Emperor, who had him instantly brought before him—'And it was only,' he told me some time afterwards, 'by imperial, by *pontifical* authority, that I finally succeeded in making the scoundrel desist altogether from his project. Observe for a moment the fatal consequences he was about to produce. I should have also passed for the murderer, the assassin of the Governor, and in reality it would have been very difficult to destroy such an impression in the minds of a great number of people.'"

The most singular part of Napoleon's conversation (we presume to say the least instructive) is the developement of his plans with regard to the still projected invasion of England, which was to have been effected when the Continent had been reduced and pacified. His navy, the Emperor allowed, had suffered dreadfully; the greatest part of its

* Memorial de Sainte-Hélène. Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at Saint Helena, by the Count de Las Cases. Parts V. VI.

seamen were prisoners in England, and his ports were blockaded by British fleets. He had nevertheless ordered canals to be constructed in Brittany, in order to effect a communication between Brest and Bourdeaux, Rochefort, Nantes, Holland, Antwerp, and Cherbourg. He *was desirous also* of having wet-docks at Flushing. Finally, he projected near Boulogne, or on some spot along that coast, the construction of a dike similar to that of Cherbourg; in fact, he was to have a full and free communication of ships from Antwerp to Brest. To obviate the want of seamen, he was to have conscripts trained in all the ports, who were to be first put on board a flotilla of light vessels in the Zuiderzee. As to ships of war, he calculated on building twenty or twenty-five every year: in less than ten years he expected to have two or three hundred sail of the line. The affairs of the Continent would, in the mean time, be brought to a termination. His line of offensive and defensive naval operations was to extend from Cape Finisterre to the mouth of the Elbe. There were to be three great squadrons and as many armies for the invasion, together with smaller divisions for turning and outflanking the enemy. On the completion of his armaments, if the English, frightened for the safety of their island, should collect their strength in front of their principal arsenals, the fleets of Brest, Cherbourg, and Antwerp, were to attack them, and the wings of his navy were to turn on the side of Ireland and Scotland. Were England, on the contrary, determined to oppose him in a great body, the struggle would be reduced to a decisive issue, of which France would have been at liberty to choose the time, place, and opportunity. This battle in the air was what Napoleon used to call his battle of Actium. Profoundly as every reader of Napoleon's actions must admire his genius, one may certainly be excused for doubting if this project be not a dream of impossibilities. What assumptions for its basis! The Continent pacified in ten years! Not even his conquest of Russia could have effected such pacification. There was an Antigallican spirit in Spain and Germany sufficient to have given employment to France for twenty years—a spirit of hostility that would have burst out in another manner, even if the events which occurred had not taken place. And then to speak of beating the mariners of England by conscripts trained in blockaded harbours! Rare work, indeed, the latter would have made among his port-prentices, even if they had possessed the advantage of numbers. Our own suspicion is, that his demonstrations of this project were mere appeals to the national pride of the people whom he ruled, and that he had got by heart a jargon on the subject which it amused him to recite to M. Las Cases. Supposing this idea, however, to be totally wrong, and granting that we have got rid of an enemy who might have ultimately invaded us with two hundred ships of the line, the policy of having loaded our posterity with debt to get rid of him remains as much as ever to be doubted. His plan of canal communication between his harbours is intelligible even to a Bourbon, and his scheme of preparing naval conscripts remains as practicable as ever. Let it not be said that we have delivered ourselves from the danger of the energies of Europe being combined against us, for Napoleon never could have formed a coalition more dangerous than the Holy Alliance. The powers of that coalition have, without the grandeur of his views, adopted whatever was lawless in his principles. He was made our enemy by the deter-

mination of our cabinet not to treat with him. Our holy allies are gratuitously contemptuous, from believing our strength exhausted in the common struggle, and substantially hostile, because we are a free people.

The utmost astonishment was produced in Napoleon's mind when he was first made acquainted with the sums expended in England on public charity. Las Cases found him one morning reading an English work on the poor's rates. The account embraced millions of men and hundreds of millions of money. The Emperor was apprehensive that he had not read the work correctly, or that he had mistaken the sense. The thing, he said, seemed altogether impossible. He could not conceive by what vices and defects so many poor could be found in a country so opulent, so industrious, and so abundant in resources for labour as England. He was still less capable of comprehending by what prodigy the proprietors, overloaded with taxation, were also enabled to provide for the wants of such a multitude. He then demanded of Mons. Las Cases, if he had not been sent into the departments on a particular mission with regard to mendicity. Las Cases told him that he had the official report of his mission among the few papers he had preserved. He went for it. The Emperor glanced at it for a few minutes, and said, "Well, this in fact has no resemblance whatever to England." With respect to a mendicity establishment, which had been the special object of his mission, Las Cases told him that his intentions had been ill understood, and that the plan had been altogether unsuccessful. There were a few departments, it is true, in which the care of the prefects had put an end to mendicity: but in general the case was otherwise; and our author remarks that it was found chiefly difficult to suppress mendicity in places where the clergy enjoyed superior wealth and power. In Belgium, for instance, mendicants were seen to derive honour from their trade, and boast of having followed it for several generations. This circumstance Napoleon attributed, and probably with justice, to so many saints being in the calendar, whose only apparent merit was mendicity. On this subject, however, Las Cases is prodigal of his praise to the humane dispositions of his countrymen. The South, above all, and Languedoc, displayed great zeal and animation in the support of charitable institutions. The hospitals and almshouses were every where numerous and well attended to. The foundlings had increased tenfold since the Revolution. This our author had at first ascribed to the corruption of the times; but he was desired to remark, and was convinced upon reflection, that the changes had resulted from a more honourable cause. Formerly the foundlings had been so wretchedly taken care of, that only from seven to nine wretched sickly and diminutive orphans had survived, out of ten that were taken in. Whereas at present their food and cleanliness, and the care that is taken of them, preserve nearly the whole of them, and they grow up a fine race of children. The attention shewn to them gives rise to a singular abuse—mothers even in easy circumstances are tempted to expose their infants; they afterwards apply at the hospital, and, under a charitable pretext, offer to bring up one themselves. It is their own which is restored to them, with the benefit of a small allowance.

But of the French prisons he gives a most terrible picture—pronouncing them the shame of the provinces—absolute sinks of corrup-

tion, abominable intrenchments. Las Cases had formerly visited (he says) certain prisons in England, and had indulged in a smile at the kind of luxury which he observed in them. But there are no offences, he says, or even crimes, that would not be fully expiated by a mere residence in those prisons, to which people were sent only on accusation. In one of these, at Mount St. Michel, Las Cases found a woman, whose name he had forgot, but who had particularly attracted his attention.

"She had rather a pretty face, pleasing manners, and a modest deportment. She had been imprisoned fourteen years, having taken a very active part in the troubles of La Vendée, and constantly accompanied her husband, who was the chief of a battalion of insurgents, and whom she succeeded, after his death, in the command. The wretchedness she suffered, and the tears she shed, had sensibly impaired her charms. I assumed a severe air during the recital of her misfortunes, but it was put on for the purpose of concealing the emotions she excited. She had, by the kindness of her manners and her other qualifications, created a kind of empire over the vulgar and depraved women that were about her. She had devoted herself to the care of the sick; the prison infirmary was entrusted to her, and she was beloved by every one.—With the exception of that woman, a few priests, and two or three old Chouan spies, the rest exhibited but a filthy compound of disgusting or extravagant depravity."

Among his conversations with the Emperor, Las Cases repeats a very minute account which he gave Napoleon of the first assemblage of the French royalist emigrants at Coblentz, and of the follies, prejudices, and principles which distinguished that unfortunate body of men. The picture is drawn with great vivacity, and with all the apparent fidelity of an eye-witness; and though the chapter has no immediate relation to the hero of his journal, it is nevertheless a very amusing episode. At Coblentz was collected all that was illustrious belonging to the court in France, and all that was opulent and distinguished belonging to the provinces. The emigrants were thousands in number, consisting of every branch, uniform, and rank of the army;—they peopled the town, and overran the palace. Their daily assemblages about the persons of the princes, seemed like so many splendid festivals. The court was most brilliant, and the princes were so effectually its sovereigns, that the poor Elector of Treves, whom they were eating up, and who was afterwards deprived of his possessions on their account, was eclipsed and lost in the midst of them, which induced a person to observe to him one day, either from simplicity or raillery, that among all those who thronged his palace he seemed the only stranger. On gala days, they paraded with arrogance, as it were, the whole lustre and dignity of their monarchy, and, above all, the superiority of their sovereign, and the elevation of their princes—*His Majesty the King* was the expression which they pompously used in the German circles to designate the King of France, for that was, or ought to be, in their opinion, his title in point of pre-eminence with respect to all Europe. Even at a later period, and during their greatest distress, an Austrian officer, after dinner, happened to say, that when he came from Vienna a marriage was talked of between Madame Royale (now Duchesse D'Angoulême) and the Archduke Charles, who at that time enjoyed great celebrity. "But it is impossible," observed one of his French guests. "And why?" "Because it is not a suitable marriage for Madame." "How?" exclaimed

the Austrian, seriously offended, and almost breathless; "The Archduke Charles not a suitable marriage for your princess!" "Oh no, Sir;—it would be but a garrison marriage for her." So highly wound up were their expectations, that the emigrants who were later in arriving were ill received. It was maintained that all merit on that score was at an end, that if all who came should be received in the same way, the whole of France would soon be on their side, and there would be no longer any person to punish. As a mark of the political principles that prevailed, the Prince de St. Maurice was chased from among the emigrants—for having belonged to the society of the friends of the negroes. The appearance of the Duke of Brunswick at Coblentz, and the arrival of the King of Prussia at the head of his troops, were great subjects of joy and expectation for almost the whole of the emigration. There were a few persons, however, who had the discernment to perceive from the beginning, how the affair would end. Among these was Monsieur de Cazalès, now an emigrant, who had filled France and Europe with the celebrity of his eloquence and courage in the national assembly. When his countrymen beheld with delight the Prussians, as they filed off through the streets of Coblentz, —"Foolish boys," he exclaimed, "you admire those troops and rejoice at their march. You ought rather to shudder at it. For my own part, I should wish to see these soldiers, to the last man of them, plunged into the Rhine. Unhappy are they who incite foreigners to invade their country. Oh, my friends, the French nobility will not survive this atrocity. They will have the affliction of expiring far from the places of their birth." The emigrants (he adds) might be estimated at 20 or 25,000 men under arms. Such a force, filled with ardour and devotion, fighting for its own interests and maintaining an understanding with the sympathetic elements of the interior, might have been capable of striking the decisive blows. But the allies meant to do the work themselves, and they annihilated the emigrant army, by parcelling it out into different corps, and by making these prisoners, as it were, in the heart of the German troops. Their entrance into France soon dispelled all illusion about the dispositions of the main body of the French people, by whom they were execrated as traitors and patricides, instead of being welcomed as deliverers. When they were quartered at Verdun, Las Cases tells us that "some of his comrades and himself were lodged in a handsome house, but all the furniture and all the proprietors had disappeared, excepting two very pretty young ladies who put us in possession of it. This last circumstance seemed rather a favourable omen, and the royalist officers began to attempt ingratiating themselves with the females. 'Gentlemen,' said one of the two Amazons in rather a sharp tone, 'we have remained because we felt we had the courage to tell you face to face, that our lovers are in arms against you, and that they have our prayers at least as much as our hearts.' This was intelligible language," says our author, "we wished for no more of it, and even shifted our quarters to another house."

The Imperial Exile's conversation, of course, for the most part turns on his own military exploits. Among these, the account of his return from Elba is by far the most animated part of these volumes. The interest which it excites is indeed dramatic.

We select, at random, and without commenting upon them, some insulated anecdotes which our author gives of Napoleon.

"During the Consulate, and even during the Empire, Napoleon used at public festivals to go out late at night for the purpose of seeing the shows and hearing the sentiments of the people. He once went out in this way accompanied by Maria Louisa; and they both walked arm in arm on the Boulevards, highly amused at seeing their Majesties the Emperor and Empress, and all the grandees of the court, represented in the magic lanterns.

"During the Consulate, Napoleon was once standing in front of the Hotel de la Marine, viewing a public illumination. Beside him was a lady, who to all appearance had formerly moved in a distinguished sphere, accompanied by her daughter, a very pretty girl, to whom she was pointing out all the persons of note, as they passed to and fro in the apartments. Calling her daughter's attention to a certain individual, she said: 'Remind me to go and pay my respects to him some day. We ought to do so, for he has rendered us great service.'—'But, mother,' replied the young lady, 'I did not know that we were expected to shew gratitude to such people. I thought they were too happy in being able to oblige persons of our quality.'—'Certainly,' said the Emperor, 'La Bruyère would have turned this incident to good account.'

"Napoleon sometimes went out in disguise early in the morning, traversing the streets of the capital alone, and mingling with the labouring classes of the people, with whose condition and sentiments he wished to make himself acquainted. In the Council of State I have often heard him advise the Prefect of Police to adopt this plan. He called it the *Caliph system of police*, and said he esteemed it to be the best.

"On his return from the disastrous campaigns of Moscow and Leipsic, Napoleon, in order to maintain the appearance of confidence, frequently appeared amidst the multitude with scarcely any attendants. He visited the market-places, the faubourgs, and all the populous districts of the capital, conversing familiarly with the people; and he was every where received and treated with respect.

"One day, at *La Halle*, a woman with whom he had been holding a little dialogue, bluntly told him he ought to make peace. 'Good woman,' replied the Emperor, 'sell your herbs, and leave me to settle my affairs. Let every one attend to his own calling.' The bystanders laughed, and applauded him.

"On another occasion, at the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, when surrounded by an immense concourse of people, whom he was treating very condescendingly, some one asked whether affairs were really as bad as they were represented to be. 'Why, certainly,' replied the Emperor, 'I cannot say that things are going on very well.'—'But what will be the end of this?'—'Heaven knows!'—'Will the enemy enter France?'—'Very possibly; and he may even march to Paris if you do not assist me. I have not a million of arms. I cannot do all by my own individual efforts.'—'We will support you,' exclaimed a number of voices.—'Then I shall beat the enemy, and preserve the glory of France.'—'But what must we do?'—'You must enlist and fight.'—'We will,' said one of the crowd; 'but we must make a few conditions!'—'What are they?'—'We will not pass the frontier.'—'You shall not be required to do so.'—'We wish to serve in the guards,' said another.—'You shall do so.' The air instantly resounded with acclamations. Registers were immediately opened, and two thousand men enlisted in course of the day. Napoleon returned to the Tuileries; and, as he entered the *Place Carousel* on horseback, surrounded by the multitude, whose acclamations rent the air, it was supposed that an insurrection had broken out, and the gates were about to be closed.

"On his return from the Island of Elba, the Emperor made another visit to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where he was received with equal enthusiasm, and conducted back to the palace in a similar manner. As he passed

through the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the multitude who escorted him halted before the principal hotels, and manifested their disapprobation by angry words and gestures. The Emperor observed that he had scarcely ever been placed in so delicate a situation. 'How many evils might have ensued,' said he, 'had a single stone been thrown by the mob. Had a single imprudent word, or even an equivocal look, escaped me, the whole Faubourg might have been destroyed; and I am convinced that its preservation was to be attributed wholly to my presence of mind, and the respect which the multitude entertained for me.'"

We conclude with quoting a passage from the melancholy description of the Great Captive's situation, which Las Cases exhibits on the eve of his own departure.

"During this period the Emperor's health has been constantly and considerably declining; his body, which was thought so robust, which had endured so many toils, and withstood so much fatigue, supported by victory and glory, was now bending under the weight of infirmities prematurely brought on by the injustice of men. Almost every day he is attacked by some new indisposition; fever, swelled face, symptoms of scurvy, constant colds; his features are altered, his gait becomes heavy, his legs swelled, &c. ....Our hearts were torn in seeing him thus hastening towards infallible destruction; all our cares are in vain.

"He had long since given up riding on horseback, and by degrees, also, he almost entirely relinquished his rides in the calash. Even walking became a rare occurrence, and he was thus nearly reduced to a strict seclusion in his apartments. He no longer applied to any regular or continued occupation; he seldom dictated to us, and only upon subjects that were merely the fancy of the moment. He spent the greatest part of the day alone in his room, busied in turning over a few books, or rather doing nothing. Let those who have formed a due estimate of the power of his faculties, appreciate the strength of mind required to enable him to bear, with equanimity, the intolerable burthen of a life so wearisome and monotonous; for, in our presence, he always exhibited the same serenity of countenance and equality of temper; his mind appeared equally unembarrassed; his conversation offered the same lively turns of expression, and he was sometimes even inclined to mirth and humour; but, in the privacy of intimate intercourse, it was easy to perceive that he no longer thought of the future, meditated on the past, or cared about the present; he merely yielded a passive obedience to the physical laws of Nature, and, thoroughly disgusted with life, he perhaps secretly sighed for the moment which was to put an end to it.

"Such was the state of affairs when I was forcibly removed from Longwood; for that period approaches—it is not far distant."

TO A FOUNTAIN.

Sweet Fountain, in thy cool and glassy bed
 The forms of things around reflected lie
 With all the brightness of reality,
And all the softness which thy wave can shed—
As clear as if within thy depths were laid
 Some brighter world beneath that pictured sky:
 But with a thought the vision passes by
Before the rising breeze, and all is fled.
So on the stream of life, all bright and gay,
 A thousand pleasures glitter to the view,
Which Hope enlightens with her fairest ray,
 And Fancy colours with her richest hue;
But with the breath of Truth they pass away
 Like thine, sweet fountain—fair, but fleeting too. M.

ON MUSIC.

No. 3.—*With reference to the Principles of the Beautiful in that Art.*

The several precepts and remarks offered in the latter part of our previous Paper appear to us to embrace the principal laws affecting instrumental melody, or melody generally. These, of course, fully apply to vocal melody likewise, while the latter naturally requires the observance of additional rules, chiefly regarding the due expression of the text which is to be sung; from the ballad, the lowest in the scale, to the opera, the most exalted of the labours of musical genius.

In composing music for words, generally poetry, four principal objects present themselves as matters of primary consideration,—viz. metre, rhythm, character, and verbal expression.

Upon the two first, our previous remarks, considering the limits we have prescribed ourselves, appear to be nearly sufficient. It is obvious that the musical metre must adapt itself kindly, throughout, to that of the poetry. At the same time, the means at the command of the composer are so ample and manifold, that he is by no means compelled to devise a metre precisely the same as that of the poetry. The same text may be cast into a great variety of musical metre, with almost equal aptitude. Every composer might, perhaps, choose a different metre; one $\frac{4}{4}$, another $\frac{3}{4}$, and a third $\frac{6}{8}$. The English language, it must, however, be owned, presents more difficulties for such metrical arrangement than any other, owing to its numerous monosyllables, to its snapping accents, and other causes, which, together with the many consonants, diphthongs, &c., greatly detract from its aptitude for musical purposes in general. This circumstance the English poet that wishes to write for composers ought constantly to bear in mind. It is probably not going too far, if we venture to maintain that not above one half of the words in the English language is of a nature to become freely eligible for musical composition; and that, of the remaining half, one moiety is absolutely unfit, and the other sufficiently liable to more or less objection, to induce a cultivated and euphonic ear to abstain from its employment for musical purposes as much as can conveniently be helped.

If we might presume to give any advice in this respect to the lyric poet, we should first of all recommend a decided preference of words of pure Anglo-Saxon origin, and a most sparing use of all such as are derived from the Latin, or from the French (second-hand), especially when consisting of many syllables. Those terminating in *ation*, *action*, *ection*, &c. such as *commendation*, *detraction*, *correction*, &c. are little adapted for song; owing not only to their cacophony and length, but also to their want of simplicity. They seldom fail in creating, momentarily, a train of etymological ideas in those that understand them, and many are unintelligible or of obscure import to a number of persons.

But even in the selection of pure Anglo-Saxon words, care and a musical ear are indispensable. Too many monosyllables must be avoided, especially those with strong accent; and when they occur, the composer should be cautious not to extend their duration by a long note. It is highly disagreeable to hear *sun* drawled into *su......n*, or *breath* mouthed into *brea......th*. Words of two syllables, having a

strong accent on the first, which, nevertheless, is incapable of being sung satisfactorily to a long note, ought not to be employed too frequently, especially at the end of a line. Words of this description, such as *mother, lover*, have seduced English composers into a very common, yet inelegant way of terminating a phrase by beginning the last bar with a semiquaver followed by a long crotchet. *Pity, perish*, are almost invariably treated in this objectionable manner.

Many similar cautions might be added to the above; but, as we are not writing an *Ars musico-poetica*, we shall content ourselves with one farther and very important remark, regarding, not the form, but the substance and matter of the text to be expressed in Music.

Profound thoughts, *very fine* ideas, and epigrammatic sentiments, make but a poor figure in Music. In hearing a song, the mind has two operations to perform simultaneously and not altogether very leisurely. Without absolutely and scientifically analyzing the harmonic weft, it must see sufficient light to bring home the substance of the musical phrase to the sphere of its musical conception, in order to be pleased with it. If the mind be incapable of seizing any musical meaning at all, it is sure to become indifferent, if not disgusted. The Razumowsky Quartetts of Beethoven would soon lull an Essex grazier, and many of his betters, into a snug doze.

While this act of musical perception is going on in the mind, and going on rapidly, the sense of the words must glide into it at the same time. Now, if the text be ponderously profound, if the heavy stage-waggon of the philosophizing bard and the gay chariot of the harmonist are to enter simultaneously the narrow intellectual portal, what is more likely than that they will stop each other's way. Such a race between the poet and composer is generally fatal to both. The auditor has not a moment to spare for verbal investigation, the Music is going on, new text is heaped on the old, and a mass of confusion is the final impression bequeathed to us.

Simplicity is a paramount requisite in poetry intended for Music, perhaps in all good poetry. It is quite difficult enough to seize completely poetry of the plainest import, under the vehicle of Music. Hence the distribution of books of the songs at our Theatres, the price of which, however, greatly limits their circulation. Instead of laying on the additional tax of tenpence for a few leaves, which, with due economy, may be printed for less than a quarter of the money, the managers probably would eventually benefit by dispensing these few pages, gratis, to every one of their visitors. All would then understand what they heard, would like it the better for it, and would carry home the means of recalling any favourite song to their recollection and pointing it out to others, creating in them a desire to attend the performance.

But to return to the question of poetical subjects adapted for composition: the French Vaudevilles appear to us to afford striking examples of the disadvantages of fine sentiment and epigrammatic point, when exhibited under a musical garb. It requires the peculiar, not to say negative musical taste of our neighbours to derive delight from songs of this description, if songs they can be called. To us these Vaudevilles are absolutely sickening; the Italians are strangers to them, and, thank Heaven! they have not found much favour on our boards.

The works of two of the most popular English poets now living, may serve as contrasting vouchers in support of our assertions with regard to the nature of a text best calculated for musical expression.

Of rhythm, the second point to be attended to in setting a text to Music, we have already treated so fully, that we will not encroach upon our limits by entering into a view of its special effect with regard to *vocal* compositions.

The third object to be considered in the construction of vocal composition is the general character of the text, the vein of feeling which pervades it: whether it be gay or serious, solemn, plaintive, tender, pastoral, comic, sarcastic, agitated, irritated, &c. And here the following important questions seem to present themselves:—

1st. Is it within the power of Music to depict the above, and other affections of the mind?

2dly. What are the means by which this depictive power is exercised?

3dly. How far does this power extend?

Before entering directly upon this investigation, it appears to us, that, if Music be gifted with the power in question, whatever may be the means employed in its execution, it is reasonable to conclude that this depictive power has certain limits, and that it cannot, in all cases, be applied with such logical precision as never to leave a doubt of the impression intended to be conveyed. In this respect we would liken the language of Music to that of Painting and Sculpture. Although the latter possess the advantage of copying the various expressions of the human countenance from living nature, it must be admitted that the sculptor's and painter's representations of many affections of the mind are rather approximations and obscure hints, than decisive indications of their intention. In seeing a pictorial exhibition, a sixpenny book is of as much use as the tenpenny publication at an opera; not only on account of the historical narrative, but for the sake of judging of the physiognomical correctness in the "grammatis personæ." A few lines of poetry in the Somerset-House Catalogue are a vast help.—"Achilles stifling his anger" is often as useful a hint as "This is a lion."

Musical language, then, must have its uncertainties and limits, and perhaps ought to have them. Aware of this truth, it is for the composer not to attempt more than what lies within the legitimate range of his art: the field is full wide enough for his exertions, without transgressing its boundaries.

These boundaries, and the points of vagueness as to expression, will of themselves attract our attention, in proceeding now to a consideration of the means by which the composer has it in his power to impart to his labour a general character corresponding with the import of a poetical text.

These means are either *phonetic* or *chronic*; or, to speak in plain English, they are derived either from the nature of the *sounds* employed, or from the peculiar arrangement and distribution of *time*.

In order to form some idea how far a difference in point of sound may produce a difference of characteristic expression, we shall consult nature, the best guide in the fine arts.

Supposing we were required to give musical utterance to a *serious* sentence. We should consider, in the first instance, that gravity is

the concomitant of mature age; gaiety that of infancy or youth. The voice of the latter is acute, that of the former comparatively low. It would, therefore, on that account alone, be as preposterous to express grave words by acute sounds, as it would be ridiculous to utter a lively and joyous sentence in deep notes. Only think of Cato sternly moralizing with the mincing shrill voice of an unfledged stripling! On the other hand, even the aged give vent to joy in elevated accents of voice. All this, moreover, is referable to physical causes. Low notes are produced by the slow vibrations of the sonorous body, and high ones by rapid vibrations. What, therefore, can be more natural, than that the quick pulsations of a heart elated with joy should be depicted by notes produced in a similar manner; and that the steady and sedate dicta of a tranquil mind should be accompanied by sounds created by the leisurely vibrations of the sounding material.

We may add here, by the way—although in anticipation—that the reason for employing slow or quick notes for serious or gay purposes, respectively, is precisely the same; and this circumstance will probably appear even more obvious. Hundreds of quotations might be adduced in support of it. In Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, the spectre speaks in slow and deep accents, while the gay Lothario sings his "*Fin' ch' han' dal vino*" in rapid upper notes. Ghosts are always made to speak in a deep tone of voice and slow, although no one ever heard their mode of conversation. The practice, therefore, is purely founded upon æsthetical deduction.

The above allusion to the mode of expressing the grave and gay by phonetic means was merely intended by way of general illustration. The distinction between both is broad and obvious. But there are innumerable other affections of the mind which the composer endeavours to pourtray by the peculiar nature of the sounds which his judgment selects for that purpose.

The choice of the tonic affords him an important and remarkable resource in this respect. Although this subject may have been carried too far by some enthusiastic speculatists, and their elevated imaginations may have discovered shades and causes of distinction imperceptible to more prosaic intellects, we are convinced that it is by no means immaterial what key be selected for the melody to a particular text. Schubart, the German, rather an enthusiast, but a man in whom, as in the early bards of Greece and of the Celtic nations, poetical genius was united to great musical talent, has assigned to every tonic its legitimate power of characteristic expression. His opinions on that subject happen to be recorded in an earlier number of the New Monthly Magazine*, to which we beg leave to call the reader's particular attention; the paper being of a highly interesting nature. Without going the full length of his speculations, or presuming to set up a digested system of our own, we shall advert to a scale or two to illustrate the characteristic difference of some tonics or keys.

The scale of G major seems really to possess a character of openness suitable to ingenuous *naïveté* and innocent mirth; while A flat major, although but a semitone higher, would be totally unfit for the same expression, but would well adapt itself to deep inward feeling,

* Old Series, Vol. XIII. page 286.

or tender devotion. The brilliant notes of the clear scale of D major are more eligible for a military piece, and E flat major is expressive of tranquil solemnity.

What can be the reason of this curious and singular acoustic phenomenon? How comes it that G major and A flat major, such near neighbours, should be of such a different character?—This difference is so striking and decisive, that a good ear, listening to an air in G played upon a pianoforte, which is precisely half a tone higher than the usual pitch, and on which, therefore, G must exactly be what A flat is on the generality of instruments, would, nevertheless, instantly recognize the scale to be that of G, and not A flat.

The cause of this difference of character probably lies in the "temperament" of keyed instruments, according to which the degrees of the scales of different tonics are not exactly in the same ratio with their fundamental key. Even in violins there prevails, to a certain degree, the influence of temperament; for, to adduce but one instance, the E upon the open first string is perfect as fifth to A, but too acute as third to C.

Thus, then, the character of a melody will, in a great measure, depend on even the key in which the melody is set. But our readers must really read Schubart on this matter. His observations are extremely curious, and so ample that they supersede the necessity of our pursuing the subject in this place.

A farther means of characterizing a melody is offered by setting it in a minor or major mood. Generally speaking, the minor mood is acknowledged to convey a plaintive impression, although this must be admitted with some exceptions. The reason why that mood should have a plaintive tendency is less obvious than the fact itself; and we do not recollect to have ever heard or read a satisfactory explanation of the cause.

If we might venture an opinion, we should say, that the circumstance alone of the minor scale being less founded in nature than the major (in as much as it is not derived from the harmonics co-vibrating with the parent sound) tends to adapt it to melancholy. The natural and legitimate province of Music is the expression of pleasing sensations; for these, therefore, the natural (major) scale is most fitting; and hence, the less natural (minor) scale seems to adapt itself better to plaintive expression. The accents of sorrow and grief, moreover, seem generally to be much more irregular in tone and pitch, than those of joy; and if we watch them more attentively, we shall find, that the degrees of tone employed in the utterance of sad and dejected feelings, so far as they can be distinguished and appreciated, lie closer to each other, are much more chromatic, than the sounds of gaiety. What a chromatic ascent and descent does not the crying of a child exhibit! Now the three characteristic degrees of the minor scale, forming one tone and one semitone (C, D, E flat) are more contiguous, than the three corresponding notes of the major scale (C, D, E,) which form two whole tones. This greater contiguity unquestionably produces a plaintive effect, and the greater the contiguity, the more melancholy the strain, such as the chromatic ascent, C, C sharp, D, E flat, &c. The acute Greeks, perfectly aware of this, had a third scale or genus, the Enharmonic, in which there were intervening degrees between even semitones, and which was still more expressive of deep emotion, and, on

that account, no doubt, proscribed in the hardy and warlike country of Lacedæmon. This enharmonic scale is also entirely excluded from our own musical system. Our modern ear has no relish for it; and, although we know its intervals with the utmost precision we cannot intonate them correctly. If our musical readers wish to make an attempt, let them try to sing these four notes, (substituting in the place of ε a sound higher than E, but lower than F,) E, ε, F, A. If they succeed, they will find the effect to be of the most lugubrious kind.

Allusion has been made above to some exceptions to the exclusive applicability of the minor mood for plaintive expression. As we are not aware of having read any remarks on these exceptions, we feel induced to state our ideas on the subject. We have observed, 1st, That in the south of Europe, and in France, a number of national songs are in the minor mood. In our walks through the fields of the Campagna Felice, as well as in the environs of Rome, and in Tuscany, we often heard the peasants sing tunes of the most affecting simplicity in that mood, the text of which, although not one of hilarity, certainly did not breathe melancholy. The subject generally was love.

2dly. A great number of the earlier lyric compositions of almost every nation, including our own, and particularly the Welsh, are in the minor mood, although the words are not of a plaintive nature. This fact may perhaps explain the preceding, or *vice versâ.*

3d. Even in the productions of comparatively modern composers we occasionally meet with songs in the minor mood, in which there is not the slightest tinge of sadness, and in which nevertheless that mood appears perfectly appropriate. for instance, "Que le Sultan Saladin" in *Richard Cœur de Lion.* In this air, however, as in others so circumstanced, the *tempo* is generally brisk.

From these observations we should be inclined to infer, 1st, That the minor mood *may be* employed for texts, which, although not absolutely plaintive, are of a serious nature, in which a vein of pensive sensibility predominates. In such cases, however, as well as in all plaintive melodies, the minor mood must be exhibited under a *slow* tempo. 2dly. If the minor mood be occasionally employed for texts which are not of a serious cast, it will be proper to adopt a *quick* time. Such songs will generally be found to possess a decided peculiarity of character, a certain rustic wildness, or bluntness.

Thus much of the *phonetic* * means of imparting general character. The *chronic* † means are of equal if not more effect and importance.

A previous glance at the latter which we permitted ourselves in passing, will already have afforded to our readers some idea of the effect of musical time on the character of a song. They will already comprehend why a serious grave text requires a slow tempo, why a gay sprightly stanza should be set in quicker time. Nature is here our direct guide. Cheerful people, or persons in a cheerful mood, talk with greater celerity than gloomy subjects, or persons under a depression of mind. Men in years talk slower than youth, or even than

* Derived from Sound.

† Derived from Time. The faculty will pardon our encroachment upon medical nomenclature.

ladies of the same age. All things alike, females talk about half as quick again as men, or in the ratio of about 18 to 12. The proverbial "nineteen to the dozen" is therefore a pretty correct approximation.

Persons, under the influence of passion, invariably speak quick. Hence a decisive rule for the composition of passionate texts, such as the conclusion of the quarrelling duet, "Madama brillante," in *Figuro*, Cimarosa's "Orà vedete che bricconata," in the *Matrimonio segreto*, and hundreds of other instances.

Comic songs are, for evident reasons, generally composed in quick, or at least brisk time: e. g: "Papa taci"—"Capellini, Capelloni" —"Non più andrai farfallone amoroso," &c. In this department we must admit the defective state of English music. Not that we are destitute of what are *called* comic songs: rattlers there are without number, the vulgarity and coarseness of the melody of which, quite corresponding with the low trash of the words, are a disgrace to the national taste. But of comic songs of any musical value we possess few, if any, good specimens.

A text in which the predominant character is fear, or other mental agitation (*Angl.* flutter), requires naturally an accelerated tempo; and the frequent intervention of isochronons (equally-timed) rests of momentary duration tends greatly to pourtray the quick pulsations of the heart which commonly attend such a state of our frame. An appropriate illustration of this remark will be found in the beautiful introduction to the Magic Flute: "Zu hülfe, zu hulfe, sonst bin ich verlohren" (Ah help me, oh save me, I'm doom'd to destruction); better known under the name of "Ajuto, ajuto," &c. It is impossible to depict the sobbing ejaculations of extreme fear in a more forcible and natural manner. Another fine specimen of mental agitation, not of fright, but of amorous distress, occurs in Cherubino's air in Figaro, "Non sò più cosa son', cosa faccio." The whole of the music is a continuity of breathless flutter, as it were, until towards the conclusion the lovesick boy, the emblem of androgynism, sinks, from exhaustion, into languor and *défaillance*.

For poetry of a pompous character, of affected grandezza, ludicrous gravity, although generally comic, a quick tempo would scarcely be suitable. People of that complacent stamp are wont to measure their words; they speak a sort of leisurely full-mouthed German text. A corresponding gravity, with great precision of measure, should therefore be adopted in the musical colouring of their *sesquipedalia verba*. It is thus that Winter makes Don Alonzo, the luminary of the law, speak in *Gli Fratelli rivali*, especially in the air "In Palermo voi vedrete ampia turba di clienti." Cimarosa's aria, too, in the *Matrimonio segreto*, "Udite, Udite, Udite, le orecchie spalanchate," is composed precisely upon the same principle.

Of the solemn, the sublime, the heroic, the martial, the prayer (preghiera), and innumerable other kinds of characteristic expression in music, it would scarcely be necessary to treat in this cursory sketch, even were our purpose and limits more extended; nor do we think it requisite to quote any examples by way of illustration. Nature and an attentive observation of mankind furnish, in every possible case of musical character, the best models for imitation.

DAINTIE PASTORALS.

Thaddy Mahone and Silvia Pratt.

Of late a fond couple alone
In the bar of a coffee-room sat,
Where the swain, Mr. Thaddy Mahone,
Sigh'd hard at the plump Mrs. Pratt.

His praises so pointedly gay,
The widow received with a smile;
She heard the soft things he could say,
But she counted her silver the while.

"Mrs. Pratt," the fond shepherd began,
"How can you be cruel to me?
I'm a lovesick and thirty young man;
Oh, give me some gunpowder tea.

"Your rolls never trouble your mind;
I feast when I look upon you;
To my love let your answer be kind,
And half a potatoe will do."

"No trouble at all, Sir, indeed,"
Said the lady, and gave him a leer,
"Do you wish to-day's paper to read?
Will you please, Sir, to take your tea here?"

"Will I take my tea here? that I will·
But I never read papers and books;
Be pleas'd, Ma'am, the tea-pot to fill,
You sweeten the tea with your looks.

"Saint Patrick! I've emptied the pot,"
Exclaim'd the stout Monaghan youth;
"But, my honey, your tea is so hot,
It has scalded the top of my tooth.

"How well your good time you employ!
May I beg for a jug of your cream?
The water's so warm, my dear joy,
My whiskers are singed by the steam.

"Mrs. Pratt, you're an angel in face,
How I doat on your fingers so fair!
Oh, I long like a dragon to place
Another gold wedding-ring there.

"Do you think now my lies are untrue?
You may shut those sweet eyes of your own,
And never see one that loves you,
Like myself Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then what a change we shall see!
When you are the flesh of my bone,
What a beautiful charmer I'll be!

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin
To answer her lover so gay;
When, alas! a bum bailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

EDUCATION.

"L'envie de placer la morale partout nuit à nos recherches. On veut prêcher, endoctriner, commander, sans connoître les principes de sa doctrine."

Bonstetten, Etudes de l'Homme, Tom. 1.

Among the many unintelligible cants of this hypocritical age (for hypocritical it is *par excellence*) there is none to me more incomprehensible than that, which is in every mouth, concerning the happiness of childhood. Without dwelling upon the peculiar liability to disease of this period of our existence, and insisting on the long gauntlet of maladies, measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, *et id genus omne*, through which the youthful sufferer has to pass, it is sufficient to notice the perpetual restraint to which children are subjected, the hourly contradictions they encounter, and their total incapacity for comprehending the reason and the necessity of submission. The clumsiest and the coarsest tyranny in social life is that which is imposed on the infant, not only through the superior intellect of the parent, and his solicitude for the welfare of his offspring, but from his wilfulness, his caprice, his love of domination, his obstinacy, and his mistakes concerning human nature. Accordingly, if there be an uncle, an aunt, or a grandmother in the family, he, she, or they almost always run away with the affections of the children, from the parents, who are compelled to exert an habitual superintendence and control over the actions of the rising generation.

For my own part, I can safely say, that the bitter sense of indignation which in my earliest childhood I conceived at certain overt acts of real or of fancied injustice in my elders, was among the most painful feelings of my existence; and I have, consequently, never been hasty and unreasonable in my conduct towards children, without the severest self-reproach. It is on this account, perhaps, that my attention has been so much turned to the mode in which a brother I have, and his wife, manage, or rather mismanage, a somewhat numerous family; and that my cynicism has been roused at the multifarious whimsies with which, under the notion of education, they torture their unfortunate offspring.

Bred to trade, my brother received himself an education neither extensive nor well-grounded, and the lady he married had, unfortunately, just enough of boarding-school "accomplishments" to call forth a great deal of vanity, without rendering her *accomplished* in any particular. Although she is sensible that her own stock of French is insufficient for even a short conversation, and that she can neither sing nor play so as to be tolerated in society,—although she is absolutely without information on every point of literature and science, and never read three books *through* in her life, yet she conceives herself to possess a great natural turn for educating others, and believes herself a competent judge on every disputed point in the theory and practice of communicating instruction.

It was a wise precaution in Doctor Cornelius, the worthy and learned parent of Martinus Scriblerus, to prepare beforehand his "daughter's mirror" and his "son's monitor;" and so "*in utrumque paratus*,"* to be

* *Dialogue.*—My wife is brought to bed.—What has she got?—Guess.—A son?—Guess again.—A daughter?—By Jove you've hit it.

ready for whatever might happen. But my brother's wife, more fortunate than her great predecessor, like Minerva, came into the world ready armed, and was, or thought herself, innately fitted for the parental office, and capable, by her spontaneous and self-directed energies, of superintending, no less her son's education, than her daughter's. Her husband, who is a "thriving man," and still remembers that

> When house and goods and land are spent,
> Then *larning* is most excellent,

spares no expense in carrying into execution any and all the plans which the fertile imitativeness of his good lady suggests, (expense, indeed seeming to be one of the chiefest ingredients in the forming and storing the infant mind); and as he has himself no time for any thing but business, my sister-in-law has that sort of autocratical sway over the nursery and school-room, which is bounded only by the obstinacy of servants, and the still greater inflexibility of the party least consulted in the affair,—Dame Nature herself.

Scarcely had their eldest boy attained to the completion of his fifth year, when he was provided with a private tutor; and his sister, who is less than a year younger, was at the same time saddled with a governess. "We can never begin too early," said the lady. "Ay, ay, I hate idleness: train up the child in the way he should go," re-echoed the papa:—and so to it they went, *τυπτω*-ing on one side the house and *j'aime*-ing on the other, from morning to night, let the sun shine as delightfully as it pleased, and the smiling fields invite as they might the poor little sufferers to lay up a stock of health and vigour, to fortify their tender organs for the rough shocks of a rude world, which await their riper years.

What progress my young nephew and niece made in precocious learning, I knew not; for I never cared to make myself that bore of a rising family—an examining friend; but I was soon aware that their health declined, that their heads were visibly too large for their bodies, (either from an actual developement of the overworked part, or from the shrivelling and emaciation of the other members), that their cheeks were pale, and their appetite failed them. When I pointed out this circumstance to the mother, she assured me it was nothing but weakness; adding that to remedy this evil she carefully had her children bathed in cold water every morning in summer and in winter; which she doubted not would soon restore them to their good looks. This narration explained to me the sobbing and lamentation I had heard before daylight in the nursery, when I spent the Christmas at my brother's. Never afterwards could I bear to sleep in that house. The thought of the poor little innocents shivering and coughing at the edge of the bathing-tub in a frosty morning, while I lay comfortably wrapped in my bed-clothes, recalled the misery I had so often suffered before the invention of machinery for sweeping chimnies, when I have heard some unfortunate child scraping his back along the flues in the walls of my bed-chamber, and earning a miserable existence, at the expense of disease, distortion, and hopeless slavery. "At least, however," I mentally exclaimed, "those black little urchins escape the drudgery of a fashionable education."

This strong call of the bathing-tub upon the feeble organs of infancy was not answered; and instead of the expected health, shivering

fits, fevers, and internal complaints were the rewards of an impertinent interference with nature. "It is very odd," said my sister-in-law. "It's all worms; and yet I never failed putting all the children through a spring and fall course of Ching's lozenges." At this time it was the fashion to make children hardy; and my nephews and nieces (and they were now numerous) were kept in a state nearly approaching to nudity; their linen dresses barely meeting the demands of decency. In this plight, they were daily sent out in all weathers to walk for one hour (the canonical duration of a lesson), and to trail their listless limbs round the interior of a fashionable London square for the purposes of air and exercise.

The appearances of consumption in one of the girls at length put a stop to this excess; and, a new system springing up, flannels, a full meal of meat, with an occasional glass of wine, (i.e. egregious stuffing) became the order of the day. Even this did not answer, and the girls were put under the tuition of a drill-sergeant, and taught the manual exercise; dumb bells were bought, and an elastic board mounted in the nursery, as proper substitutes for liberty and the natural use of the limbs. In one corner of the school-room may be seen Miss Jenny choaking in a monitor; in another Bobby standing fast fixed in the dancing-master's stocks. Little Biddy is chained by the hour at a time before a miserable old piano-forte, with her fingers close locked in the brass partitions of a cheiroplast. Flat on her back lies stretched on an inclined plane, the pallid Alicia, like Ixion on his wheel; while Thomas, who labours under St. Vitus's dance, carries about one arm extended on a broad board, to obviate a growing contraction of the muscles. All the girls are screwed up in a double panoply of patent stays, to reduce their bowels to the calibre of "an alderman's thumb-ring," the dimension which fashion once more, in its folly, has assigned to female loveliness. Surely, surely, the tread-mill might supersede these various tortures; and, being applied to education, might exempt the freeborn British child, the heir of liberty and our "happy constitution," from such inquisitorial inventions!

But if the bodies of my poor nephews and nieces are submitted to an endless variety of "ingenious tormenting," their minds are not less tortured than their persons. Fourteen hours *per diem* they are pinned down to their language-masters, music-masters, mathematical-masters, besides attending three courses of lectures on chemistry, history, and moral philosophy. Why was this not thought upon when the act was passed for regulating the labour of children in cotton-manufactories? Besides, every point of education is to be conducted on a better (i.e. a newer) method than that employed with other people's children. The poor things are, therefore, the victims of all sorts of experiments. Whatever is the passing whim, is incorporated into my sister's domestic system; and studies are taken up *con amore*, or languish in indifference, and masters are engaged and disengaged, with a rapidity that doubles the labour of learning, if it does not utterly defeat the end. Every body in the mean time learns every thing; the girls study Greek and mathematics, and the boys partake in all the girls' pursuits, except tambouring and tent-stitch. All draw, all play the harp and piano-forte, all sing, all dance, though two of the children are deaf, and one is lame; and the whole family, except the eldest girl, seem to have been born without a tincture of taste for the fine arts. But

while the attention is thus distracted, and borne away from subject to subject at the command of an hour-glass, the overloaded memory is ingeniously propped by a complex artificial system of common-places, to which there lies but one small objection, that it is more difficult to understand, remember, and apply, than to recollect things by their natural associations.

The eldest children have now arrived at an age when the intellects usually begin to exert themselves, when the senses and the imagination are active in their influence on the judgment, and present endless themes for the exercise of its hitherto untried powers: but here again art and tuition interfere to spoil the work of nature. Opinions on all subjects are presented for acceptance, "ready cut and dried," and all books are prohibited except under the direction of a person hired to read with the young folks, and to impress on them a due obstinacy and pertinacity, not only in sectarian religion and factious politics,* but in matters of criticism and general literature. The poor creatures are never suffered to think for themselves; and they are consequently as dogmatic and as positive on Homer, Racine, Byron, Hume, Bishop Berkeley, and Adam Smith, as they are on transubstantiation and the thirty-nine articles. Their notions are in all cases alike infused in the true parrot way, independent of unprejudiced reason, and unfounded on legitimate deduction: and thus cribbed up in an intellectual *manège*, they are ready to be committed into the hands of some favourite reviewer, (whose periodical oracles will lead them in his own orthodox faith)—incapable of receiving a new idea, or of being disturbed in an ancient prejudice; too timid to doubt, too unpractised to enquire, and too feeble to tolerate in others opinions they can neither comprehend nor combat themselves.

The manner in which the young folks passed their infancy was well fitted for this subjection of the intellect. Brought into company after dinner, for the mere purposes of maternal vanity. the rest of their life was passed with nursery-maids, and with instructors scarcely more enlightened than nursery-maids. If, perchance, they ventured on a question, it was evaded by a lie or an *equivoque;* sometimes because the respondent was too ignorant to reply; sometimes, because the questionist was too scrutinizing for the contradictions and absurdities of received opinions and practices. At best, their knowledge was made up of isolated particularities, unconnected by general views or enlarged principles. That "Dr. Gripetithe is a very good man," or "Cœlebs in search of a Wife, is a very good book," was the deepest stretch of their judgments on men and things, before they were launched into the prescribed course of hardy assertions and unexamined opinions, which afterwards formed the climax of their education.

The business of education is one of so much difficulty, that with all the accumulated experience of ages, the most striking geniuses are still found amongst those, who have escaped altogether from the trammels of scholastic discipline, and who have been formed by the direct influence of things, operating under the pressure of strong necessities.

---

* These terms are not exclusively applicable to those sects and parties which are deemed heterodox. A churchman may have the zeal of a sectarian, and a government-man be a factious partizan. The phrases are used, therefore, without reference to aany particular creed, civil or religious, and merely in contradistinction to true religion and genuine patriotism.

The real object of a good education is fact; the scope to which, both in public and in private instruction, it is habitually adapted, is opinion. How far this is a necessary evil, is a subject too vast for the present paper. It is sufficient to notice, that in the actual state of society opinions are esteemed more important than solid information; and that infinitely more care is taken to preserve the world as it is, than to push it forward in the career of improvement. As long as this condition remains, there can be no question on the superiority of public over private tuition. In public institutions the habits inculcated may be vicious, the opinions and prejudices may be false (and indeed this is but too frequently the case); still, however, these vices and these false notions are those of the many. The pupil of the public is at least sure to be in the majority; while the creature of private instruction may be in error, both with reference to the nature of things, and to his own social and personal interests, to boot. If our national schools seldom permit their youth to get the start of their age and country, they are at least on a level with it; while domestic education fixes in its subject all the local peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It *may* make him wiser and better than others; it more frequently leaves him below the average standard; and almost always it renders him quizzical, bashful, and timid; unfit for the business of life, and unequal to figure in society. Few persons are competent to educate their own children; and it is a vast presumption in the idle and the ignorant to undertake the charge. However imperfect public education may be, it is at least systematic—a connected and arranged whole, which does not change with every caprice in the instructor.

Girls' schools, for the most part, partake of the vices both of public and of private tuition; while, from the limited scope of female education, it may be more safely trusted to domestic superintendents: but any thing is better than the eternally meddling, changing, hesitating, yet persevering interference, of an ignorant, shallow, pretending mother, whose utmost effort is to constantly toil after fashions, which she can never overtake; and to torment and tease her children with endless undigested experiments in the conduct of mind and body.

Under all plans of education, however, the fate of children is sufficiently hard; for if private tuition be too much a matter of caprice, public schools are too much an affair of routine. Many a child suffers incredibly, and goes through much unjust punishment; because the business of the school is neither adapted to his personal taste, nor to the mode and degree of his mental developement. In private instruction a boy may sometimes escape being treated like a blockhead, because his tutor has not the ability to discover the difficulty which impedes his progress; but in public schools the master has not the time, nor will the system ever allow enquiry into such *minutiæ*. There is a theoretic equality in the capacities and attainments presupposed in all public instruction; and woe to the lad who is either above or below this level! This serves to explain the tedious march of public education, in which six or eight years are spent in the imperfect acquirement of two languages—a miserable loss of time!

But to come back to the point from which we started: What a mass of misery, what tears and sufferings, are accumulated within the space of these years! what privations, what indignities, what injustice! Of all the youths crowded into a public school, how few are there to

whom learning is not rendered a most irksome and detested slavery, and who do not leave the establishment with a firm resolution never again to open a book from the moment of their emancipation! Is this necessary?—is this desirable? and if not, can it be remedied? These are important points for the consideration of parents. Thank Heaven, I have no children to educate; and thank Heaven again, I have left behind almost the recollection of that always envied, always praised epoch, of childhood, from which all are so happy to escape:—an epoch of feebleness, helplessness, ignorance, close restraint, and subjection. I would not undergo it again, to be born heir to a Dukedom. C. M.

THE FLOWER THAT FEELS NOT SPRING.

FROM the prisons dark of the circling bark
The leaves of tenderest green are glancing,
They gambol on high in the bright blue sky,
Fondly with Spring's young Zephyrs dancing,
While music and joy and jubilee gush
From the lark and linnet, the blackbird and thrush.

The butterfly springs on its new-wove wings,
The dormouse starts from his wintry sleeping;
The flowers of earth find a second birth,
To light and life from the darkness leaping;
The roses and tulips will soon resume
Their youth's first perfume and primitive bloom.

What renders me sad when all nature glad
The heart of each living creature cheers?
I laid in the bosom of earth a blossom,
And water'd its bed with a father's tears,
But the grave has no Spring, and I still deplore
That the flow'ret I planted comes up no more!

That eye whose soft blue of the firmament's hue
Express'd all holy and heavenly things,—
Those ringlets bright which scatter'd a light
Such as angels shake from their sunny wings,—
That cheek in whose freshness my heart had trust—
All—all have perish'd—my daughter is dust!—

Yet the blaze sublime of thy virtue's prime,
Still gilds my tears and a balm supplies,
As the matin ray of the god of day
Brightens the dew which at last it dries:—
Yes, Fanny, I cannot regret thy clay,
When I think where thy spirit has wing'd it way.

So wither we all—so flourish and fall,
Like the flowers and weeds that in churchyards wave;
Our leaves we spread over comrades dead,
And blossom and bloom with our root in the grave;—
Springing from earth into earth we are thrust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!

If death's worst smart is to feel that we part
From those whom we love and shall see no more,
It softens his sting to know that we wing
Our flight to the friends who have gone before,
And the grave is a boon and a blessing to me,
If it waft me, O Fanny, my daughter, to thee! H.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.—NO. VI.

Dulwich College.

Let those who would see this delightful collection to the best advantage, choose for their visit to it a fine sunshiny day—in winter. Let them, as they wind along the hard ringing road from Championhill to the pretty village in the centre of which the College is situated, (I am taking it for granted that they will choose to *walk* the latter part of the way), let them observe the trees, denuded of their green attire as if purposely to form a study for the artist and the lover of nature, spreading forth their thousand branches against the cold gray sky—their solid trunks (alike in summer and winter) rising from the green earth like pillars, and here and there wreathed with the clasping ivy, that gives ornament in return for support;—let them, as they pursue the gracefully winding and picturesque road that leads to the village, watch (through the unclothed hedgerows) the various changes in the prospect on either hand—which they cannot do in summer, and which would scarcely look more lovely if they could;—let them listen to the low call of the robin-redbreast, as he flits pertly from the road-side at their approach, or sings wildly sweet as he perches himself on the topmost twig of yonder thorn that has been suffered to outgrow the rest of the close-cut hedge;—finally, let them, as they arrive at and are about to enter the Gallery, turn to the little upland that faces it at a short distance, heaving its green bosom into a gentle sweep, and looking as bright and happy beneath the winter sun as it does beneath the summer.

The reader must not think that I am heedlessly calling upon him to attend to these objects of external nature, instead of leading him at once to those of which we are more immediately in search. I have purposely asked him to fix the former on his memory, and to yield himself for a moment to *their* influence exclusively, in order that, by a pleasing and not abrupt contrast, he may be the better prepared to appreciate the blush, the bloom, the burning glow of beauty that will fall upon his senses from the rich summer of Art that greets him on his entrance to this exquisite Gallery: for whatever season may obtain without, within these walls a perpetual summer reigns, and diffuses its sweet influence through all that come, in virtue of those exquisite works of the Flemish landscape-painters which form the staple of this collection. Not that it is without many most choice and a few invaluable specimens of almost all the other classes of the art; but the landscapes of Cuyp, of Both, of Wouvermans, of Wynants, of Ruysdael, &c.—but particularly those of Cuyp—are its distinguishing features.

To describe a landscape, even of Claude or Cuyp, is but to offer the reader Nature at third or fourth hand; for, though these works themselves are in many instances, as objects of direct sight, as good as the scenes they represent, yet any description of them can never be made so. In fact, no description of them, *as pictures*, can be given: any attempt to do so must end in being a description of a natural scene; and this is not what is wanted, generally speaking. I shall therefore endeavour, instead, to point out a few of the distinguishing characteristics of the artists whose works I am alluding to; and then

refer to such of their works in this Gallery as seem calculated to illustrate my meaning.

Albert Cuyp is incomparably the finest among the Flemish landscape-painters, with the exception of Paul Potter. There is a simplicity, a purity, and a truth of character about his best works, which none of his other rivals were capable of reaching; and there is, at the same time, not only an absence of all the faults, but a union of nearly all the merits, by which those rivals were distinguished respectively. Cuyp has all the delicious warmth and elegance of Both, without that feathery lightness of touch in the details which so frequently takes from the natural effect of his scenes. He has all the sweetness of Wouvermans, without his finical and affected niceness; all the brightness of Wynants, without his patchy, fluttery, and undecided mode of handling; and all the elegance and neatness of Berchem,' without that insipid and mawkish manner which dilutes even the best results of his efforts.—Cuyp must have possessed incomparably more imagination than any other Flemish landscape-painter, or than all the others united; for, though he appears rarely to have strayed beyond the suburbs of his native town of Dort, he has, by the aid of an extremely limited number of objects of study that he met with there, created scenes of the most chaste and exquisite beauty, unlike any thing that he could have seen, and yet consistent with nature and with themselves in every particular. He seems to me to have conceived these scenes in his mind in the first instance, and (so to speak) finished them there, and then to have as it were *breathed* them on his canvass, almost without the aid of his pencil—so sweetly clear, delicate, and ethereal some of them are. I now allude in particular to two or three in this collection. Number 3, in the first room, is an open country, with a broken fore-ground, bare of trees, two cows and two men in the centre, and distant hills; and yet there is a fascination in the effect of it that is indescribable. It seems all—cattle, men, ground, hills, clouds, and all—made of woven air and sunshine. There are no marks of the pencil about it. You cannot tell how it got there,—unless, as I before said, it has been breathed there. And you cannot be sure that it will stay before you —that it is not an illusion of the mind—a vision of the golden age— and that when you take your eyes off it, it will not, when they return, have disappeared. I confess that this, and two or three others of the same kind in this collection, give me a more apt idea of the golden age of the poets than all the classical works expressly intended to typify it—even those of Claude and Poussin themselves; and this notwithstanding the perfect truth of the details introduced into them, and above all, the rude and altogether modern character of the figures, and the dresses they wear.—No. 18, in the same room, is another delicious example of what I mean. It is a landscape consisting of two departments, divided from each other by two of those rich and elegantly-foliaged trees that Claude so frequently ran up in the centre of his pictures. The right-hand department is a secluded spot, shaded from the sun by light foliage, with a pool of clear water to make it still cooler—and two silent fishers to make it still more silent; while the left is all open, stretching away into the distance, and misty with heat, —the distant mountain seeming to quiver through the mist, as objects do that you see beyond an open space of sand or earth from which the heat

is rising; while over the mountain's head a few fleecy clouds are hovering, as if they loved it, and longed to rest upon it. In the front of this portion of the picture there is a sunny road that leads you away towards the distant hills, but leaves you in the midst of the scene before you reach them. This is a lovely picture, and much more elaborate than the preceding one (No. 3); but there is not that mysterious character about it which I seem to feel in the other. You can remember every part of it, and think of them separately; but of the other you can only remember the general effect.—No. 26 is another of these charming works—much smaller than the two preceding ones, more regularly and what may be termed correctly composed, according to the rules of art, and more delicately pencilled than even No. 18. In other respects it is of the same character with them, and steeped in the same sunny tone of colour; but its smallness prevents it from producing the effect that they do, by giving it a sort of prettiness. You are admiring the difficulty that has been overcome in producing it, instead of feeling its effects as a reflection of natural objects. This latter quality is, in fact, the grand objection to all very small highly finished works of this kind: you think more of the workman than the work—which is always a bad sign, as it respects the former.—There are three more of a similar description, and almost as fine as the foregoing—Nos. 68, 72, and 83. In fact, those who would study the style of this most delightful artist, can in no single gallery in the world, perhaps, do so to such advantage as they may here. Here are no less than eighteen of his pictures, including specimens of all his different manners; and some of them are unrivalled.

Next to Cuyp (omitting Paul Potter for the present, as there are none of his works here of sufficient importance to be offered as illustrations of what I might have to say respecting his peculiar style)—next to Cuyp, commend me to *Both*—John Both, who did for Italian scenery almost what Cuyp has done for Flemish; with this difference, that Both found the beauty created to his hands, while Cuyp half created it himself. In Both we have a remarkable and interesting example of the effects resulting from the curious truth and industry of a Dutch eye and hand, when employing themselves on the lovely scenery and beneath the delicious skies of Italy. The contrast he felt between the cold flatness and tedious monotony of his own country, and the rich, bright, and ever-varying scenes of that in which he was sojourning, (for Both studied and painted for many years in Italy) seems to have kept his mind in a perpetual glow of delight, which has diffused itself over all his works. This is the characteristic of them—the *fault*, if the critics will have it so. They are even more warm and sunny than Italian nature itself; for to the real atmosphere through which he saw them he seems to have superadded an imaginary one of his own, formed by the glow of an admiring love. The real fault of Both, and his only fault, is one which probably arose from his Dutch education, acting on what I must venture to call his Dutch nature. He is too nice and literal in his execution. The leaves of his trees, for example, do not *look* like leaves, precisely because they *are* like them. To satisfy his conscience for what he, perhaps, considered as the too great attention that he in some instances paid to *effects*, he in other instances paid too much to *causes*. He would, in order to produce a

general effect, steep a whole set of objects in the very essence of sunshine, and make all the air about them glow and glitter with it; and then, when his picture was complete, he would run up in the middle of the foreground, from top to bottom, a thin straggling tree, every leaf and twig of which he would make out distinctly, so that you might count them. This gives a poorness of effect to many of his scenes, and greatly detracts from the general impression they would otherwise produce; for generals and particulars cannot be made to consist together in this way. It is true, that Claude finished exquisitely, and yet it is his general effects that we admire him for. But the case is different. Claude produced the truth of his general effects *by means of* the truth of his details; and his details are all equally true, and therefore none of them attract particular attention away from the rest, and exclusively. His scenes *look* like Nature, because they *are* like it; while those of all other distinguished landscape-painters look like nature in spite of their being unlike it. But, however this may be, certain it is, that the straggling and unhealthy, and indeed unnatural-looking trees that Both so frequently runs up over his landscapes, as if for no purpose but to intercept our view of them, produce a very equivocal effect. Let the spectator compare any one of his works in this collection, having a tree in it of this kind, with the landscape by Cuyp which I first noticed (No. 3), and he will see at once what I mean. I do not deny that in some instances the stratagem is good, where it is used to break the monotony of those large pieces of rock which Both so often introduces with such fine effect; but then he is never content with making them perform this office alone, but scatters them all over his delicious skies, which cannot be too much seen, too open and uninterrupted. This Gallery is not near so rich in the works of this, upon the whole, delightful master, as in those of the preceding one; but there are several very charming specimens. No. 18?, a sunset, is, I think, the best.

Next in merit to Both, though in a totally different class from his, and indeed from all other painters, stands PHILIP WOUVERMANS. As the value of all other landscapes arises from the *nature* they display, so I would say (if it would not sound paradoxical) that the value of Wouvermans' landscapes consists in the *art*. His pictures are like nothing but each other. They are perfectly gratuitous works of art. And yet we love them almost as much as we do nature; and with the same *kind* of love. Place one of Wouvermans' best landscapes by the side of one of Paul Potter's,--both professing to represent the same class of scenery —and then determine whether, being, as they are, unlike each other in every particular, they can *both* be like nature. And yet both affect us nearly in the same manner, and nearly in the manner that nature affects us. The truth is, Wouvermans was a man of genius, and has invented a nature of his own, which is so lovely in itself, and at the same time so much in the *spirit* of the real nature which he imitated (not *copied*), that we not only permit but admire in him what in a man of inferior talent had been a mere impertinence. His pictures are, to the scenes they profess to represent, what a delicately finished enamel miniature of a human face is to the face from which it was copied; that is to say, exactly like in every individual feature,—so that you can tell at once from whom it was copied, if you know the person,—but exactly unlike

in general effect: in fact, there is a perfect *likeness*, but no *resemblance*. And we may keep each in our cabinets to very delightful purpose, if we know how to use them;—if we refer to them,—not as fac-similes of the respective realities, and calculated to call up the *same* feelings that *they* do—for so they would be very likely to injure our taste for each, instead of improving it,—but as hints that may lead us to think of the realities when we otherwise should not, and compare them with the imitations, and dwell on the likeness and the unlikeness—the distinctions, and differences—that exist between them; and thus make each illustrate the other, and impress its peculiar characteristics on the memory when we are absent from both. The fault of Wouvermans' landscapes, as compared with those of Cuyp, Paul Potter, &c. (and I have always observed the same deficiency to exist in enamel portraits as compared with some others) is an absolute want of vitality, and consequently of expression. Their want of the *truth* of nature would not be a valid objection against them in itself, if it were not accompanied by this other deficiency—which it need not necessarily be. Congreve's Millamant is as unlike Shakspeare's Miranda as one human being can be to another. The one is a creation of pure art, and the other an emanation of pure nature; and yet both are almost equally interesting, because both are instinct with vitality, and are consistent not only with themselves, but with each other. Circumstances might have made a Millamant of Miranda. Now the landscapes of Paul Potter, like the Miranda of Shakspeare, are pure nature; but the landscapes of Wouvermans, though they are pure art, like Millamant, are *nothing but art*, which she was not;—they are like beautiful masks—motionless—breathless—cold; there is "no speculation in them." I conceive this to arise partly (but not very considerably) from the cold and unnatural tone of colour which Wouvermans adopted, in order, perhaps, to distinguish himself from all his contemporaries; for he was certainly not without an affectation of this kind. He was determined to be singular; and he had the sense to know that he could not hope to become so by surpassing his contemporaries; in their own style—for those contemporaries were Paul Potter, Cuyp, Both, Berchem, &c. He therefore chose to be at the head of his own style at the expence of truth, rather than second in another style in conformity with it. And *we*, at all events, have no right to complain of his choice; for though it were evidently better to have one Cuyp than ten Wouvermans, yet it is better to have one of each than two of either.

Here are some delightful specimens of Wouvermans in this collection. Six of them hang nearly together, low on the left hand in the second room—Nos. 108, 113, 114, 115, 119, 120. One of them, containing a cart and horse on a little elevation in the centre, is one of the loveliest gems of this master that I have ever seen, both in colouring and composition—but particularly the latter.

Wynants is an artist whose works include all the faults of his pupil (Wouvermans), with scarcely any of their beauties. Like Both and Cuyp, *too*, he covered his scenes all over with sunshine; but he seemed to introduce it for the express purpose of giving to them a look of cold brightness rather than of glowing warmth. Exquisitely finished as the details of his pictures are, the general effect of them is not only unnatural, like those of Wouvermans, but unpleasing, on account of

their having no *tone* of colour at all. The light is always broken into little flickering patches, as we see it on the floor of a thick grove of trees when the sun penetrates through the intervals between the branches and leaves. External nature does not seem to have offered to his perceptions any decided *sentiment*; and consequently, not being able to draw upon himself for any, his works have no pervading spirit. They are to be described and characterized by their different parts; and not as wholes. The leaves and branches of his trees—the patches of light, shade, and colour, in the old dead trunks—the ruts and breakings in his roads, &c. are done to the very life; but there is none of the *general* truth of nature—none of her general effects. Above all, his patches of sunshine look like sunshine; but they are scattered about at random, and quite gratuitously; and they are also frequently placed in such a way that if half of them fall in the right direction according to the light in which the picture is painted, the other half "have no business there." There are but two pictures by this artist in the present collection (6 and 16)—and those are far from ranking among his best.

The style of HOBBIMA is more purely and exclusively *natural* than that of any other painter in any department with the exception of Teniers; and accordingly, the feelings which his scenes excite differ scarcely at all from those excited by the actual scenes of Nature. This arises in some degree from the kind of scenery he has chosen to depict being one upon which the imagination is capable of acting but little. Those who are pleased by Hobbima's pictures, are pleased in virtue of their *memory* alone; and none *are* pleased by them in a very high degree, but such as are accustomed to what is called purely *rural* scenery. It is not very easy to explain exactly what this term means; but lovers of the country will understand it well enough; and it is only to these that Hobbima's pictures address themselves. A scene may be pastoral, or picturesque, without being rural; but to be rural, it must include the pastoral and the picturesque, and at the same time objects connecting the thoughts with the lower classes of country life, and with no other class. The human figures represented must be taken from among those who are engaged in the actual tilling of the land—those or their families; a *lady* or *gentleman*, in such a scene, would be an impertinence. The other living objects must be connected with the same class. The buildings introduced must be peasants' cottages, or barns, sheds, &c. used for purposes of husbandry: an Italian villa, or a cottage *orné*, would look as much out of place as a shepherd's dog in a drawing-room. Even the trees, roads, ground, &c. must be of a particular kind, or the consistency of the scene is broken in upon: knotted oaks—elms spreading their antique arms above hollow trunks—old stunted thorns—broken ground, and roads winding and cut to pieces with deep wheel-ruts:—Poplars, or Weymouth pines, darting up their trim forms into the sky, or a good level turnpike road kept in order under the superintendence of Mr. M'Adam, would put the rurality to flight in a moment. In fact, what is called "rural scenery" is of a perfectly peculiar kind, and is well understood by those who attend to differences and distinctions in these matters; and it is this kind of scenery, and no other, that Hobbima paints. And he paints it almost as well as Nature herself does: his colours are as

fresh as hers,—and his touch as firm, crisp, and well-defined: and he has this advantage over Nature, that, having his materials under his own controul, he never suffers any thing to intrude into *his* scenes that can in any way disturb the unity of the sentiment they are intended to express. In wandering through one of Nature's scenes of the above description, you may chance to meet the Lady of the Manor, on her sleek thorough-bred mare, with her liveried groom behind her: which is not the thing. But Hobbima takes care that this shall never happen in his scenes.--The principal effects of Hobbima's pictures are always produced by some particular object, or set of objects, seen in the half-distance, through an opening in the dark trees of the foreground, and by a light which falls almost exclusively upon *them*--the foreground being illuminated by reflected lights alone. These objects are usually a small thatched cottage, with its appurtenances, exceedingly small in comparison with the huge trees that occupy the front of the picture, and run up to the top, excluding the sky altogether from the upper part. These objects--with the living figures, of children, female peasants, &c. that accompany them, are represented as if in the full sunshine; so that one portion of this artist's pictures is always a strong contrast to the other, in point of light and shade. In the dark part of the picture, however, there is generally an appropriate figure introduced, or at least some object or other that connects this part of the scene with the other--otherwise the antithesis would be too great. I repeat, it is impossible for any thing to be more purely natural than the style of Hobbima. He not only never paints any objects or appearances but what he and every body else has seen: but none that can by any possibility *suggest* any thing else. I have said above that his scenes address themselves to and affect us through the medium of the memory alone. I should perhaps qualify this by saying, that, though they affect the imagination as vividly as those of any other artist that I am acquainted with, they affect that portion of it alone which is created by and dependent on the memory. There are but three specimens of Hobbima in the Dulwich collection—(82, 153, 168;) and neither of them are very capital. No. 153 is, however, an extremely pleasing one.

The only other Flemish landscape painters that I shall mention particularly are Jacob Ruysdael and Berchem. Jacob Ruysdael, is not unlike Hobbima in his mode of handling; and is a scarcely less natural painter. His trees, ground, &c. have equal firmness and decision with those of Hobbima, and perhaps even more crispness and spirit; and his waterfalls, and pieces of running water, actually talk and move--you can almost hear them as they go. As every artist knows where his own strength lies, better than any one can tell him, *these* were among Ruysdael's favourite objects. Indeed he scarcely painted a picture without them. There is also great force and depth in the foliage, which he always introduces into his scenes in great profusion. Ruysdael is, however, the least characteristic and mannered of any of the distinguished artists of his class and country. His manner, like Hobbima's, is almost exclusively that of Nature; and he perhaps used less selection in his imitation of her than any one else. It is by his *touch* alone that you can know him; not by his scenes and objects--as you may Hobbima almost to a certainty. A picture may be known

to be Hobbima's by *description* alone—which can scarcely be said of the works of any other artist in this class.

Berchem, from the merit of many of his works, claims a particular notice in this sketch of the Flemish landscape-painters; but there is nothing in his style sufficiently exclusive and characteristic to admit of description. His pictures are characteristic enough to be instantly known, but not to be distinctly made known to others. This arises from his style being not in any degree original and his own, but made up of the qualities of several others. He joins, in a very pleasing and tasteful manner, the delicate pencilling of Both, the smoothness of Wouvermans, and the truth and precision of Ruysdael; and there is an airy elegance in his composition which no one has equalled who has confined himself (as Berchem did) to familiar scenery, and almost the lowest class of country life.—There are five pictures by Ruysdael in this collection, and as many by Berchem. Among those by the former, 145 is a good specimen of his exquisite skill in depicting a waterfall; and 159 is very rich, natural, and fine. Among the Berchems, if I recollect rightly, 161 is the best and most characteristic example.

Having concluded my notice of the Flemish landscape painters, I must now pause, and resume my subject in another article.

SONG FOR A SWISS FESTIVAL ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

Look on the white Alps round!
—If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band
Of dauntless men, our sires, who fell
Here, in the rocky battle dell!

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,
Home! Home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to their shining snows
That day the savage-rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolong'd the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled, as it pass'd

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
...ner and the mail clad breast,
... down and trampled here!
... and glorying there they stand
... the land!

Praise ...
The ...
By them no st...
They stood!
They left the vineyard
To break an Empire's

[illegible]

SONG.

FAREWELL then, loved and lovely one,
And welcome pain or sorrow now,
For thou canst smile, and smile upon
A blighted heart, a burning brow
I deem'd not one so fair and bright
Could be like hail in summer skies,
Which scarcely leaves the world of light
But all its purer essence dies

I send one sigh before we part,
And bless it, as it is the last
But, oh! it breathes not from my heart—
'Tis but the memory of the past
In future, should some sunny beam
Come flitting o'er my gloomy way,
I'll say "'tis like my early dream,"
And weep not when it fades away.

C H

SONNET FROM BENEDETTO MENZINI

"Di man io piant' un gemoscel d'alloro"

I PLANTED in my youth a laurel-bough,
My humble prayer to Phœbus offering,
That by his fostering care the tree might grow,
And shade and shelter to the poet bring —
That Zephyr might his kindly warmth bestow,
And gently fan it with his golden wing,
And that the icy North might vainly blow,
And have no power to blight it blossoming
Full low indeed beneath that fostering care
I see my tender plant its branches rear,
Mid trees of loftier height and nobler name
But yet I grieve not at its low uprise
[illegible] no common prize
Who justly wins [illegible] the wreath of fame

INDEX

TO THE

SEVENTH VOLUME.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

ERRATA.

P. 447 line 12, *read* like a wind, *or* a sunbeam.
488 for "Metemsyphiles" *read* "Mephistophiles."

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.